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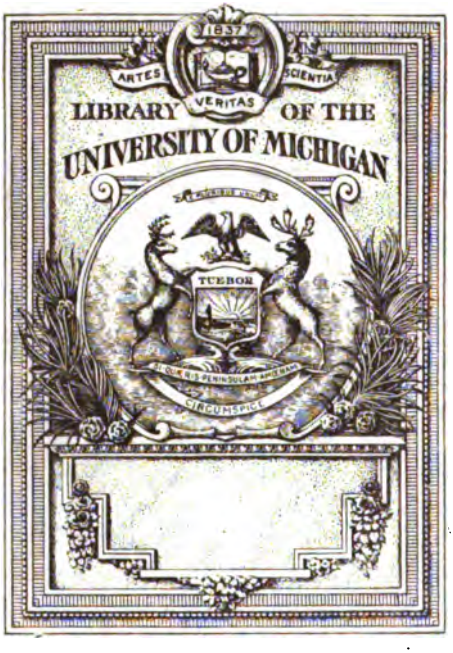
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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

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JANUARY, 1880.

CHAPTERS ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

AURELIUS had commenced his reign by associating his adopted brother Lucius Verus with him in the government. Verus proved wholly incompetent to direct the affairs over which he nominally presided, while some were found to insinuate that, intoxicated by his lieutenant's successes, he dreamt that he could govern the Empire alone, and actually intrigued to overthrow his colleague and patron.*

At the outbreak of the war against the Parthians, Aurelius sent Verus to the east, but he remained at Antioch during almost the whole of the campaign, and only crossed the Euphrates once. After four years Verus returned, bearing the trophies of victory, but, at the same time, the seeds of a calamity which bore fruits of disaster outweighing all the barren honours of his triumph. A fearful pestilence, aggravated doubtless in its effects by the long continued famine, ravaged the countries from Ethiopia to Gaul: it raged with incredible fury, carrying off innumerable victims, among whom were numbered some of the most illustrious men in Rome and the principal cities of Italy. Amongst either the good or great, Verus certainly cannot be included. In his case the proverb, '*Sibi quisque peccat*,' came literally true, for, on returning home, he fell sick of the plague, and died at Altinum, in Venetia, A.D. 169. Aurelius can scarcely have regretted the decease of so unworthy a colleague.

It is related that, on one occasion, the Emperor and his soldiers found themselves surrounded by the enemy in far superior numbers. Their position was a critical one, as the Quadi had seized every outlet and cut off all their supplies of water, and soon they would have been forced to succumb to the mere effects of heat and thirst; for, though offering a stubborn resistance, they were reduced to the greatest distress. A legion of Christian soldiers then knelt down and prayed;

* See Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire.*

from that moment the clouds gathered and refreshing rain fell, with which they slaked their own thirst and that of their horses. The name of Fulminatrix, or Thundering, was given to the legion whose prayers had been the means of saving the Emperor, A.D. 174.

Writing thirty years afterwards, Tertullian says:—'Marcus Aurelius also, in his expedition to Germany, by the prayers his soldiers offered to God, got rain in that well-known thirst. When, indeed, have not droughts been put away by our kneelings and fastings?' And Claudius Apollinaris, Bishop of Hierapolis, who wrote an apology to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius about A.D. 176, to which Eusebius refers, bears witness to a remarkable answer to prayer received a year or two before by the Christian soldiers of that Emperor's army. S. Cyprian also, in the middle of the third century, seems to allude to this history in the following words:—'We always ask and pour out our prayers for driving away enemies and for obtaining showers.'

The calamities that had happened to the Empire during the joint government of Aurelius and Verus had been ascribed by the heathen priests to the Christians, for they had sought in vain to propitiate their own gods by celebrating every sacred rite. In the time of Aurelius the laws of Trajan were still existing, and a violent persecution of the Christians took place in the south of Gaul.

The aged Pothinus, Bishop of Lyons, was one of the victims of the rescript that had been issued, which commanded that those who refused to sacrifice to the gods should be punished with various kinds of torment. Though he was nearly worn out with age and infirmities, S. Pothinus rejoiced that he had lived to this time that he might suffer for his Master Christ before he went to his rest. He was dragged by soldiers before the heathen magistrates of the town, and as he passed along the people reviled him.

The Governor asked the Bishop, 'Who is the God of the Christians?'

Pothinus answered, 'If thou be worthy thou shalt know.'

After this he was shamefully handled by all about him; they threw stones at him, and at last dragged him, hardly alive, into prison, where he died after two days.

The constancy of Maturus, Attalus of Pergamos, and Blandina, a slave, was also tried by cruel tortures; Blandina, remaining to the last upon the arena, which was covered with the bodies of the other martyrs who, with her, bore testimony to their faith. Even the heathen were obliged to own that they had never seen a woman suffer so many or such cruel torments. But not even death itself could protect the martyrs from the fury of their enemies.

The bodies of those who died in prison were thrown to the dogs, great care being taken that the Christians should not withdraw them from these animals and give them burial.

M. Gustave Doré's picture of the *Martyrs in the Amphitheatre* will, no doubt, have brought the victims of these early persecutions vividly

before many of us. The stone seats of the amphitheatre are empty, the cruel, trifling, pleasure-loving crowd have passed from the spot, the stern impassive Imperator or Prefect or Consul is gone, yet the sufferers are not alone. He Who is ever watchful of them, in Whose cause they have laid down their lives, sends His Angels to carry their souls to rest.

Irenæus succeeded S. Pothinus as Bishop of Lyons during the last quarter of the second century. Eusebius states that he was sent, while yet a presbyter, with a letter from some members of the Church of Lyons to Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome. A letter has been preserved from the martyrs to the Bishop in which they render a flattering testimony to his zeal and virtue. These holy men thus recommended S. Irenæus: 'We have desired our dear brother and colleague, Irenæus, to carry this letter unto you. We commit him to your care, and we entreat you to esteem him as a person that hath very much zeal for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If we believed that his dignity would add anything to his worth, we would have recommended him to you in quality of a priest; but he is much more recommendable for his zeal and piety.'

The principal work of S. Irenæus that has come down to us is his refutation of the Gnostic system, in five books. Irenæus makes a strong use of the argument of tradition in support of the Apostolical doctrine as against the new heresies, but his efforts in this direction represent but a small part of his labours and thought. Amongst the young men who gathered around him was one Hippolytus, whom he inspired with a thirst for Christian knowledge, and who afterwards became a Bishop, and took an important place amongst the writers of the third century.

The heresies which had arisen up to this time offered a confused medley of philosophy and mythology, mixed up with the dogmas of the Christian religion. S. Irenæus applied himself so diligently to the study of the system of the ancient philosophers and the fables of paganism, that it is said of him that he surpassed in his knowledge of their different features all those who lived in his age of the Church. Through S. Pothinus the faith had already penetrated to the different provinces of Gaul, when S. Irenæus was made Bishop, probably about A.D. 177. In his opposition to the Gnostics S. Irenæus had first to combat a heresy; his powers of controversy were next called upon in antagonism to a schism, which threatened to separate a portion of the Christian world from the communion of its most influential Church.

There had been a difference in very early times, and indeed from the beginning, between the Churches of Asia Minor, Syria and Mesopotamia on the one hand, and the rest of the Christian world on the other, with regard to the keeping of Easter; the former Churches keeping it at the Jewish Passover, upon whatever day of the week it happened to fall, whilst the others united in keeping it upon a Sunday. The inconvenience of the discrepancy had been felt in the time of S. Polycarp.

Victor, who succeeded Eleutherius as Bishop of Rome, A.D. 189, took very harsh measures for enforcing uniformity, threatening to excommunicate the Asiatics, but on S. Irenæus addressing him a letter, warning him that the effect of this would be to rend the Catholic Church in pieces, he was prevailed on not to make such a question a ground for a breach of communion, and the question was more calmly debated until finally settled by the Council of Nicæa. S. Irenæus had won his right to intercede by his sacred descent, his unfaltering labours, his mercy and charity, his spotless faith, and his untainted worship. Eusebius, after recounting in his History some parts of this letter, adds, 'Irenæus fulfilled all the signification of his name (Irenæus in Greek meaning the Peace-maker), showed himself a true lover of peace, by the sweetness of his manners, by the moderation of his conduct, and by the beautiful things which he wrote and undertook for the Church.'

S. Jerome greatly praises the works of S. Irenæus, and S. Basil uses them to prove the Divinity of the Holy Spirit. S. Augustin values them for their refutation of the Pelagians and Julian. S. Clement of Alexander, S. Cyril of Jerusalem, and Theodoret, unite in praising S. Irenæus in their works. The last calls him 'the Light of the Western Gauls,' and Tertullian places him amongst the number of those great persons who are distinguished by their piety and by their genius.

The writings of S. Irenæus prompted S. Epiphanius to remark, 'this admirable old man is one filled with all the gifts of the Holy Spirit, an athlete full of force and vigour, covered by the heavenly arms, always ready to combat against the enemies of the truth, and who, by the help of a sincere faith and solid doctrine, discovers and overthrows all their lies.' The leading feature in the character of Marcus Aurelius was his devotion to the Stoic philosophy—his earlier education had been committed to Cornelius Fronto, who enjoyed the greatest reputation among the Roman rhetoricians of the time, and to the Greek, Herodes Atticus.

Marcus Aurelius read immensely, and was insatiable in acquiring knowledge. He complains of want of time to occupy himself with intellectual pursuits, but then he consoles himself with the thought that in exerting all his powers for the good of the Empire and the army he is doing his duty and fulfilling his mission. In his meditations he has left us a beautiful if sad picture of his life. There certainly never was a prince more generally beloved than Marcus Aurelius, yet with all his excellencies and virtues an evil fate seemed ever to hang over him.

The golden days of the Empire had already begun to darken, and to the public troubles which had encompassed the Emperor, domestic calamities were added. Aunius, the eldest of Aurelius' two sons, died of a decline in his early youth; while Commodus, whose education

had been entrusted to Fronto, was in every way unworthy of his father. It is possible that the character of Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius and daughter of Antoninus Pius, has been described in blacker colours than it deserves, through her bad disposition cannot be denied. Marcus Aurelius died on the frontier of the Marcomanni before the war against them was brought to a close, A.D. 180. As it has been remarked, it seems most sad that the Light, which had already enlightened the Gentiles, should never have reached the noblest of them.

The remains of Marcus Aurelius were taken to Rome, where they were interred, with the ordinary solemnities, in a mausoleum; probably that which Hadrian caused to be built.

The character of the Emperor is thus summed up by Tillemont. 'As the smallest things may do harm to the reputation of a prince, Marcus Aurelius took care to do everything with precaution and maturity. He did nothing negligently, but weighed well all that he wrote or spoke, devoting at times whole days to matters which seemed little worthy of so great application; the imperial dignity had not produced in him any arrogance, he treated all persons as if he were their equal, allowing those of rank to be served as himself, and to have the same officers. Nor did he allow his guards to prevent any one from accosting him, for he placed his grandeur not so much in communicating with persons under the pretext of attracting respect, as in making all the world feel the effects of his goodness and fatherly care like a god.'

Though early trained by Antoninus in the conduct of affairs, and well versed both by study and practice in the arts of governing, Marcus Aurelius never did anything, whether it was in war or the government of the State, without communicating with those who were in authority about him, and often said, 'It is more fitting that I should follow the advice of so many persons who love me, than that they should be obliged to submit to the will of one man.'

Aurelius was succeeded by his son Commodus, who was quite unworthy to be placed at the head of an Empire. His character and history have been tersely and well epitomised as follows: "Commodus adorned his shoulders with the skin of a lion, and, arming himself with a knotted club, fought with the gladiators, and boasted of his dexterity in killing the wild beasts in the amphitheatre. So great was his vanity and luxury, that he powdered his head with immense quantities of gold-dust, and when he appeared uncovered in the meridian sun, his head glittered as if he were surrounded by it. He was one of the most wicked princes that ever reigned, the enemy of the gods, the enemy of his country, the executioner of the Christians; the gladiator more cruel than Domitian, more infamous than Nero, more luxurious than Caligula, and more stupid than Claudius.'*

* Rogers.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLX.

THE MISSION OF ALVA.

1567—1568.

JUDGMENT of the characters of the men of these times is very difficult. The men who acted conscientiously often transgressed what appear to us the great and simple rules of humanity, truth, equity, and mercy; yet they went on high, uncompromising notions of right, and deemed that they were maintaining the honour of God and His Church, and only fulfilling His commands by trying to crush out heresy. The chief blame rests with their system rather than themselves, though greater men would have gone deeper and known that physical coercion in spiritual matters was utterly alien to the spirit of Christianity. Philip II. had enough of his father in him to hang long in doubt whether to proceed to extremities with the Low Countries, so beloved by Charles V. and so valuable to his crown. The letters are extant in which he sought counsel from the Pope, without whose advice he seldom acted.

As an Italian, and devoid of all sympathy with the northern spirit of independence, Pius bade him put down the Dutch disturbances in Church and State with the utmost severity, and he chose for his instrument one as devout and unflinching as himself, but with far more activity and readiness, Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, the most distinguished captain in Spain, now just sixty years old, having been trained in the wars of Charles V. He was a tall, thin man, very upright, with a small head, long narrow face, dark eyes and hair, a sallow complexion, and a long forked and grizzled beard. His manners were grave, stately, and reserved, after the Spanish ideal; he was unstained by any of the grosser vices, and he was viewed as a mirror of undeviating chivalry and loyalty; but the code of Spain at that time was utterly merciless towards all who did not hold the Catholic faith, and all idea of honour and good faith towards heretics and unbelievers had been studiously avoided. To a Spaniard, Alva thus appeared a most noble personage, while to all who judged by other standards, he became a proverb for cool, treacherous ferocity.

Pius V., who, chiefly by the influence of Cardinal Borromeo, had been elected Pope in 1565, was a man of pure, pious, ascetic life, who relaxed none of his self-denying habits when Pope, was perfectly unworldly and uncompromising, and so personally forgiving, that he would not punish a man who had tried to assassinate him, only saying, 'See how God protects the innocent.' He did much to carry out the decrees of the Council of Trent for reformation of the

discipline of the clergy; he never showed special favour to his own family, avoided all the ordinary temptations of Popes, and was in all respects a saintly person. But he could never understand that spiritual offences ought not to be dealt with by temporal weapons, and thus his very unworldliness made him terribly implacable, since he was withheld by no considerations of expediency. He was much under the influence of the Jesuits, who had hitherto been little esteemed at the Spanish court, because they were said to be often sprung of families where there was a mixture of Jewish blood, so unjustly despised by the Spaniard. It is by no means improbable that the ability and devotion inherent in the Israel of old should have found occupation in that wonderful order.

Philip II. and Pius V. admired one another greatly, so much so, that when the King fell sick, the Pope prayed that years might be taken from his life to be added to those of this champion of the Church. The King wrote constantly to Pius and consulted him on every matter of conscience, public or private, and it is to this good old man that the most terrible cruelties of Philip's reign are attributable. For Philip had enough of his father left in him to hesitate long to use extreme measures with the Netherlands; but it was the Pope who decided him that it was his duty to extermiate heresy and rebellion.

Alva, therefore, was sent out, and his last adventure before going was a strange one. Philip's only son, Don Carlos, whom we have seen behaving rudely and ungraciously to his grandfather, as time went on had not improved. No doubt he was really weak in intellect, as was only too likely in the child of first cousins, both alike descended from the insane Juana of Aragon; and his royal rank only led to his overweening pride, encouraging him in sullenness and violence. After a severe fall down a staircase, when his head was seriously hurt, his insanity seems to have been beyond a doubt. He threw his chamberlain out of the window for being slow in answering his bell, and when a pair of tight boots were sent him, actually had them chopped up and boiled, and then forced the unhappy maker to eat them, swearing at the same time that they were sent by a plot of his father's. He hated the King above all, and next to him, all the ministers, especially the Duke of Alva. Indeed, he had taken it into his head that he himself ought to be regent of the Netherlands, and when Alva went to take leave of him before departing on the mission, he sprang upon the Duke with a dagger, howling with fury. They rolled on the floor, Alva defending himself, but not hurting the prince, till the attendants could drag him away.

To leave a maniac like him to inherit a throne was impossible, and Philip caused the unhappy youth to be imprisoned. What happened then no one knows. All seems to have been told to the Pope, but Philip's letters to him have not yet seen the light. That Carlos died in prison at twenty-three, some time in 1568, is all that is certain; but

his death remained a secret for several months. It was said to have been caused by a fever, but it was universally believed that it was not a natural death. If Philip did indeed decide on his suffering for his offences in secret, it was a terrible alternative between an act of dark cruelty and leaving the kingdom to a ferocious madman.

However, Philip was so much hated that the worst motives were ascribed to him. Some fancied Carlos a secret Protestant, put to death by the Inquisition lest he should espouse the cause of the persecuted Reformers in the Netherlands. Others, more romantically, made out that his melancholy was caused by disappointment at having been deprived of Elizabeth of France, who had been proposed as his wife, and that he was the victim of his father's jealousy, while, as she died about the time of his imprisonment, she was thought to have suffered for him! On this supposition was founded Schiller's drama of *Don Carlos*, which gave the story all the grace of high tragedy.

But Carlos was only twelve years old, and had never seen his stepmother at the time of his father's marriage; nor is there the least evidence that he ever cared for her, while she could only have looked on the crazy, dissipated lad with pity and disgust. She seems to have been very fairly happy. Philip loved her as well as he could love any one, and treated her with much respect and courtesy; but she had the delicate constitution of her family, and died in 1568, leaving one only daughter, Isabel·Clara Eugenia. It is quite possible that all these family troubles may have tended to render Philip more implacable towards the two cousins.

With Alva went 10,000 picked troops. Brantôme, the gossiping Frenchman who has vividly described all the chief persons of his time, travelled to Lorraine on purpose to see this army. All, even the privates, wore engraved or gilded armour, and carried muskets, then used for the first time, instead of the clumsy old harquebus, and each had his own esquire in attendance. There were nearly 9,000 of these, and 1,200 men-at-arms on horseback, heavily accoutred, and no doubt each with at least three attendants. They had been trained to the perfection of soldierly movement, and were undauntedly courageous and utterly merciless and rapacious, like nothing so much as a legion of disciplined tigers. Alva thought his work would be easy. 'I have tamed men of iron in my day,' he said. 'Shall I not easily tame these men of butter?'

They marched from Genoa to Luxemburg, while the Regent Duchess of Parma expected their arrival with dread, dismay, and indignation.

At Tirlemont, on the 22nd of August, 1567, Count Egmont came out with his retinue and a present of some fine horses to welcome the representative of the sovereign. Alva received him coldly, and afterwards said to his attendants, 'Behold the greatest of the heretics!' though in fact Egmont was as good a Catholic as himself, and only was anxious to keep the Spanish Inquisition out of the country.

On arriving at Brussels, Alva went to pay his respects to the Duchess. As his arrival was in direct opposition to all his representations, she stood grave, stiff, and formal, and held a cold, stately conversation with him. But when she found that his commission, in all but name, superseded hers, her anger and mortification were extreme, and she was sometimes almost frantic with rage and grief at the ingratitude with which she was treated, and at the fate she saw to be prepared for the men whom she had trusted, and who had so loyally worked with her.

Alva did nothing till he had quietly garrisoned all the chief cities with his troops, and meantime lived on friendly and intimate terms with Egmont. Warnings were not wanting to the Count, in especial from a Portuguese gentleman, who told him there were evil reports of him in Spain, and hinted that birds sang better in the fields than in cages; but Egmont was confident in his own unswerving loyalty, and would take no hint. Count Hoorn was brought from his own estates by a pressing invitation, backed by Egmont in his security.

They, with some other gentlemen, were invited on the 2nd of September to a great dinner at the house of Don Fernando de Toledo, Grand Prior of S. John, a son of Alva. Then came a message from the Duke that they were to come at once to his house for a council. At this the Grand Prior, who had become intimate with Egmont, whispered to him, 'Leave this place instantly, Señor Count; take your fleetest horse, and make your escape without a moment's delay.'

This at last did startle Egmont. He went as far as the outer room, where he met the Sieur de Noircarmes, a Fleming, but altogether in the royal counsels. He persuaded the victim that to fly at the bidding of a foreigner would be only making himself ridiculous and giving cause for suspicion. It did not take much to make Egmont turn back, for not only was he confident in his innocence, but his privileges as a Knight of the Golden Fleece were such that he could only be legally arrested by a warrant signed by six knights, and might be tried only by a Chapter of the Order, so that if any one might feel secure, he could.

The council took place, the plan for a citadel at Antwerp was submitted to it, and there was a good deal of discussion on the details with the engineer. At seven, Alva made some excuse for leaving the room, and immediately after, the captain of his guard, Don Sancho d'Avila, demanded the sword of Egmont, and placed him under arrest. Egmont, not without agitation, gave up the weapon, saying it had done the King some service. Hoorn was arrested in the courtyard outside, and each was then conducted to a separate chamber, at the top of the house, hung with black, and guarded by Spanish soldiers, where they were allowed no communication with their friends or families, and a fortnight later they were taken, under a strong guard, to the citadel at Ghent. Hoogstraten was to have shared their imprisonment, but

when on his way to Brussels he had, happily for himself, had an accident with a pistol, which delayed his journey, so that he was warned in time to make his escape into Germany.

But to imprison was not all. The fact was that Philip had succeeded to almost absolute power in Spain, where the Cortes had been crushed by his father with the help of the Flemings, and now he was using the Spaniards to crush the Flemish liberties. That a king was intended by Divine Power to be absolute, neither he nor his council doubted. All privileges of a free constitution were in their eyes remnants of barbarism to be extinguished by the strong hand as soon as possible, as mere means of hindering the King from carrying out his justice, or obtaining money, and the men who stood by such rights were simply rebels, to be put down; and in this light, Philip and Alva regarded Egmont. His resistance had indeed been very small, but his rank and influence were so great that he would be a signal example, and so he was to be the foremost victim. Alva, who saw him and knew him, had some compunction for a high-born, noble, and brave fellow-soldier, but the hard and narrow Philip had not imagination enough for any sympathy, or even gratitude to those who best served him, and went on ruthlessly, fancying himself all the time fulfilling his duty as he chose and was encouraged to read it.

In order to override all privileges and laws of the Low Countries, Philip did something analogous to placing them under martial law. He appointed a council, specially authorised to try persons for crimes committed during the recent insurrections, and entitled the Council of Troubles, but called by the people the Blood Council. The Duke of Alva was the president, and nominated whom he chose. They were chiefly Spaniards, of whom Juan de Vargas was the most violent and cruel; but two Flemings, Berlaymont and Noircarmes, were among them. With the terrible Spanish army holding the whole country under a yoke of iron, they could condemn and execute without reference to any laws but those of their own making, and there was no appeal. On their appointment, the Duchess of Parma, who had become a mere nonentity, resigned the government and retired to Parma, escorted by the elder Count and Countess of Mansfeld, who never returned to their unfortunate country.

Alva was appointed Governor-General in her stead. The first step he took was to summon the Prince of Orange, Louis of Nassau, Count Hoogstraten, and Baron Montigny to appear before his council. Montigny was in his life-long imprisonment in the Tower of Segovia in Spain, and was not sent from thence; and the other three were safe in Germany; but Philip of Nassau, a boy of thirteen, the eldest son of the Prince of Orange, had been left at school at Louvain. He was deluded by a kindly invitation, and carried off to Madrid, where he remained for the next twenty years, a prisoner at large, carefully educated, and transformed into a Spaniard. The professors of the

University of Louvain remonstrated on this infringement of their privileges, but all the answer they got was from Vargas, '*Non curamos vestros privilegios*' (We do not care for your privileges); and this might have been the motto of the Blood Council.

Meantime the wife of Egmont and the mother of Hoorn and Montigny were striving desperately on behalf of the captives. The Countess of Egmont, Sabina of the Rhine, who was a woman of saintly life, had taken her eleven children to a convent, and used every appeal in her power. The Emperor, the Dukes of Bavaria and Lorraine, the Duchess of Parma, and all the Knights of the Golden Fleece wrote to Philip on their behalf; but he did not vouchsafe the slightest answer to most of them, and only wrote to Alva to hasten the matter as much as possible. The only one whom he did answer was the Emperor Maximilian, who wrote urgently a second time; and to him this self-blinded prince wrote, 'That the whole world would at last approve his conduct, and that at any rate he would not alter his course, though he should lose the Netherlands, or the sky should fall.'

It was declared that the crimes of Egmont and Hoorn were such that the statutes of the Order of the Golden Fleece did not apply to them. Thus they had no judges but the Council of Troubles. A set of charges were drawn up—ninety against Egmont, sixty-three against Hoorn. The foolscap livery, the remonstrances against the Inquisition, the maintenance of the rights of Flanders, the appearance at the banquet at Calemburg's house, and the having listened to the cry of '*Vivent les Gueux*' were the most tangible of these. Not one could reasonably be viewed as treason, and, as has been already shown, the foolscap had been altered the moment it was misconstrued; neither of the accused had ever sanctioned the cry in favour of the Gueux, and Egmont had always laboured to put down all disaffection.

Just as the accusation had been formally made, the Prince of Orange and his brother decided on taking up arms. Their plate and jewels were sold, large sums were sent them in secret from Holland and Friesland, the Protestant Germans assisted them, and an army was raised which they hoped might encourage their countrymen to make such a stand against Spain as might give Alva other employment and save the lives of the two captives.

Louis of Nassau and his brother Adolf, with Hoogstraten, advanced on Gröningen, and there, on the 28th of May, 1568, had a sharp fight with the Spanish troops, defeated them and killed their general, but Adolf of Nassau was also slain; and while Louis began the siege of Gröningen, Alva determined that, before going himself to drive away the invaders, he would see the sentence on Egmont and Hoorn carried out, lest they should be delivered in his absence, and thus their own friends did but hasten their fate.

Their death-warrant had been signed by Philip and brought from Spain by Alva nearly a year before; and there was no more to be

done but to pronounce sentence, which the Duke did at the head of the Blood Council on the 4th of June, 1568.

Egmont and Hoorn were not present, though on the 2nd they had been brought from Ghent to Brussels in a closed carriage, guarded by troops.

Orange and the other nobles who had risen in arms were banished, and their property confiscated, and eighteen noble prisoners were beheaded in the Horse-market at Brussels two days before the arrival of the two counts.

The Bishop of Ypres was sent for at dusk, and ordered to announce to them their sentence, and prepare them for death the next day. He fell on his knees before Alva, and in vain pleaded for delay, but was roughly told that he was not sent for to give advice. The Countess of Egmont had already heard of her husband's sentence, and, hurrying to the Duke, threw herself before him in such agonised supplication that, to save himself pain by a cruel evasion, he told her that her husband would be released the next day.

It was eleven o'clock at night, and Egmont was asleep in bed, when the Bishop of Ypres came to him, and, unable to speak, gave him a copy of the order for his execution on the following day. Egmont was a brave man, and read the paper through without flinching, though in all his nine months' imprisonment he had never expected matters to end thus. He asked if there was no hope, and when convinced there was none he uttered some hot words of indignation at the cruel injustice of the sentence, and spoke of his wife and children. The Bishop advised him to put all thoughts away save those of God and the unseen world, and he confessed. Mass was celebrated, and he received his last Communion, asking afterwards what prayer he should say at the last. The Bishop said none was like the Lord's Prayer.

The Count felt himself much comforted by these devotions, but a burst of bitter grief swept over him again as he thought of his wife and her little children; and when the Bishop tried to help him compose himself, he said—

'Alas! how frail is our nature, that when we should think of God alone, we cannot shut out the thought of wife and children.'

He wrote a dignified and loyal letter to the King, asserting his perfect innocence, and signing himself, 'Ready to die, his Majesty's very humble and loyal vassal and servant, Lamoral D'Egmont.' He wished to address the people from the scaffold, but the Bishop persuaded him not to attempt it, since no one would be within hearing but the Spanish soldiers, and he might as well speak to his prison walls as to them. Then, in order that the executioner might not have to meddle with him while still alive, he cut away the collars of the shirt and doublet he meant to wear, and then spent the remaining hours in undisturbed devotion.

Hoorn was grave and silent, and received the last rites from the curé of La Chapelle.

The great square at Brussels, where Egmont had figured in many a grand procession and excelled in many a tournament, was to be the place of his death. A scaffold stood there covered with black cloth, and on it a table with a silver crucifix and two velvet cushions near. It was guarded by 3,000 Spanish soldiers, who prevented any near approach, but the windows were thronged, and Alva himself was at one of them.

At eleven o'clock Egmont came forth, in a red damask dress, a short black cloak, and a black silk hat with black and white feathers, repeating aloud the *Miserere*, and attended by the Bishop. He walked round the scaffold two or three times, once more asked if there were no hope of respite, and ground his teeth for a moment at the hard, dry, cold Spanish negative; but recovering himself, he took off his cloak and hat, and gave up the collar of the Golden Fleece, knelt on the cushion, said the Lord's Prayer aloud, and asked the Bishop to say it three times more. He stood once more, kissed the crucifix, drew a cap over his eyes, knelt, and saying, 'Lord, into Thy Hands I commend my spirit,' held out his arms for the signal, when the executioner swept off his head with a single stroke of the sword.

Even Alva burst into tears, and so did some of the Spaniards who had known Egmont as a brave leader, while the French ambassador whispered, that 'there fell the head before which his country had often trembled.'

Hoorn then advanced, quietly saluting his acquaintance in the crowd. Seeing a form covered by a cloth, he asked if it were Egmont's, and muttered something in Spanish. He showed some indignation at seeing his own escutcheon reversed, but applied himself to his prayers, and then died as resolutely as Egmont.

Their heads were set on the spikes, their bodies placed in coffins. Egmont's was visited all that day and night, when it was placed in the Church of S. Clara, by thousands of people, who wept, kissed the corpse, and dipped their kerchiefs in the blood, while Hoorn was comparatively neglected. They were buried by their relatives; but the heads were not restored, and it was believed that they were sent to Madrid. Alva wrote that they had died nobly, and like Christian men; he also spoke in high praise of the Countess Egmont, and begged that something might be done to relieve her poverty, recommending that she and her daughters should be disposed of in Spanish convents; but she does not seem to have accepted this arrangement. Egmont was only forty-seven; he was a gallant, chivalrous soldier—not a great man, nor a statesman—and he only stood up for the rights of his country in a weak, fitful manner, when under the influence of Orange, being far more led by loyalty to the King. Had Philip been one whit less unmerciful and more politic, Lamoral of Egmont would have gone down to the world as the obedient instrument of his will, rating his duty to his King above his duty to his country.

From his scaffold Alva set out for Gröningen, and gained an easy victory over Louis of Nassau, in which he lost seven men and the Gueux seven thousand. Louis escaped and joined the French Huguenots, while the unhappy places where he had been received were wasted with the most revolting Spanish cruelty and ferocity.

All this had a strong effect in England, where Egmont had been an honoured visitor when carrying on Philip's courtship, and where many returned exiles remembered the kindly reception they had met with in Holland; and fugitives from all parts of the Netherlands were returning into the country.

Policy in those days consisted in great politeness and professed peace between sovereigns, while they were secretly stirring up each other's rebels. So France and Spain (when they could) fomented English plots against the Queen; England stirred Scottish, French, and Dutch reformers against their sovereign; France aided Dutch reformers against Spain, and Germans against their Emperor; and Spain supported ultra-Roman Catholics against the French king.

The Emperor Maximilian, though wholly guiltless in his own person of such dealings, and by far the best sovereign of his time, had not power over the princes of his Empire to prevent them from assisting their friends elsewhere, and indeed neither Swiss nor Landsknechts greatly cared about the opinions of those to whom they hired themselves.

So Elizabeth is described by the French ambassador, the Marquis de la Mothe Fenélon, as making most polite speeches of condolence for the death of her namesake, Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, and dwelling on her excellences, as described by Mary's old maid of honour, Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria. She put on mourning, and had a funeral service performed at S. Paul's, though she had received no formal intimation of the young Queen's death. She observed with comical prudish coquetry that perhaps the King of Spain, as a widower, did not think it proper to write to a maiden princess; on which the ambassador answered, as she evidently wished him to do, that King Philip was not too old to take a fourth wife.

The Man-goose had, however, been acting according to the name she had given him, for Dean Mann had spoken in such violent terms of the Pope that Philip had banished him to a rude little village near Madrid, where he was forced to hear mass.

The Gooseman had been recalled, and a fresh ambassador sent—Don Guerran d'Espes—whom Alva forwarded from the Netherlands with so brief a note as to give Elizabeth much offence. She told Fenélon that it was 'like a valentine'—*poulet, billet de galanterie*, as the Frenchman explained in a marginal note. The resemblance was in the brevity, not the sweetness, for Alva contemned the heretic Queen; and as to the ambassador, he wrote libels on her by the name of Oriana, the heroine of the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*.

There were other offences. John Hawkins, one of the most adventurous of English sailors, had gone forth under the patronage of Leicester in 1564, with five ships and 200 men, to catch slaves in Africa, and sell them in the Spanish plantations. He succeeded in this expedition, made a large sum of money, and was actually granted a coat of arms, with a demi-Moor for the crest. However, in 1567, when he went out with six ships, taking with him the brave young Plymouth sailor, Francis Drake, he made a great failure. Four out of his six ships were set upon in the Gulf of Mexico by the Spaniards; two escaped; but he was nearly starved, being obliged to eat up the monkeys and parrots he had hoped to sell for a large sum, and at last, drifting into Vigo bay, was helped home by some Cornish seamen.

Hawkins and Drake came home beggared by this adventure, and with a bitter hatred for Spaniards; and when four Spanish ships, laden with treasure for the Netherlands, were chased into Plymouth and Falmouth by the Huguenot French privateers, Elizabeth 'borrowed the money,' to use her own expression.

Thereupon, Alva confiscated all the property of the English merchants at Antwerp; and Elizabeth returned the injury by placing the ambassador Espes under arrest, in spite of the remonstrances of Fenélon.

However, neither party wished for war, and Philip accepted Elizabeth's polite excuse, in a Latin letter, that she had taken the money into her own hands to secure it for him, though it does not appear that she refunded it. Indeed the seizure at Antwerp had paid Alva's troops, and thus been compensation to Spain, and the real losers were apparently the merchants.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER XI.

'I HAVE been thinking a great deal about Miss Cookham,' said Mrs. Malcolm to me, this morning, 'and I have been talking to my husband about her. He says what you say, that many of her odd ways were merely the fashion of the times, and that matters were not much better even at public schools in her days. But still I can't help believing she was essentially a tyrant.'

'By nature she was, no doubt, because she was capricious. That which prevented her being so in the full sense of the epithet was her respect for law. It was tyranny arising from the mere caprice of the moment which made her so absurdly angry with us when we did not correct my sister for saying the wrong hymn; but it was not tyranny when we

had to learn an extra lesson for three faults; it was simply a severe law. At least *that* is my way of understanding what is meant by tyranny.'

'Rather a fine-drawn distinction,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'In both cases the inflictor of the punishment is hated.'

'No,' I said; 'begging your pardon, the question of caprice makes all the difference. When Miss Cookham made a law she kept to it, and was governed by it just as we were. What we feared in her was the sudden impulse which every now and then would lead her to send us to bed in the middle of a game of play because we had done something to displease her; but as regarded our lessons we felt secure. The laws were clear, and were interpreted with fairness when any difficult case arose. As a rule, we knew ourselves what reward we were entitled to, and what punishment we had incurred.'

'You were warned beforehand, and so there was no injustice,' said Mrs. Malcolm, in a thoughtful tone. 'That may apply to graver cases than Miss Cookham's severities. But still the laws were tremendously hard.'

'Well, yes; but then the lessons would now be called tremendously easy.'

'You had no Oxford and Cambridge examinations in view,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'no dread of being called upon, like Fanny and Nella, to explain the terms predicate and adverbial, or define the province of orthography, etymology, and syntax.'

'No, indeed; we defined nothing. We merely learnt by rote, with absolute correctness, Pinnock's *Catechisms of English History* and *Geography;* Ellen Devis's *Grammar*, based upon Lindley Murray; and when we were farther advanced, Goldsmith's *Geography*. Besides these we learnt Crossman's *Catechism upon the Church Catechism*, with columns of spelling when we were very little, and columns of a small dictionary with meanings as we grew older. We said the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve, and knew the weights and measures. We had arithmetic and writing lessons from a master, and worked out problems and found places on the globe—sometimes with the same help. All our afternoons were spent in needlework, whilst each child in turn read aloud, as a reading lesson. Now and then the reading was amusing, Mrs. Trimmer's *Story of the Robins* being a favourite lesson book; as often it was very dull—Goldsmith's *Abridged History*, or a biographical book, called the *British Nepos*, being the choice for the elder girls. No one was required to attend. It was merely necessary to read slowly, and mind the stops when you were called up. At other times you might give your thoughts to anything you liked. It was then that my workbox and balls of cotton became such objects of interest and romance.'

'But about the three faults and the extra lessons which brought such a burden upon you? Were the faults reckoned very strictly?'

'Yes, even to the slightest hesitation, or even beginning a word twice. In order to fix our attention, we were strictly required to look at Miss Cookham's nose.'

Mrs. Malcolm laughed heartily as she exclaimed—

'I hope it was a handsome nose.'

'I have an impression that it was. I rather think it was what is called a cogitative nose; but all that I was ever conscious of in my intent gaze was the lesson I was repeating, and the danger of letting my eyes stray.'

'And were you so very anxious to be perfect in your lesson?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'Oh, yes; our rewards depended upon it. Quite perfect lessons and quite good behaviour all day gained a ticket, marked *merit* in black; and a certain number of black tickets were exchanged for a red one, and a certain number of red tickets gained one with merit in gold letters; and these golden tickets, as they were called, were rewarded with half-a-crown. But to give you an idea of the difficulty of obtaining the highest reward—I never gained but one half-crown all the time I was at school. I was fairly perfect in my lessons, but what with having to learn extra lessons for speaking ungrammatically, which kept us from any reward till they were repeated—or having to forfeit a ticket for some small delinquency, I was continually falling back just as I thought I had gained the coveted golden ticket, which was the first grand step towards the half-crown.'

'And now, just tell me candidly what good you could possibly have derived from all this petty and vain striving and struggling? How could it have been of any use, moral or intellectual, except just to dwarf your intellect and damp your energies?'

'It did to a certain extent, as you suggest, dwarf our intellects and damp our energies,' I replied. 'But it did something besides. It taught us perseverance, industry, and exactness; and you will acknowledge what valuable lessons these were. As the lessons were to be learnt word for word, and without the slightest hesitation, they had to be repeated again and again, and in consequence every fact was impressed upon the memory, so that it could not be forgotten. When the *Catechism of History* had been gone through once, it was begun again. The events and dates, meagre though they were, were fastened like nails into the brain; and upon them it was comparatively easy in after years to hang the more interesting details. The system was exaggerated, and even absurd in some respects; but I am heretic enough to believe that the plan often adopted of exciting children's historical interest by picturesque stories, without taking the trouble to make them master the dry skeleton of bare facts which must always be a mere matter of memory, will ultimately tend to produce confusion and superficiality. It is the difference between tossing down a heap of dresses on the floor, or ranging them on pegs.'

'But what was your own experience when you left Miss Cookham's?' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'What did you feel you had gained?'

'Before I left Miss Cookham's,' I said, 'I had gained first the most profound sense of my own ignorance. I had met with other children brought up on a different system, and had heard of their more advanced studies, and in consequence I felt very discontented. On one occasion I remember giving vent to the feeling at home. I said to a very clever uncle, who asked me about my school life, "I learn a great deal, and I say a great deal, but I don't understand it." The complaint was repeated to Miss Cookham, who was greatly annoyed, and showed it so plainly, that I took good care never to make any more observations upon the defects of my instruction. But the conviction of my own deficiency remained, and when my eldest sister and I went to another school, we both fully believed that we should disgrace ourselves by our ignorance. To our great surprise we found that we were considered more than on a par with the generality of girls of our own age. We spelt quite correctly; our handwriting, though unformed, was clear and neat. We read distinctly; we were perfectly well acquainted with the outlines of English History, including the dates and the genealogies; we had a general idea of geography, and understood a little of astronomy. We could work rules in arithmetic up to decimal fractions, and were absolutely perfect in the multiplication table. It is quite true that we had never heard of Romulus, much less of Pericles; that natural science was an unknown name; and although we could parse a sentence according to Lindley Murray, we had not the most remote idea of what was meant by analysis and derivations. But what we did know we knew absolutely. It was our own—a possession for life; and it has remained a possession. I say most earnestly that whatever may have been the advantages of my after education both at school and at home, they would all have been comparatively wasted but for the exact elementary lessons learnt at Miss Cookham's.'

'But you would not recommend us to go back to such a cramped system?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Of course not; any more than I would recommend a return to the stiff Sir and Madam of our ancestors, and the bowings and curtseyings of the minuet. I only want to recognise what was good in it, and by this to modify the new plans which I think often bring children forward rapidly at the expense of exactness, and confuse their minds by attempting too many subjects.'

'But are you quite correct in saying that the very limited instruction you received at Miss Cookham's was all the intellectual training you had till you were thirteen?'

'No, indeed; I should be most unmindful of my home influences if I made any such assertion. It was a remark which I read the other day, and which is confirmed by my own observation, that the difference

between the various grades of the educated classes, and which renders an imperfectly taught man of the world more socially influential than a certificated national schoolmaster, arises from the cultivated literary and artistic surroundings of his youth. The things which he has heard and seen, the conversations to which he has listened, the mere gossip of the dinner-table, have unconsciously widened his mind and enlarged his sphere of observation; and in this way I trace the fact, that when I left Miss Cookham's I was intellectually much beyond a child of thirteen who has been well taught at a national school, to the mental enlargement of my home.'

'I know you lived with clever people,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'but you had very little time allowed you to profit by their society.'

'Very little—almost nothing, it would seem; but nevertheless my sister and I did profit by it; how, or when, or why, I cannot undertake to say. Cultivation and talent were in the atmosphere. We heard discussions upon political subjects when we came down to dessert, or dined with our parents and brothers, on certain days. There were arguments about quotations from classical authors; references were made to books; characters past and present were criticised. The subjects were very fragmentary, but children put things together and draw deductions in a way which their elders little suspect.'

'And then you had a good library,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'My husband was speaking of it only yesterday, as being one of the choicest he had ever seen.'

'So choice, that we little girls were never allowed to do anything but look at the outsides of the books,' I said. 'We gained a profound respect for large paper copies and rare editions; but of the value of their contents we were ignorant.'

'And did you never indulge your curiosity?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'Never. You know we were trained to absolute obedience. And this dread of a child's touch when books were in question was a tradition in the family. We had an uncle who lived in the country, and had, like my father, a small but valuable library. Our holidays were often spent with him. His lovely little cottage was a delight to us. He was extremely indulgent, and we had the full freedom of the house and garden, and the use of everything except the books. He was accustomed to say that the moment a child's fingers had touched a book it was ruined. And in order to make the temptation to disobey less trying to us, he made a sacrifice of the two books which he thought would be most attractive. Glanville's *History of Witches* was given up to my brothers, and a beautifully bound edition of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* was delivered over to my sisters and myself. The *Witches* were considered immoral, and we girls never looked at them; but I confess that I much doubt whether the non-expurgated *Arabian Nights*, in which I revelled as I sat under the trees, with the

exquisite view of the sea and the opposite coast before me, was not the more dangerous of the two works. Anyhow, I am glad to think that the children of the present day need not wade through such an amount of moral mud to reach the islands of pure delight as I waded through when I read the *Arabian Nights*, till I knew them nearly by heart, and related them, when I had the opportunity, to my companions at school.'

'What, with Miss Cookham listening!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm.

'Not generally, but I remember one day, much to my terror, being called upon by Miss Cookham to repeat to her what I was telling; and I had to begin the story of the prince who climbed up the mountain, whilst the stones were reviling him, and was not allowed to reply to them on pain of being turned into a stone himself. It was too much, however, for Miss Cookham's imagination, and I had only a scolding for talking such nonsense.'

'Dreadful woman! She ought to have been scourged,' was Mrs. Malcolm's comment.

'Well,' I replied, laughing, 'she had some reason for being alarmed at my story-telling flights, for on another occasion I was seized upon in the same way, and was obliged to confess that I had been describing from my own invention a young lady who had all the luxuries of life at command, and amongst other things had a fireplace in her pocket to keep her warm. Poor Miss Cookham was thoroughly angry then, and I rather think she sent me to bed; and I am not at all sure that I did not deserve it for my want of common sense; at any rate, I know I was made ashamed of my folly, and kept within bounds for the future.'

'But, besides the *Arabian Nights*, you must surely have made acquaintance in some degree with the standard English authors,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'if it were only by hearing them discussed?'

'I knew for the most part what they wrote about, and had my curiosity excited by quotations, and I was interested also in reading the titles of their works. There was a shabby edition of Shakespeare also, which was not forbidden; and a lovely edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, illustrated by good engravings, was shown to us occasionally as a treat. In fact we picked up literary information as fowls pick up corn at the barn door. Miss Cookham also had some curious old book and novels—but not sensation novels—which we were allowed to read, and which gave us food for thought. The *Lollards* was a delightful story, at least so I thought it at the time; and I waded through Miss Hawkins's clever and thoughtful, but very wordy and voluminous tales, *Rosanne* and *The Countess and Gertrude*, and upon the whole gained a great deal from them.'

'But those were the days of Walter Scott,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'did he never cross your path?'

'Yes, indeed; but rather surreptitiously. A friend and former pupil of Miss Cookham's used sometimes to come and drink tea with us;

and before we children went to bed she would begin reading aloud for Miss Cookham's amusement without any reference to us. I heard the opening of *The Talisman* in this way, but was sent to bed before the reading was finished to dream of Sir Kenneth and Edith Plantagenet, and envy, as I have never envied since, the happy mortals who had the privilege of hearing the end.'

'But you might have got hold of the books in the holidays,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'I believe I did, occasionally; but books were not to be obtained as easily then as they are now; and no one would have taken the trouble to provide the best novels of the day for the amusement of children. So we picked up just what we could get, and I daresay were not really the worse off for it.'

'I daresay not,' replied Mrs. Malcolm; 'I often think that what children in these educational days are apt to want is—what some one —I forget who—calls a little wholesome neglect. In your case, too, there must have been unconscious education from the number of persons, of different grades and circumstances, who, I have been told, frequented your house.'

'Yes, that was undoubtedly education in the sense of widening one's mind, and enlarging one's sympathies, and giving one an insight into character. So strange it is to me now to look back upon the life we little girls lived, with (as it was supposed) no ideas beyond the limits of the nursery, and Miss Cookham's school; whilst all the time we were really peering out, as it were, through the windows of our mind, and learning and making our observations about the great world beyond.'

'And making them correctly, I daresay,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Children's insights into character border on instinct. In this respect there is a curious likeness between them and the higher animals, especially dogs.'

'It was more than instinct,' I said; 'for we really did understand and reason upon what was said and done, when it was supposed we were merely thinking of our lessons or our play. Initials were often used in conversation instead of names, but we perfectly understood who were meant, and thus we estimated the family friends and acquaintances for the most part at what we found in after years was their just value. We recognised truly our exact social position and our surroundings; in fact, so well acquainted were we with what are called family affairs, that when we had grown up to womanhood no changes came to us as a surprise, or as if we were waked from a dream; we had been prepared, and we accepted them quietly.'

'I wonder whether that sort of thing is common,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'My own life has been an even one. There was no world without me from which I was supposed to live apart, for I was myself the centre from being placed so early at the head of everything in the house, and having only my father to refer to.'

'I suspect it is common in a much greater degree than we elderly people are apt to imagine,' I said. 'It seems to me that the germs of all moral and intellectual perceptions are in themselves as perfect in a child as in a grown-up person. Truth, justice, integrity, for instance, are, no doubt, seen and understood by child and adult alike; and the faculty by which we recognise that twice five will make ten must be the same whether applied to the multiplication table or the abstractions of algebra. What is wanting in the child is, I believe, practice and experience in applying such perceptions and faculties to the people and things and circumstances surrounding it. If, as in my own case, these surroundings are various and wide, and embracing complicated interests and antagonisms of character, then the moral perceptions and the intellectual faculties become keener than they otherwise would be, simply from constant exercise.'

'But you were at home such a very short time,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'No doubt; and in looking back upon my childhood I cannot pretend to remember exactly how much I understood of everything that went on. But I am quite sure I knew a great deal, and so did my sisters; and the conviction of this fact has made me ever since feel that it is a mistake to deal with children as nonentities, and endeavour to hide from them the circumstances of their position. People do this often because they want the young to be happy. They say that the cares of life will come upon them quite soon enough without opening their eyes unnecessarily to what lies before them. But the fact is that, if the children are thoughtful, concealment does not really make them happy, but only gives them an idea of unreality, almost a distrust of their elders, and a sense of walking on a quicksand; and if they are not thoughtful, it may often encourage the mental frivolity which leads them in after years to live for the present, and to put aside the consideration of the future. I have no faith in the good influence of delusions.'

'Your plan would make preternaturally thoughtful and careworn children, I am afraid,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'I have no exact plan, and I don't want to lay down a law about these matters,' I said. 'I only tell you the result of my own experience, which is that we are mistaken if we think we can bring up children in what I would call family ignorance; and that upon the whole it is better not to attempt it.'

'And so you left Miss Cookham's paradise with a greater knowledge of the surrounding world than your friends suspected,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'and I suppose your next school experience further enlarged the sphere of your observations.'

'They enlarged it very considerably,' I said, 'and not to my benefit. Though here again I had upon the whole the advantage of being under the care of persons whom I respected. My new governesses were sincere and earnest, very earnest; but the tone of their teaching and conversation rather jarred upon me, because they had, to a certain

extent, adopted the peculiar phraseology of what was then the religious world.'

'Now I entreat you don't talk to me about the religious world,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'I only half understand what you mean, and what I do understand I don't like. The religious world seems to me something which can have no actual existence. So far as it is religion it is not the world, and so far as it is the world it is not religion.'

'I most heartily agree with you,' I said, 'in disliking and distrusting the religious world. But as regards the expression it is one which expresses what nothing else does, and so I am constrained to use it. Of course what I mean is the particular outward phase of religion which is most in fashion at some certain period, and which may be, as it happens, Low Church, or High Church, or Broad Church. In my young days it was Low Church. We were taken to a fashionable chapel, where people reposed in what were called parlours, and listened to long sermons preached by a clergyman in a black gown instead of a white surplice; and we were expected to take notes of the sermons, and employ ourselves in the Sunday afternoon in writing them out. The books which were given us to read were full of the special phrases which were supposed to distinguish the language of the Christian from that of the worldling—I use the epithet because it was in common use, not because I like or approve of it;—but when it came to questions of fashionable dress and tone, then it seemed to me that the Christian and the worldling were one, and as I could not bring myself to use the phraseology, and had an instinctive suspicion that to set a high value on dress and fashion was not quite consistent with prayer meetings and marked religious profession; these new influences had very little effect upon me except in widening my experience of religious parties within the Church.'

'And your training in scrupulosity and absolute obedience,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'how did that act? Were you and your sisters more obedient than others?'

'I had only one sister with me, who behaved much better than I did. But we were at a naughty age—there is such a period—and I can't say much for our good conduct, except that when we did wrong it went sorely against our consciences; and that we should have been infinitely worse if we had not had good training previously. But the atmosphere of the house was just the reverse of Miss Cookham's. It was singularly free. There were very few rules, and so there was not much temptation to actual disobedience. The wrong done was our own wrong. We had very little excuse for it, except, perhaps, that in a large, fashionable town there were temptations to idle talk, and gossip, and frivolity, which we should have been very unlike other girls if we had avoided. The school was, in fact, a small epitome of the world, and thus we enlarged our experience at the cost of our simplicity.'

'A heavy price to pay!' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Most heavy,' I said. 'We might have been safer if our governesses had been more alive to our danger. They had never been at school themselves, and really were very pure-minded and sincere in their desire to do right; and I think they gave us credit for being better than we were, and so left us a little too much to ourselves. But, as I said before, we were at a naughty age, and I daresay if the reins had been drawn tighter we might have rebelled, and have been led into deception.'

'And intellectually, what did you gain?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'The intellectual was very much on a par with the moral training. We were left a good deal to ourselves. Certain things were to be done; but *when* was left to our choice. There were stated hours for breakfast and dinner and tea, for rising and going to bed; and certain masters were in attendance on particular days; but the details of arrangement within these limits were free. At least it was so with those of us who really cared to improve ourselves. There was more personal attention given to any who were dull and backward, or very young. I won't say that I gained very much from the actual instruction I received; but I had some clever companions, and we worked together for our own pleasure, and talked freely with our governesses, and were rather petted by them; and altogether it was a very happy life.'

'Which lasted—how long?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'Two years and a half. I was fifteen when I left school to go home and help my eldest sister in teaching our two younger sisters. I can smile at my presumption now, but it seemed quite natural and right then.'

'But you must have learnt something definite at this second school,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'No doubt. We kept up arithmetic and grammar, and my sister and I, at our own request, read a history of Rome and of Greece. Goldsmith's histories were chosen; interesting enough, but so coarse as to leave a lasting impression of evil on a girl's mind. We read through Millot's *History of France* in French. We studied Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*, and Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Political Economy*. We wrote essays and learnt poetry. But, with the exception of the essays, there was no supervision or correction of our work. The books were put into our hands and we were trusted to read them, and so we did; and when we came to anything we did not understand we talked it out amongst ourselves. The meaning of bills of exchange, I remember, was a special difficulty in Mrs. Marcet. As for the French history, I floundered through the genealogies and wars of the Carlovingian kings with a deep impression left upon my mind of the atrocities of Fredegonde and Brunehaut, but beyond that everything was a blank.'

'And did you learn nothing by rote?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'Oh, yes; if that can be called learning which consisted in glancing over a page of Arrowsmith's *Geography* and giving a rapid epitome of the contents by seizing upon a few principal facts and leaving out all the rest. It only required a little quickness to string a few of the facts together, and the lesson was considered to be said perfectly enough. And it was the same with all the lessons, poetry excepted. No one in those days thought of examinations.'

'And can you really approve of such a system?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'By no means; I don't at all approve of it. I only say that as I happened to have a few clever companions, it worked better for us than it might have done for others. My sister and I managed somehow to leave school with an indistinct outline of general history in our heads, a vague idea of what is meant by political economy, a fair knowledge of French, including some facility in conversation, and a little knowledge of Italian. And this, in addition to the thorough grounding received at Miss Cookham's in arithmetic and grammar. I say nothing of music and drawing, because they are accomplishments taken as a matter of course. German was rarely taught in those days; and it was only at my own special request that I learnt Italian.'

'And was that all?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes, all, in the strictly intellectual sense; but not in the least all as regarded experience in the varieties of human character and temptation. The freedom we had enjoyed tended to develop us before our time. It was not good for us. We criticised, and argued, and dogmatised in a way which I should think intolerable in such young girls now; but our wits were sharpened by collision, and so far we were benefited. It was this indeed which was our real education and training, and it went on when no one was aware of it.'

'Fifteen,' said Mrs. Malcolm, thoughtfully. 'Education completed at fifteen! And now it is considered to be scarcely more than beginning at that age.'

'Even so,' I replied; 'and this early end of my direct intellectual instruction has been a life-long regret to me; except that, having been the ordering of God's providence, I accept it as part of life's discipline. If I could only have had the years of study, and the help of the first-rate teaching which is offered to young girls now, between fifteen and eighteen, it seems to me that the benefit would have been incalculable. But I may be wrong. I left my second school with a conviction which may have worked better for me than any amount of acquirement, and that was a sense of my own ignorance so profound that it stirred me up to work for myself, and by myself, in spite of all difficulties.'

'And you did work then?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes, in an eccentric way; at intervals snatched from the claims of the regular lessons which were required by my younger sisters, and the dissipations consequent on a large acquaintance and frequent visitors,

and constant comings and goings. I liked study, and so I pursued it; and I had the advantage of a town library of a very superior kind, the members of which were not, like my father and brothers, afraid of finger-marks. All the important books of the day were to be found in it; and any book could be taken out if only the name and date were written down in the library register. It was a very desultory and superficial kind of work which could be carried on under such circumstances, and I might never have attempted it if I had not lived in an intellectual atmosphere which stimulated my desire for knowledge, and made me more and more conscious every day of my deficiencies.'

'In fact you were educated indirectly instead of directly,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I am not sure whether, after all, that is not the most valuable kind of education.'

'Possibly,' I said. 'At any rate, one comes to the conclusion at the end of life that when regular systems are knocked on the head by the force of circumstances, it is because God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to provide some other and more useful means of training for the end which He has in view for us. By which I don't at all mean that I would not, if I could, help a girl to study regularly till she was eighteen or nineteen, but only that I should not fret myself if I found it quite impossible; for I should feel that responsibility might be intended to take its place.'

'But what amount of responsibility could you have had?' asked Mrs. Malcolm. 'You were nearly the youngest of your family.'

'My eldest sister and I had full responsibility as regarded our younger sisters. That I think was owing to my mother's singularly large-minded and generous nature. She had no love of power for its own sake, and when she gave up to us the instruction and training of the two younger girls, she never interfered with us. We made our rules and enforced them. There was no appeal from us to her.'

'A most wonderful confidence she must have had in you,' said Mrs. Malcolm.'

'Yes. It is extremely surprising to me now, when I look back upon it. But freedom was the element in which we lived, and it would have been quite contrary to my mother's disposition to have fretted us with restraints, unless she saw they were absolutely necessary. And I feel now that she was most wise in her principle, though I think there might have been a mistake in acting upon it quite so early. I don't think I should like to place any child of fifteen in the position of authority which I held when I left school; and I am afraid my younger sisters were considerably the losers by the arrangement; but, apart from the question of age, I am quite sure that, as regards girls, the best possible preparation for after life is freedom with responsibility.'

'Which is not freedom at all!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm.

'Precisely so; except so far as an absolute devotion to the service of God may render it perfect freedom.'

'What the young girls of the present day go in for is freedom without responsibility,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes; the power to follow the bent of their own inclinations for their own pleasure, or very possibly for their own improvement. Self, in its varied phases, is the centre round which everything turns. But in the life which my sister and I led in our home, self was necessarily put in the background. We had first to think of our younger sisters; then as they grew older and passed out of our control, and we ourselves entered more into society, we were obliged to accept social claims as a duty, and were made answerable for them as if we had been ourselves the heads of the household. A dinner party or a dance in our own home was a business. We had to arrange it, to take care that every one was attended to, to put ourselves aside without a thought. When visitors were staying in the house—no matter whether they were young or old, gentlemen or ladies—we were always required to be, as it were, on hand, so that all might go on happily and comfortably.'

'And did you never fret against this?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'No; and for the reason I mentioned before, we were left free. The duty was put before us, but it was to be fulfilled in our own way; and so it became an interest, and more than an interest—a means of self-discipline, and the exercise of religious principle. It was not merely that we did just what we were told to do, but that it became a matter of conscience to do it in the best way we could. A morning spent in entertaining our guests was satisfactory to us, not merely because it gave us pleasure, though very likely it might do so, but because we knew we were responsible for their amusement, and therefore could look back upon the time so spent with them without any scruple or self reproach.'

'It all sounds very well,' observed Mrs. Malcolm; "but I suspect there are very few families in which this sort of life is carried out pleasantly, though it may be, and I dare say is, attempted.'

'It requiries great good sense and unselfishness on the part of the mother,' I replied, 'and a principle of respect and deference on the part of the daughters.'

'And most parents are like myself,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'When they have had the trouble of bringing up their children, they think that they ought to be rewarded by obedience and submission. They are not prepared to abdicate merely because the daughters have reached the so-called years of discretion, which are really not at all discreet, but quite the reverse.'

'There is certainly that side to the question,' I said; 'and I grant it is hard upon the mothers to find their girls taking to independent ways, and having opinions of their own probably at variance with those which they have been trying to instil into them.'

'And hard, too, for a mother to see her daughters choosing friends, and giving confidence to them instead of to herself. I speak feelingly. I should have been terribly jealous of my girls, if I had had any, for I always had such dreams of what the confidence between a mother and her daughters ought to be. The sons I thought less about, because I knew that they would have to go away from me, and that they must be independent. Curiously enough I have retained their confidence in a degree I never could have expected.'

'Just because you did not expect it,' I said, 'and probably—forgive me for suggesting such a probability—you would have failed to gain the confidence of your daughters just because you did expect it; or rather because you made efforts to obtain it.'

'I should have made no efforts,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I should have expected it as a matter of right. And surely I should have had reason on my side. Who can possibly know what is good for a daughter as well as a mother; and how can one tell what is good unless confidence is placed in one?'

'But confidence is not confidence unless it is voluntary,' I replied. 'What is called confidence is too often only extorted confession.'

'I am not speaking of that kind of tyranny,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I only mean that if I had had any daughters I should have supposed confidence on their parts would be so natural that they would never have thought of withholding it.'

'And so it might have been if you and these supposed daughters had all been perfectly congenial in taste and temperament. But it always strikes me when I see mothers disappointed in their girls because they are not entirely one with themselves, that they are expecting what is scarcely compatible with the fact that the children inherit their characters—so far as they are hereditary—from *two* parents —probably extremely dissimilar. This double inheritance involves a new individuality, and with this there will be naturally a desire for new sympathies and new friendships; so that it is an instinct in young people which leads them to choose out friends and paths for themselves, and it is hopeless to work against it.'

'And I suppose your mother was wise enough to reason out this theory, and act upon it?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'I don't think she reasoned it out, for she had but few data to reason from. Her early life had been very different from mine. My grandmother was for years in ill-health and bad spirits, and let her daughter go her own way merely because she had not energy to interfere. But whether it was reason or instinct there is no doubt that my mother did manage to leave us singularly free in all matters of confidence; and as a result I think I may say we revered and trusted her so that we never gave her reason to repent our freedom. If we did not tell her everything we said and did, we said and did nothing which we should have been afraid to tell her; and certainly in

questions of importance we kept nothing back from her, and as for really deceiving her, it would have been a matter of utter impossibility.'

'And you went where you liked, and did what you liked, and made friends as you liked?' said Mrs. Malcolm, in a tone of astonishment.

'Yes, entirely; up to a certain point.'

'Ah! but then comes the difficulty. What was that point?'

'I can't tell, because in things of real importance we were always of one mind; and in small matters, about which we might differ, the daughters yielded from a sense of duty.'

'You would not have been allowed to marry any one your parents did not heartily approve of, I suppose?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'No; but the disapproval would have been founded upon some unquestionable objection of health, or character, which we ourselves could not but recognise. My mother was singularly unselfish, and never would have consulted her own feelings in preference to our ultimate good. And my father was like her, and would always have been guided by her judgment in matters which concerned his girls.'

'And was she never tempted to indulge in that exciting little game of match-making?' asked Mrs. Malcolm. 'I dearly love it myself when I can carry it on with a safe conscience.'

'But when can the conscience be safe?' I asked. 'How is it possible to be quite sure when you throw two people together, that one heart may not be broken, and the other remain whole.'

'Oh! I know, I know. There is a great deal to be said against it; but then, when it succeeds, it is such a success!'

'Playing with edged tools?' I said. 'But perhaps I am too cautious. It was my mother's general rule never to raise her finger to make or mar a marriage, and I have inherited her ideas.'

'Which are, in fact, to shut girls up in a family convent,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'No indeed! quite the reverse! The tone of our home gave us liberty to come, and go, and walk, and talk with any one and to every one—man or woman. But we were trusted to our own discretion. There was no arranging, or managing, whom we should be with; it was all left to the natural course of events. And it was just the same with our brothers; at least, if there was any interference with them, it was negative, not positive. The possibility of an undesirable marriage may have been foreseen, and the temptation kept out of the way; but that was all.'

'It sounds well,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'but the proof of wisdom is experience.'

'And my experience has satisfied me,' I said; 'and so we return to the point from which we started. Looking back upon what may now be termed a fairly long life, and tracing the course of my own life and that of others, I am every day more and more convinced that my mother's fundamental principles of education for her girls were the

right ones;—absolute obedience required from them as little children (my mother's words were, "My dears, I never speak twice"), and the fullest freedom and confidence granted them by degrees as they grew up, until at length they were able fully to develop their tastes and exercise their individual talents within the family circle, so as to embrace grave interests and responsibilities, and thus prepare themselves for the time when they would be left to face the world and its trials apart from the shelter of a home.'

'It is the political question repeated in the family,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Despotism and centralisation *versus* limited monarchy and local government. Theoretically, I uphold the latter; but practically, I am afraid I am a good-natured despot.'

'Are you?' I replied. 'Then you ought to be an angel and immortal.'

AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER III.

ARITHMETIC.

It is notorious that 'ladies do not understand business.' It is also sadly plain to experienced persons that a woman left a widow with a shop, is almost surely at the mercy of her foreman. Yet no one pretends that there is any difficulty in teaching girls either to work out calculations or to keep accounts. Understanding or not understanding 'business,' like other things, is simply a question of opportunity, attention, and determination. But, it is said, of the numerous families plunged into debt—that is into moral and material ruin—by the woman's mismanagement, only a certain number would be saved by better instruction. Self-indulgent habits, and vanity, and emulation, are not confined to the ignorant. This is true.

But ignorance *does* conceal the price which must be paid for gratifying these tastes; and the vacancy of mind which *fosters* all such 'rank vegetation' could not be, if girlhood were devoted to vigorous self-culture. So far, education certainly is a shield. And of all the subjects generally thought needful for a gentlewoman, arithmetic is the best in one respect, namely, that there can never be a question as to the quality of the work done. Drawing, dancing, playing the piano, are good, or relatively good, or pleasing, though not quite perfect. But a sum is right, or it is wrong; every child may learn, in this matter at least, to estimate its own work and to bring it to perfection. The quiet self-reliance thus acquired is as far removed from conceit as from lazy diffidence. Spare no pains then to make your pupils trustworthy, quick, neat arithmeticians. There are three stages of learning, each occupying from one to two years. In the first the child will be writing copies of figures, which it ought to do until firm clear figures more than a quarter of

an inch high can be produced as rapidly as letters. Allow no small figures, no sloping, no 'up and down strokes;' *i.e.* every part of the figure should be equally black. Meanwhile teach the child orally how many fingers and toes he has; how many tens, fives, fours, twos, threes, he can make of them; and how many are left by subtracting one, two, three, four—from five, ten, fifteen, twenty. Persevere with this exercise until the answers come instantly, but never allow the fingers to be 'felt over' one by one; make the child count by eye or from memory. This is not a trifle; the habit of depending on counting by the fingers may spoil an arithmetician for life.

The next step will be to go through similar calculations with any small objects that are quite uniform. Lay out, we will say, forty-eight beans or buttons in twelve lines; let the child count them or add them up; then show that twelve rows of four are the same as four rows of twelve. Shift the groups so as to make up in twos, threes, fours, sixes, eights, twenty-fours, sixteens. Do not leave this lesson until the child can answer, without stopping to think, how many of each are contained in forty-eight, twenty-four, and thirty-six. Try over addition and subtraction of every number within forty-eight as well as multiplication and division. When all can be answered without the least delay, get *Figures made Easy*, by Lewis Hensley (Longmans, price 1*s.*,), and go through it without missing a word. The child that *knows* this primer will probably make a good arithmetician; and nearly all the girls I have ever met with failed in their higher work simply for want of *perfectness* in numeration, notation, and the simplest rules. People appear to make a very droll mistake with regard to exercises. They will answer me, 'Oh, she *learnt that rule* long ago!' But *learning* a rule is nothing; it has to be *practised* until the figures seem to flow from the pen *spontaneously* and a mistake seems impossible. Up to nine years of age a quarter of an hour or less is enough for working sums, but as much more must be given, at another time, to copying examples, which you can make, or take from an older child. It is a pity to let children use lines for this. Let them make a row of dots, beginning with the two outermost and placing one exactly between them, then one exactly halfway from this to each end, and so on, until the place for every figure is pretty accurately dotted; all this can be done with pencil, but the figures had better be written in ink.

After *Figures made Easy* has been all worked through, get Barnard Smith's Shilling Arithmetic for the child, and the Key to it for yourself, and let her every day work for half an hour, not near you or any one else. Twice a week let her read over to you her answers, mentioning only the number of the exercise and of the example in it. With red ink mark W or R on each answer, and place the entire number attempted, and those done right, as a fraction, thus $\begin{cases} \text{worked right } 10. \\ \text{attempted } \overline{15}. \end{cases}$ It is not necessary to have the 'wrong' sums repeated at the

time, unless you think that carelessness is the explanation; then of course they must be done again in playtime; withholding marks is generally quite penalty enough, for a child prepared as I have above described makes few mistakes, and is as unwilling to pass over a blunder as yourself. But you must insist on absolute neatness and cleanliness, and correct marking of every sum; for each failure on these points a mark must be deducted, as for omitting to write the name and date at the top of every exercise, and to number the pages at the right hand top corner. In examination papers the *subject* is written at the top, and the number of the sheet after the subject; the pages numbered, and the candidate's name written at the top right hand corner of the page. You may perhaps smile at the idea of training children to minutiæ of this kind; but if ever you have to read over any quantity of manuscripts from which these marks have been omitted, you will learn to estimate their importance. Never pass over irregularity; never scold, but always take off a mark. If 'school' is of any use whatever, it is by teaching children so to regulate their actions as to avoid injurious or uncomfortable consequences. Now if there is one thing more certain than another with regard to work of any kind, it is this: that if incomplete, informal, or inexact, it is worthless in the eyes of the world. Give your pupils therefore exact and correct habits. Many a stupid boy, plodding, honest, and accurate, has risen steadily to the top of his business, while the bright, impulsive, careless lads who mocked his dulness, have lived to implore a clerkship under him. Vain is talent alone; almost useless, and dangerous, for it induces conceit. With trustworthiness and energy it is as a scientific 'build' to the well-ballasted steam-vessel. As far as possible, prevent the necessity for 'making clean copies' of sums, by allowing none that are not clean, Teach the children to do constructive work, such as the reductions in the compound rules, on a plan, so as to be as little unsightly, and as compact, as possible; and when you have adopted a form, adhere rigidly to it. In arithmetic, as in writing, uniformity rises from the rank of an outward accident, and becomes an essential. When your pupils begin to use the 'tables,' try, if possible, to give them a real practical signification by letting them weigh out pounds, ounces, scruples, drachms, &c., and measure fluid ounces and pints. It is too bad to *make* these terms 'abstract'! Patiently hear these tables repeated many, many times, so as to imprint them firmly on the memory; for they are useful as ready reckoners, besides their own functions. As your pupils will acquire the meanings of the arithmetical signs from *Hensley's Primer*, you must scrupulously adhere to the use of them; and from the beginning accustom them to read $4 + 5 = 9$; five and four makes nine, $6 - 5 = 1$; five from six leaves one. The expression 'times' in Multiplication is a gratuitous addition; far better say, five sixes in thirty, three sevens in twenty-one, so as from the first to show the connection between division and multiplication. When you teach division, do not encourage the

clumsiness of employing for long division a number which will split into factors; and show the children that if the last two figures of a dividend will divide by four, the whole will also, and if the last three by eight, the whole will divide by eight. You will see the reason of this if you look at it; but, if not, *Hensley's Scholar's Arithmetic* gives it clearly and fully. The object of writing sums in figures instead of calculating by tallies is to save time; then clearly it is a fault to use a slow process if a quick one will do. There is a quicker way of working multiplication of money than that usually given, which I subjoin, not having met with it in books :— *

£	s.	d.
3,	19,	$9\frac{1}{2}$
		37
Ans. 147,	12,	$3\frac{1}{2}$

$\frac{37d.}{2} = 18\frac{1}{2}d.$

$37 \times 9 = 333d.$

12) $351\frac{1}{2}d.$

$29s.$ $3\frac{1}{2}d.$

$37 \times 19s.$ 133

57

2,) 73, 2s., $3\frac{1}{2}d.$

36, 12, $3\frac{1}{2}$

$37 \times 3l. = 111$

£147, 12s., $3\frac{1}{2}d.$

This is not a scientific fashion, but easy and intelligible. But as your pupils learn to *reason*, you will say to them, thirty-seven *means* thirty and seven; thirty means three tens. Therefore multiply your multiplicand by ten, then by three, and you will have the product of the thirty; add the product of the seven, and you have your answer. As far as I have seen, children who have not been carefully trained from the beginning cannot profit by this help, for they will not consider whether they have to do with $3 \times 10 + 7$, or $10 \times 7 + 3$. But it is a good thing now and then to go a roundabout way to work and let them find out the advantage of the shorter method. Children are not taught soon enough or carefully enough that the position of the figures is indifferent when joined by signs. The words factor, multiple, measure, sum, and product, ought to be explained at the first, and always used in their proper places.

At the end of every term set your pupils an examination paper, containing examples of the various processes which they have employed within the last twelve months. In *Hensley's Scholar's Arithmetic* you will find an ample collection, with the answers. I hope I need not explain that the object of consulting the Key is simply to save your time. If you

* This to be found in *Colenso*, p. 20.

are not yourself a quick and sure arithmetician, you must for at least a year work *every sum* that you are going to set, overnight, and see that you get them right; otherwise you will hesitate in your lesson, and this is fatal to discipline. Barnard Smith's book is not only beautifully methodical, and marvellously free from errata, but the questions are thrown into the form of problems of many kinds likely actually to confront us in life. Those which concern the management of buying and selling transactions of all sorts are so very useful and ingenious that, apart from their use as exercises, they are profitable and suggestive to every girl.

The lessons for mental arithmetic ought to be continued, by the help of the Examples at the end of the book, from the time that you disuse *Figures made Easy.*

There is only one variation on Barnard Smith's plan which I feel disposed to suggest. I have found that most children learn practice more easily *after* instead of *before*, beginning fractions. If you explain that 360 articles at 4*d.* cost 360 fourpences, and remind them that 4*d.* is one third of a shilling, and $360 \times 4d.$ therefore $= \frac{360}{3}$, you will, I think, find the rest of the process rationally gone through as an improper fraction. I am the less afraid of suggesting this experiment, because good teachers *all* appear to add to their-text book some fruit of their personal experiences. Do not stop short of the end of the book, and frequently have the rules written out from memory, not necessarily by rote, but so clearly that a child could work by the version offered. On no account neglect the decimal system, for two reasons. One is, that it can hardly fail to become popular by degrees, and to supersede, perhaps within a generation, some of our present modes of calculating. The other, that the children of the poor are already being made familiar with a much more extended course of arithmetic than has hitherto been in use in ladies' schools generally; and it will be a very sad thing for the nation if in any way the idea gains ground that ladies are usually more ignorant than their poorer sisters. While our noble families continue to send out a fair proportion of sons who excel in each kind of competition, they may hope to retain their privilege of setting the tone to the nation; the daughters cannot hope to hold their position of examples of womanhood excepting on the same condition. A healthy people will not copy from faulty or defective patterns. Your pupils therefore must vindicate their title of gentle, by testifying their love of all that is wise and useful in a practical manner. Not that every girl need throw equal energy into every line of study; but the 'Revised Standards' are not found to be too much to expect of girls who have to spend some hours each week at needlework; they ought then to be within the powers of our girls who substitute music for this old-fashioned accomplishment. At the time that I was in vain searching for a *gentlewoman* who would undertake to 'pass' my own children in

the Oxford Junior Examination, because English grammar, geography, and above all, arithmetic must be *reliable* up to that very moderate standard, the girls of the National School showed me their sums and memory maps, and their plain needlework, alike calculated to raise my envy, for all these subjects had alike failed to '*interest*' the small number of ladies who were willing to undertake the needful pilgrimage to our suburb. I became sad and weary at the recurring answer—'I cannot do the higher rules, nothing beyond compound division; but I wish you would allow me to play to you.' For I saw, even then, what has become clear to many more since those days, that the demand for governesses who can and will teach these homely subjects properly had already arisen, and that soon none who could not do this would be accepted by any parents really anxious for their children's welfare.

It is true that many of your pupils may pass through life without requiring to maintain themselves. But who can say? And even so, who can say where their lot may fall? Are there not already many parishes where men and lads are withdrawn from idle and injurious recreations by the counter-attractions of the night school, where the rector's staff is largely reinforced by the comfortable, sensible women, who win respect and interest by showing themselves able to teach something that artisans appreciate? This is but one of many examples of the practical side of your work; but the fundamental principle is, that in education everything, however simple, must be done as well as it can be done.

You will observe, in working with Barnard Smith's books, that he gives a great many short examples of the earlier rules, and scarcely any long ones. This is not by accident; long sums are not good practice for beginners. On the other hand, you must teach your pupils to prove all their sums, and to do so in more than one way, so as to feel confidence in their work. For example, a multiplication or division sum may be repeated, having the dividend or the divisor doubled or halved, the corresponding operation being performed on the quotient; or the dividend separated into two or more portions, and the quotients then added together.

Some children have difficulty in remembering the multiplication table. It is very good practice to write a portion of it from memory every day. If no special difficulty of this kind presents itself, it is a pity to stop at 12×12; the multiples of 13, 17, 19, are very useful additions. Be sure to show your pupils from the first that every number is a product or a prime, and accustom them to the terms 'square' and 'cube.'

In teaching a fresh process, say nothing about the rule until you have worked a simple sum before the child. Then *ask her* to say, step by step, what you have been doing, and write from her dictation. If any part of the explanation is obscure, go over the working again; but when the rule is completely written out, let her learn it off by heart, and write it from memory at the top of each exercise for a week. In France it is, or at any rate was, not long ago, the custom to teach children the reason for each

rule with the rule itself. I think this plan open to criticism; a child, properly so called, should not be called on for a *chain* of reasoning, and is frequently incapable of appreciating more than one step or link. But by the time that fractions are reached, it is a very good thing to demand illustrations of the rules by means of paper cut into fractional parts, and *then* a written-out description of the process, which will be the explanation of the rule employed. Ratio and Proportion are so nicely explained in Barnard Smith's little book that 'Rule of Three' ought never to be worked as a mysterious hocus-pocus. The principle of cancelling is, I think, hardly made plain enough; you must take trouble to have it fully understood, and accustom your pupils to reverse the process, that is, to vary the form of the terms in continued multiplication and division without altering the whole product. As an introduction to explaining the rule of 'Long Division,' you must have the dividend written out thus, in full, and the quotient also; then show how the sum could have been used at first in one line, and thus time saved.

17	34	2
	510	30
	119,000	7,000
	136,000,000	8,000,000
	102,000,000,000	6,000,000,000
17	102,000,000,000	6,008,007,032

Do not believe that anything is clearly understood which cannot be clearly explained in writing. Study Brook-Smith's *Theory and Practice*, and you will get many useful hints; but the main thing is *trustworthy* work; neatness and rapidity are next in importance; the persevering application of common-sense will do more for the theory than anything else.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART I.—HOME LIFE.

'A little more than kin, and less than kind.'

CHAPTER I.

THE LESTERS OF OAKBY.

'Young barbarians all at play.'

Some few years ago Mr. Gerald Lester was the head of a family of good blood and position, and the owner of Oakby Hall, the great house of a village of the same name in the county of Westmoreland. The border

line between Westmoreland and Yorkshire crossed his property; but his house and park were in the former county, for which he was a deputy sheriff and justice of the peace.

He was not a man of very large fortune, and Oakby Hall was not a show place, but a well-built mansion of the last century, with some architectural pretensions, and standing in the midst of that sort of wild and romantic scenery which, perhaps more than any other, fixes the affections of its inhabitants. Oakby, at any rate, was very dear to its owner.

The great sweeps of heather-clad moor, the fell-sides with their short green turf, the fertile valleys, had a character of their own, inferior as they were to the better known parts of Westmoreland.

Oakby village was situated in one of the largest of these valleys, and the Hall lay low on the side of a hill over which the well-planted park stretched on either side. The house could be seen all the way up the long carriage drive, for it was only shut off from the park by an iron railing, within which the turf was mown close and fine, instead of being left to be cropped by sheep and cattle. The gardens were at the side, and there were no trees in front of the house but one oak of great size and beauty. There was a wide carriage sweep, and the space between this and the house was paved, and on either side of the front door was a stone wolf of somewhat forbidding aspect—the crest of the Lesters. The grey stone house thus exposed to view was stately enough, and though too open and free to be exactly gloomy, this northern front was bleak and cold, especially on a frosty winter twilight, when the light was dying away in the distance and the piece of ornamental water and the pleasant bits of woodland beyond were not distinctly visible. No such thought ever crossed the minds of the young Lesters, who came back to it from school and college as to the dearest of homes; but to a stranger, a little doubtful of a welcome, it might perhaps look formidable.

Within doors a blazing fire and abundance of rugs and skins made the hall the most attractive place in the house, both for dogs and men; especially between the lights, when there was little to do anywhere else, and all were tired with their day's work, or ready to discuss their day's amusement.

Just before Christmas, play was legitimate; and the young Lesters, skates in hand, had just returned from the lake, and were grouped together round the fire, noisily praising and criticising each other's recent performances.

'I never should have had a tumble all day if Bob hadn't come up against me like a steam engine,' cried the one girl, a tall creature of sixteen, big, fair, and rosy.

'I came against you! That's a good one. Who could keep out of your way?' ejaculated the aggrieved twin brother. 'You can no more guide yourself than——'

'A balloon,' put in the more softly accented voice of the eldest brother present, as he unfastened his skates from the neck of his great S. Bernard, who had dutifully carried them home for him.

'Now, Cherry, that's not true!' cried the girl in loud indignation. 'Of course I can't be expected to do figures of eight and spread eagles like you and Jack.'

'I saw an American fellow the other day who skated twice as well as either of us.'

'No? Ah! I don't believe that!' from the girl.

'But then they've ice all the year round,' from Bob.

'I daresay they can't do anything else,' from Jack.

'Jack always is so liberal!' from Cheriton; and then, 'Hush! here's the squire.'

It was sometimes said that no one of the young Lesters would be so fine a man as his father; and certainly Mr. Lester was a splendid specimen of an English gentleman, though the big Jack rivalled him in inches, and promised equal size and strength, while Cheriton, who was of a slighter build, inherited his blue eyes and brilliant colouring. But they were his own children—every one fair, and tall, and healthy; and their characteristic differences did not destroy their strong resemblance to each other and to their handsome father, who now stood in the midst of them with a foreign letter in his hand, at which the children glanced curiously. He was not much above fifty; his hair and beard, which had once deserved to be called golden, had rather faded than grizzled, his skin was still fresh and healthy, and his eyes bright in colour and full of expression; the level brows met over them. His children, as has been said, were curiously like him—Annette, or Nettie, as she was commonly called, perhaps the most so. Although she was big and unformed, she had the promise of great beauty in her straight sulky brows and large sky-blue eyes, resplendent colouring which defied sunburn, and abundant yellow hair. Her nose was straight and fine, like her father's, but her full red lips were a trifle sullen; the contour of her face was heavy, and though she looked well born and well bred, she lacked the refinement of intelligent expression. But if her great blue eyes looked stupid and rather cross, they were as honest as the day; and at sixteen there was still time for thoughts and feelings to come and print themselves on this beautiful piece of flesh and blood. She was very untidily though handsomely dressed, and had the awkwardness of a girl too big for her age; but as she stood leaning back against the oak table, there was such vigour and life in her strong young limbs as to give them a kind of grace. She had a low voice of refined quality, but she spoke with a strong north-country accent, as did her father. In the brothers it was much modified by their southern schooling. The twin brother, Robert, retained, however, a good deal of it. He was a heavier, less handsome likeness of her, and might have been described as a fine lad or a great

lout, according to the prepossessions of the speaker. The next brother, John, or, as he was usually called, Jack, had, at nineteen, hardly yet outgrown the same ungainliness of manner; but his height and the strength trained by many an athletic struggle could not fail to be striking; and though he had something of the same sullen straightness of brow, the eyes beneath were thoughtful and keen. There was no lack of mental power in Jack's grave young face, and he was a formidable opponent to his school-fellows in contests of brain as well as of muscle.

Cheriton, except that his brows arched a little, so that he could not attain to the perfection of the family frown, and that he was an inch or two shorter and much slighter, was so like Jack that when he was grave and silent his brighter colouring and the moustaches to which he had attained were, at first sight, the chief points of difference between them. But then Jack's face to-day would be his face to-morrow, while Cheriton's expression varied with almost every word he spoke, so that he was sometimes said to be the image of his father, sometimes to be the one Lester who was like nobody but himself; while now and then old friends wondered how this handsome young man came to have such a look of the mother, who had been no beauty, but only a high-minded and cultivated woman. He was his father's favourite, and somehow his brothers were not jealous of the preference. 'Cherry,' as they called him, was the family oracle, though he risked his place now and then when his utterances were not in accordance with the prevailing sentiment.

Mr. Lester's expression now was dark enough to indicate annoyance of no common kind; but it did not take much to make him look cross, and if his sons and daughter had not known that there was an unusual speck on the family horizon, they would have surmised that the keepers were in disgrace, the newspaper late in arriving, or that they themselves had unwittingly transgressed.

As it was they were all silent, though Cheriton looked up with a question in his eyes, and the twins glanced at each other.

'I have had a letter from—your brother; he has started on his journey, and will be here in a day or two.'

No one spoke for a moment, and then Cheriton said—

'Well, father, I shall be very glad to see him. It's a good time for him to come, and I hope we shall be able to make it pleasant for him.'

'Pleasant for *him*,' growled Bob.

'It won't be at all pleasant for *us*,' said his sister. 'Fancy a foreign fellow interfering in all our concerns. And Granny says he's sure to set us a bad example.'

'Ay,' said the father, 'you lads needn't be in too great a hurry to get up an intimacy.'

'There's not much fear of that,' said Cheriton.

'Ah, my boy,' said Mr. Lester, turning to him, 'you take it very well; but it's hard on you; no one knows better than I do.'

'As for me,' said Cheriton, with a shade of the characteristic family gruffness in his much pleasanter voice, 'you know it has always been my wish that he should come, and why should we set ourselves against it?'

'He ought to have come sooner,' said Jack.

'That's no affair of yours, Jack,' said his father, sharply. 'Don't be so ready with your comments. He is coming now, and—and I'll hear no more grumbling. I'm hanged if I know what we are all to make of him, though,' he muttered as he left the hall.

'He'd better not interfere with me,' said Bob. 'I shall take no notice of him.'

'Poor fellow!' said Cheriton, satirically.

'I won't kiss him, I declare,' cried his sister.

'Now you boys, and Nettie, look here,' said Cheriton, seriously, 'Alvar is our father's son and our brother. He is the eldest, and has his rights. That's the fact; and his having lived all his life in Spain doesn't alter it. And if his coming is strange to us, what will it be for him? Isn't it an awful shame to set our backs up before we see him? Is it his fault?'

Cheriton's influence in the family was considerable, and the younger ones had no answer to his arguments; but influence and arguments are weak compared to prejudice; and no one answered till Jack grumbled out—

'Of course we must do our duty by him, and perhaps he'll improve.'

'On acquaintance,' suggested Cheriton, with half-suppressed fun. 'Suppose he's a finer fellow than any of us, and a better sort altogether. What shall we do then?'

'Oh, but he's a foreigner, you know,' said Nettie, as if this settled the question. 'Come, Bob, let's go and see the puppies fed.'

'What I say is,' said Jack, as the twins went away and left their elders to a freer discussion, 'that the thing has been left too late. Here is Alvar—twenty-five, isn't he?'

'Yes; he is only two years older than I am.'

'How can he turn into an Englishman? It's all very well for you to chaff about it, and lecture the young ones; but the squire won't stand him with patience for a day; there'll be one continual row. Everything will be turned topsy-turvy. He'll go back to Seville in a month.'

Cheriton was silent. He was older than Jack by nearly four years, and perhaps should not have attributed so much importance to the grumbling of his juniors; but his wider out-look only enabled him to see that their feelings were one-sided, it did not prevent him from sharing them; and the gift of a more sympathetic nature did but

make him more conscious of how far these feelings were justifiable. Home life at Oakby had its difficulties, its roughnesses, and its daily trials; but what did these signify to the careless boys who had no dignity to lose, and by whom a harsh word from their father, or a rough one from each other, was forgotten and repeated twenty times a day? He himself had hardly grown into that independent existence which would make an unkindness from a brother an insult, an injustice from a father a thing to be resented beyond the day. It was still all among themselves, they knew each other, and suited each other, and stood up for each other against the world. They were still the children of their father's house, and that tie was much too close and real for surface quarrels and disputes to slacken it. But this stranger, who must be the very first among them all, yet who did not know them, and whom they did not know, who had a right to this same identity of interest, and yet who would assuredly neither feel nor win it! Jack accused his father of having acted unjustly to them all; the younger ones rebelled with a blind prejudice which they did not themselves understand. Cheriton was vividly conscious of the stranger's rights, yet shrank from all they claimed from him; to the father he recalled resentment, weakness of purpose, and a youthful impulse, from the consequences of which he could not escape. The grandmother up stairs, no inconsiderable power in the Oakby household, formulated the vague distaste of her descendants, and strongly expressed her belief that a foreign heir would grieve his father, corrupt his brothers, and ruin his inheritance.

And now who was this foreign heir, this unknown brother, and what was the explanation of his existence?

CHAPTER II.

THE SON AND HEIR.

'Love should ride the wind
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters.'

SOME six- or seven-and-twenty years before the date when his sons were thus discussing their elder brother's arrival, Gerald Lester, then a young man fresh from college, had been sent abroad by his father to separate him from a girl, somewhat his inferior in rank, for whom he had formed an attachment. He was not then his father's heir, as he had an elder brother living, and he was supposed to be going to make his way at the bar; but though well conducted and brilliantly handsome, his talents and tastes were not of an order to make success rapid or certain, and such a marriage as he had contemplated would have been, though he had a small independence, peculiarly inexpedient. Though at times passionate and defiant, he was not a person of much strength of will; and he yielded to the pressure put on him, partly from

sense of duty—for he was by no means wanting in principle—and partly because it was too much trouble to resist.

The affair, however, left him in an unsettled state of mind, and increased his dislike to his profession. While wandering about in the south of Spain, he became acquainted, through some letters of introduction with which he had been provided, with a family of position of the name of De la Rosa. While staying with them he met with an accident which disabled him from travelling, and afforded him time and opportunity to flirt and sentimentalise with the beautiful Maria de la Rosa, who fell passionately in love with the handsome Englishman. Gerald's feelings were more on the surface, but he was much carried away by the circumstances; he felt that he would make a poor return for the hospitality that had been shown him if he only 'loved and rode away.' He was enough irritated by the compulsion that his father had put upon him to feel glad to act independently; while the natural opposition of Don Guzman de la Rosa to his daughter's marriage with a foreigner, stirred Gerald to more ardour than Maria's dark eyes had already awakened. Her birth, at any rate, was all that could be desired, her religion ought not to be an objection in one so good and pious, and the nationality of his younger son's wife could be of no consequence to old Mr. Lester. Don Guzman was not a zealous Catholic, and he yielded at length to his daughter's entreaties; the young Englishman's small independence seeming, in the eyes of the frugal Spaniard, a sufficient fortune.

Gerald Lester and Maria de la Rosa were married at Gibraltar, the difficulties of a legal marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic being almost insurmountable on Spanish territory. In Gibraltar they lived for some time; but the marriage was not a happy one. Maria was a mere ignorant child, with all her notions irreconcilably at war with her husband's; and Gerald, who had his ideals, was very unhappy.

After some months, the sudden illness of his elder brother summoned him home, and while he was absent his child was born unexpectedly, and his young wife died. He learnt almost at once that he was his father's heir, and that a son was born to him. It seemed no moment for making such a disclosure. His grief for his brother sheltered the shock and surprise of the death of the poor young wife, and he satisfied his conscience by writing to the English clergyman who had solemnised his marriage, and desiring that he should baptise the boy according to the rites of the English Church. As this stipulation had been made at the marriage, Don Guzman allowed the order to be carried into effect. But as no desire was expressed by the father as to a name, it was christened Alvaro Guzman—the Spanish grandfather omitting the Gerald, which he felt had been an ill-omened name to his daughter.

Gerald himself, meanwhile, was almost ready to forget the little

Alvar's existence. He was ashamed of his foolish marriage, and remorseful at its secrecy and disobedience; the new life opened to him by his brother's death was exceedingly congenial. Why could not those unhappy months be as if they had never been! The child was of course an unfamiliar idea to him, and except with an occasional pang he hardly realised its existence; when the thought was forced on him, he regarded it with aversion. Three months had not however passed since his wife's death, when he became acquainted with a Miss Cheriton, a young lady of good family and some fortune. She was not very pretty; but she was full of intelligence and refinement, and she was very good. Perhaps the force of contrast was half the attraction. When his father urged him to pay his addresses to Miss Cheriton, he felt how willingly he would have done so, but an awkward disclosure lay between them. With all his faults he could not be so dishonourable as to marry her, without telling her that his heir was already born. But the friendship between them, so different from anything that he had ever known before, grew and strengthened, till at last one evening he told her all the story. He had married foolishly and secretly, as far as his relations were concerned; his wife was dead and had left a little son. That was the story. Must it be for ever a bar between them? Fanny Cheriton listened, though she was a merry, quick-tongued girl, in silence. Then she said that he must tell his father the whole truth, and must acknowledge the child; he ought to come home and be brought up as an Englishman.

'Who is to bring it up?' asked Gerald.

'I will,' said Fanny, simply, amid fierce blushes, as she saw what her answer implied.

Thus supported, Gerald would indeed have been a coward had he shrunk from the communication; but it was a great blow to his father, who however was a stronger man than his son; and having been satisfied that all was fair and legal, and that Alvaro Guzman Lester was really his lawful heir, and next to Gerald in the entail, said shortly—

'Fetch him home, and make an Englishman of him if you can. What's done can't be undone.'

But when Gerald arrived at Seville, where Don Guzman lived, and where little Alvar had been taken, he found that by a strange coincidence the child had at once become of importance to his relations on both sides. By the death of Don Guzman's son, Alvar had become his heir, and when Gerald expressed a desire to take him home, he was met by great reluctance, and by a declaration that the child was so delicate that a removal to a northern climate would certainly kill him. Perhaps Gerald's consciousness that he would not regard the poor little fellow's death as a misfortune, made him afraid to insist in the face of this argument. At any rate he returned without the child. Don Guzman's indifferentism in religion allowed him to consent that

Alvar should, when he grew old enough, be taught the English language and the Anglican faith, and even showed how this might be managed by means of an English clergyman residing at Seville for his health; so that he was left with a sort of understanding that his mother's family were to have the charge of him for the present.

Miss Cheriton was much disappointed.

'Every year will make it harder,' she said, and she resolved to use all her influence on Alvar's behalf. But her father-in-law's death soon after her marriage deprived her of his powerful aid, and, though his will carefully assured the succession to his son's eldest son, she could not contend with her husband's distaste and the Spanish relations' determination not to give up the child. She had no other troubles. Her husband shared her views as to the duties and responsibilities of his station, and they did much for the good of those around them.

In spite of some harshness, Gerald was a good landlord and a good magistrate, and the most loving of fathers to the fair rosy boy who was now born to them. He never cared quite so much for the younger ones, but 'Cherry' was his delight and pride, so pretty, so clever, and so apt at riding his little pony, or learning to fire a gun, and so fond of his father! If Alvar could but have been forgotten!

But Mrs. Lester was wise and far-seeing, and she would not allow Cheriton to forget. She talked to him about Alvar; she made him say his prayers for 'my eldest brother away in Spain;' and she even caused him once to write a little letter expressing his wish to see his big brother, and to show him his pony and his dogs. Perhaps Alvar's education was less advanced, for there only arrived a message of love from him in one of the rare letters that Don Guzman indited to Mr. Lester.

Cherry was rather a thoughtful child; his mother had succeeded in impressing his imagination, and he thought and talked a good deal about Alvar. One attempt was made to bring the child to England; but, when he reached France, he fell ill, and his grandfather hurried him back again, assuring his father that it was impossible he could live in a northern climate. Mr. Lester was too ready to believe this.

Soon after Cheriton went to school, Mrs. Lester died suddenly, and her loss was greater than even Cheriton in his passion of childish grief could guess. Grief sharpened Mr. Lester's temper, and the loss of his wife's influence narrowed his mind and character. His mother, who lived with him, and took care of the four children, did not urge on him the need for Alvar's return. It ceased to be under discussion, and the intercourse grew less and less. Cherry, in his school life, naturally forgot for the time to think much about him, and at home he had a thousand interests, some shared with his father, some of his own. For Cheriton and Jack inherited their mother's talent, and as they grew up, had their minds full of many things out of their father's ken. When Cherry was twenty-one, his birthday was celebrated

with various festivities. He was very popular, and the tenants drank his health. Nature had given him a ready tongue, and the speech he made was much beyond the usual run of boyish eloquence. And as he concluded, thanking them for their kindness, he paused, and with a deep flush, added, 'And I wish my eldest brother, who is now in Spain, was here too, that we might know him, and that you might drink his health as well as mine.'

'Cheriton, why did you say that?' said his father afterwards.

'Father, I thought they would forget Alvar's existence, and—I was afraid of forgetting it myself.'

As Cheriton spoke, it occurred to Mr. Lester with new distinctness that he was really doing his second son a wrong, by allowing him to take for the time a place which could not be his permanently. This boy, with his ready tongue, his bright wit, and the look in his face that his father loved, was not his heir; was it well for him to act as if he were so? With a sudden resolution he wrote his eldest son a letter, requesting him to pay him a visit, and make his brothers' acquaintance. Alvar, perhaps hurt at the long neglect, refused to do so, giving as a reason his grandmother's serious illness, and his father gladly let the matter drop. Cheriton was disappointed, and asked to be allowed to spend his next long vacation in Spain, and to see his brother. Mr. Lester, mindful of his own experiences, refused decidedly; and two years more had passed without any serious renewal of the subject (though Alvar's grandmother died in a few months), when Mr. Lester, while hunting, had a dangerous accident, and though he escaped comparatively unhurt, the thought would obtrude itself, 'A little more, and my boys must have welcomed as the head of the family an absolutely unknown foreigner.' Under the influence of this feeling he wrote again to Alvar in a different strain, and received a different answer. Alvar agreed to come, and pledged himself to remain in England for a year, so as to have ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with his relations, and with the sort of life to which he was born as an English gentleman.

CHAPTER III.

A MOTHER OF HEROES.

'And the old grandmother sat in the chimney corner and spun.'

ALVAR LESTER was coming home; but his image was so complete a blank to his brothers, that they could form no idea as to how it would become them to receive him. Jack, after lingering a little longer by the hall fire, observed that he could get nearly two hours' reading before dinner, and went off to his usual occupations. Cheriton's studies were, to say the least, equally important, as he was to take his degree in the ensuing summer; but now he shook his head.

'I can't fiddle while Rome is burning. There's too much to think of, and I'm tired with skating. I shall go and see what Granny has to say about it.'

But when he was left alone, he still stood leaning against the mantelpiece. The Lesters were not a family who took things easily, and perhaps there was not one of them who shrank from the thought of the strange brother as much as he who had so persistently urged his return. Not all his excellent arguments could cure his own distaste to the foreigner. He was shy too, and could not tell how to be affectionate to a stranger, and yet he valued the tie of relationship highly, and could not carelessly ignore it. And he knew that he was jealous of the very rights of eldership on which he had just been insisting. Which of those things that he most valued were his own, and which belonged to the eldest son and heir of Oakby? What duties and pleasures must he give up to the new-comer? He did not think that any of their friends would cease to wish to see him at their houses, even if they included Alvar in their invitations. Certainly he had a much more powerful voice than his brothers in the management of the stable, and indeed of all the estate; but he held this privilege only by his father's will; and probably Alvar would ride very badly, if at all. No—that sentiment was worthy of Bob himself! Certainly he could not understand English farming, if he were only half as ignorant of foreign countries as the clever English undergraduate, who did not feel quite sure if he had ever heard of any animals in Spain but bulls and goats, and could have sworn to nothing but grapes as a vegetable product of the peninsula. Nor could any stranger enter into the wants and welfare of his father's tenants, nor be expected to understand the schemes for the amusement and improvement of the neighbourhood, with which Cheriton was in the habit of concerning himself. How could Alvar be secretary of a cricket club, or captain of a volunteer corps? No more than he could know each volunteer and cricketer, or be known by them, with the experience and interest of a life-time. 'They wouldn't hear of him,' thought Cherry. He was too young, and his father was too young, for his thoughts to move easily forward to the time when Alvar was to be the master; it was simply as elder brother that he regarded him. 'He ought to carve, and sit at the bottom of the table when my father's away!' And having come to this magnificent result of so much meditation, he laughed and shook himself, the ludicrous side of his perplexities striking him like a gleam of sunlight as he came to the wise resolution of letting things settle themselves as they came, and ran up stairs to his grandmother.

The ground-floor of Oakby Hall consisted of the hall, before mentioned, on one side of which opened a billiard-room, and on the other a large, long library, containing a number of old books in old editions, in which Mr. Lester took a kind of pride, though he rarely

disturbed them in their places. There were some pictures, dark, dingy, but bearing honoured names, and much respected by the family as 'old masters,' though Cheriton had once got into a great scrape by declaring that he had lived all his life in doubt as to whether a certain one in a corner was a portrait or a landscape, until, one exceptionally sunny day, he discovered it to be a fruit and flower piece. The room was panelled with dark oak and fitted up with heavy carved furniture, and curtains, which, whatever their original tint, were now 'harmonious' with the fading of more than one generation. Three small, deeply-recessed windows looked out to the front, and at the end of the long room opposite the door was a large one facing westward, with thick mullions and a broad, low-cushioned window seat. This window gave its character to the room, for through its narrow casements miles and miles of moor and fell were visible; a wide, wild landscape, marked by no conspicuous peaks, and brightened by no expanse of water, yet with infinite variety in its cold, dark northern colouring, and grandeur and freedom in its apparently limitless extent. Here was the place to watch sunset and moonrise, or to see the storms coming up or drifting away, and to hear them, too, howling and whistling round the house or dashing against the window-panes. The west window was one of the strong influences that moulded life at Oakby. This library was the Lesters' ordinary living room; but behind it was a smaller and more sheltered one, called Mr. Lester's study, which he kept pretty much to himself. The dining-room was at the other side of the house, behind the billiard-room, and had a view of a hillside and fir-trees. It contained all the modern works of art in the house—a large picture of Mr. Lester and his second wife, their children, horses, and dogs, all assembled at the front-door; and a very stiff pink and white, blue-eyed likeness of Cheriton in hunting costume, which had been taken when he came of age.

There was a fine old staircase with wooden wolves of inferior size, but equal ferocity, to their stone brethren without, adorning the corners of the balustrade, and above the library was the drawing-room, whither Cheriton now betook himself. It was a stiff, uninteresting room, but with an unmistakable air of stateliness and position, and though, like all the house, it lacked the living charm of living taste and arrangement, it possessed what even that cannot always give, and what is quite impossible to a new home without it—a certain air of rightness and appropriateness, as if the furniture had grown into its place. Still, the room, handsome as it was, and full of things which were choicer and more valuable than their owners knew, was uncomfortable, the chairs were high and the sofas were hard, and the yellow damask, with which they were covered, slippery; no one had a place of his own in it; the wild western view gave it an unhomely dreariness, hardly redeemed by an extra window looking south over the flower-garden, which in that bleak climate would have

needed more fostering care than it ever obtained, to be very gay, even in summer. Now of course it was snowy and desolate.

Only in this winter weather would Mrs. Lester have been found in her arm-chair in the drawing-room; but an attack of rheumatism had recently reminded her of her seventy years, and obliged her to remain in the house, at any rate till the frost was over. She had lived with her son ever since his second wife's death, and had kept his house, and in a manner presided over the education of his children; but though she was the only woman of the family, and an old woman and a grandmother, it was not from her that the boys looked for spoiling tenderness, nor were the softer and sweeter elements of the family life, few as they were, fostered by her influence. She had handed down to her children, and still exhibited herself, their height and vigorous strength, and perhaps something of their beauty, though she was a darker and more aquiline-featured person than her son, who resembled his father. Whether the grandchildren inherited her clear, but narrow vision, her upright, but prejudiced mind, and her will, that went its way subject to no side lights or shadows, perhaps it was early days to tell. She was an entirely unintellectual, unimaginative person; but within her experience, which was extremely limited—as she could hardly realise the existence, much less the merits of natures unlike her own—she had a good deal of shrewd sense, and it was much easier to feel her strictures unjust than to prove them so. She had a thorough knowledge of, and had all her life been accustomed to share in, the out-door sports and occupations of country life, and very recently had been able to ride and drive with the skill of long practice. These had been the pleasures of her youth; but though she was rather an unfeminine woman, she had never been in any sense a fast one. She was altogether devoid of coquettish instincts, and though she had been a handsome girl, who had passed her life almost entirely among sporting men, and whose tongue was in consequence somewhat free, she had hardly left through the country side the memory even of an old flirtation. Within doors she had few occupations; but when her daughter-in-law's death rendered her presence at Oakby again necessary, she had taken the command of the children, and ruled them vigorously, according to her lights. She wished to see them grow up after her ideal, and would have despised them utterly if they had gambled, drunk, or dissipated their property by extravagance. She would have thought very slightingly of them if their taste had been exclusively for an indoor or studious life, or if they had been awkward riders or bad shots, though she recognised the duty of 'attention to their studies' in moderation, particularly on wet days. She was tolerably satisfied with her grandsons, who had imbibed this view of life with the smell of the heather and the pines, but she was a little suspicious of the Cheriton blood, and of the talents of which she had succeeded in making Cherry and Jack half ashamed. Perhaps her

granddaughter was her favourite, and she rejoiced in the girl's love for an out-door life, and certainly did not discourage the outrageous idleness with which Nettie neglected the lessons she was supposed to learn of the governess at Oakby Rectory.

On the present occasion Cheriton found her in an unusually thoughtful mood. Her bright dark eyes were still so strong that she rarely used glasses; nor did she often give in to wearing a shawl; but her dress, which was scrupulously appropriate to her age and circumstances —handsome black silk, and soft white cap fastened under her chin— had an oddly inappropriate air on her tall, upright figure, and strong, marked features.

'Well, granny, so he's really coming,' said Cheriton, cheerfully, as he sat down opposite to her.

'Oh, your father's been here,' said Mrs. Lester. 'We'll have to do with him for a year, I suppose.'

'Oh, we'll get on with him somehow. I mean to strike up a friendship,' returned Cherry, boldly.

'You'll be very soft if you do. Your father and I, remember, know what these Spaniards are like; they're a bad lot—a bad lot.'

'Well, my father ought to know—certainly! But you see he has told us so little about them.'

'I have told my son that I think he couldn't have chosen a worse time to have him home—just when you lads are all growing up, and ready to learn all the tricks he can teach you.'

'What tricks?' said Cheriton, feeling much insulted by the suggestion.

'D'ye think I'm going to teach you beforehand?'

'I assure you, granny,' said Cheriton, impressively, 'that the tricks I see at Oxford are such that it would be impossible for Alvar to beat them.'

'And what have you been up to now?' said his grandmother, sharply.

'Why, granny, I really shouldn't like to tell you the half of them. But I'm quite accustomed to "tricks"—a monkey couldn't be more used to them. There was that affair with the chapel door——'

'Oh, don't tell me your monkey tricks,' said his grandmother, with half humorous indignation. 'I know what they lead to; they're bad enough. But your half-brother will smoke like a chimney and drink like a fish, and gamble before the lads on a Sunday. If those are your Oxford manners——'

'Really,' said Cheriton, seriously, 'we have no reason to suppose that he will do anything of the kind; and if he did, the boys are very little in the mood to imitate him. I only hope they'll be decently civil to him.'

Mrs. Lester was herself a much cooler and more imperturbable person than any of her descendants; but she was often the cause

of irritation in others, from a calm persistency that ignored all arguments and refutation; and she was especially apt to come across Cheriton, whom she did not regard with the admiration due from a loving grandmother to a dutiful, handsome grandson.

'It's a great misfortune, as I always told my son it would be. You, Cherry, are fond of strangers and outlandish ways, so maybe he'll suit you.'

'Well, granny, I hope he may, and we'll get you to come and light our pipes for us,' said Cherry, keeping his temper. But the coaxing sweetness that made him the one non-conductor of quarrels in a sufficiently stormy household, was apparently lost, for Mrs. Lester went on—

'He'll suit the Seytons better than he'll suit us.'

'There's nothing to say against the Seytons *now*,' said Cheriton, hotly; muttering under his breath, 'I hate prejudice.'

Mr. Lester's entrance interrupted the discussion, though a long story of a broken fence between his property and Mr. Seyton's did not give it a smoother turn.

As Mr. Seyton's fences had been in a disgraceful condition for at least as long as Cheriton could remember, he was well aware that the present grievance was only an outlet for a deeper seated one, but his grandmother struck in—

'Ah, Cheriton may see what it is to take to bad ways and bad connections. I've been telling him his half-brother is likely enough to make friends with the Seytons, and bring their doings over here.'

'With a couple of boys younger than Jack,' cried Cheriton. 'Any one would think, granny, that we had a deadly feud with the Seytons.'

'I'll not hear the matter discussed,' loudly interposed Mr. Lester. 'Hold your tongue, Cherry. Alvar will have to mind what he is about. I'm sick of the sound of his name. If he had a good English one of his own it would be something.'

'Why hasn't he, then?' was on the tip of Cherry's tongue, but he suppressed it; and as his grandmother walked away, saying that it was time to dress for dinner, he got up and stood near his father.

'I say, dad, never mind; we'll get along somehow,' he said.

The expression of passionate irritation passed out of Mr. Lester's face, and was succeeded by a look of regretful affection as he put his hand on his favourite son's shoulder.

'I'd give half I'm worth, my boy, to undo it. It's a wrong to you, Cherry—a wrong. It gives me no pleasure to think of the place in his hands after I'm gone.'

'Father,' interposed Cheriton, firmly, 'the only wrong is in speaking of it so. It is no wrong to any of us. And you know,' he added, shyly, and under his breath, 'mamma would never let us think so.'

Mr. Lester was a person who would not endure a touch on his

tenderest feelings. He had never mentioned the young wife, whose word had been his law, to the son whom he adored for her sake, and who influenced his violent yet impressionable nature by the inheritance of hers. That influence led him to listen to the words which he could not controvert; but he did not love his unknown son the better for the pain which this defence of him had cost him. Cheriton felt that he had ventured almost too far, and he turned off the subject after a pause, by saying, quaintly—

'I wonder what the fox thinks of it all?'

'What d'ye mean?'

'Don't you remember that old lady who came to see granny once, and when Jack and I raved about a day's hunting, would say nothing but "I wonder what the fox thinks of it all?" That was making the other side much too important, wasn't it?'

'Ah, you're ready with your jokes,' said his father, not wishing to follow out the little fable, but with a daily sense of liking for the voice and smile with which it was uttered. 'Come, I'll have a pipe with you before dinner.'

[(*To be continued.*)

THE BLUE LADY OF MILDENHALL.

CHAPTER I.

MILES-MOLLY. MOLLY-MILES.

'Be merry, all birds, to-day,
Be merry on earth as you never were merry before.
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,
And merry for ever and ever, and one day more.
. . . . Why?
For it's ay ay, ay ay.'

TENNYSON.

THESE two were lovers.

The very bees must have known it, buzzing in and out of the tall white lilies in the border just below.

They sat on the broad low window-seat, shoulder to shoulder, hand lying in hand, face turned to face. All the world forgotten. Time, as men count it, came to a standstill; days past and days to come merged equally in a sublime abandonment of 'now.' The couple of weeks' acquaintance that went before seeming a mere blank in comparison. Life suddenly burst and blossomed into an exquisite wonder. All its purpose and ecstasy opened unto them in these few minutes. Only a few minutes! Half-an-hour, perhaps, by the old church-clock chiming six across the lime trees.

It was an ordinary little place—ordinary, but not common, nor dull. The little low vine-covered house stood close on the road-side—a long, white, straight French road, with neither bank nor hedgerow, bordered

by the rows of tall poplars, running unbroken down into Saint Germains.

The cottage was hidden from the road by three great lime-trees, in full bloom now, that stretched half across the way, and filled the place with soft scent. In the long slanting shadow of these lay the garden, small, but very full of flowers—mignonette, and pinks, and seringa, making the air languid with their sweetness—and those tall lilies standing up like angels amongst the leaves. Hosts of gnats hovered and buzzed under the branches, and pigeons wheeled up and down against the blue, or settled on the red-tiled roof and sat there cooing.

Inside, sat those two and rejoiced. They were both very young—he was hardly three-and-twenty, and she was still nineteen. In France or England I do not know that you would have found a prettier couple.

He was tall, and lithe, and finely made. There was something in the turn of his head, in his walk and carriage, at once haughty and very gentle. A certain innate pride showed in every line of the fine mouth and chin, chiselled almost to delicacy, the sensitive nostril, and slightly arched eyebrows. The eyes were blue, and very charming, full of a tender, dreamy look, that lent itself also to the low white forehead—nay, gave the whole expression to his face. Face and figure alike were instinct with a graceful chivalry all his own. His light brown hair was tied in a queue with a black ribbon. He was still in mourning for his young sister, the Viscountess Lefevre, who, not a year ago, had been one of the fairest among the beauties at George II.'s court. His picturesque costume of rich black velvet laced with silver imparted a slight melancholy that did not go amiss with his young romantic figure. There were diamonds in the hilt of his sword, and diamonds in the buckles of his shoes. Why not? He was on his way to court—the little mock court of Saint Germains. He was too young and too sanguine yet to be chilled by the spirit of it all.

The girl was a slender, young-looking thing, with a fair, serious, oval face, tinted like the petal of a peach-blossom. Her hair was pale auburn, rippled with gold, taken back over a cushion, after the fashion of the day, but neither powdered nor curled—for Molly was no court lady. Her brown eyes, under their long, shy lashes, were very large and dark. It was these dark eyes, coupled with the fairness of her skin and hair, that helped, I think, to give the wistful, half-sad look to her sweet face.

Not that Molly had had a very glad life of it. Trouble entered more largely than joy into the lot of most of the Jacobites of that day. She and her father living here with each other, in the quiet road-side house on the outskirts of Saint Germains, had had their portion of the general ruin. Molly had lived all her young life here, but her father was English born.

It was thirty years now since Reginald de Laval left his fair manor-house, and broad green acres, and took ship to follow the elder Chevalier. From that day to this, he had never set foot again in the place. And in the meanwhile he had been made an exile by the law; his estates had been confiscated and delivered over to some Whig gentleman, more honest, in the sight of the Crown, than he. Since then misfortune had followed him. He married late in life a young French wife, a fair, gay, and happy girl. She was a Rosalie de Rohan, as brilliant, noble, and delicate a creature, as her name imported. One of those Rohans whose proud motto is, '*à plus*,' and the peers of the greatest in the land, among whom royal blood has mixed freely enough, once and again! Nine months they lived merrily between the two courts —nine happy months. Then she bore a little son, that died almost before it had looked at life. After that, his young wife wearied of her court life, and they turned their backs upon Versailles, and came to live quietly and a little sadly among the Jacobites. Here, at Saint Germains, in the two years that followed, two other sons were given them, and laid in turn beside their firstborn in the grass. Last of all a daughter was born to them, for whose life the young mother surrendered her own, smiling upon her for a moment, and then dying, with her hand in Reginald's. So that there was nothing left for him but to kiss her cold lips, and bury her in the little green churchyard by the side of her babies.

The fourth babe, the little maid-child, lived and grew up, and became his continual delight. They had agreed with each other, he and his young wife, to call after the Virgin, the first daughter that should bless their marriage. But now Reginald coveted his wife's dear name for the little one. So it was that he joined the two, and named her 'Rosemary.' This was her real name, but he took to calling her 'Molly.' It was a fancy of his. He loved the dear familiar English ring of the word.

There was little else English in the small household. Their very name, which for many generations now had been turned into 'Delaval,' slid back into its original 'de Laval.' And Molly spoke her English with an accent, and knew little of her father's native land, beyond the one or two Jacobite ladies who found their way now and again to the low, red-tiled house, and paid her a stately, condescending visit, for the memory of old times. For Reginald de Laval's days of court favour were over. The line of princes, for whom he and his forefathers had immolated their all, were not a race famous for gratitude or giving of reward. He was getting into years. His time of service was past.

He lived in a cottage, and was poor. His wife's proud people had quarrelled with him or forgotten him. He stayed on in the borders of Saint Germain with a sort of regretful affection. That was *his* affair. But the moving spirits at the heart of Saint Germain took no notice of him—never indeed gave him a thought.

He was middle-aged when he married. He was an old man just when his young daughter was growing up. He had a bad fever, too, one autumn, which hurried on the silver hairs, and feeble step, before the due time. People said his wits began to wander. Any way, he was good for little more than to instruct and fondle and doat upon his girl. And more than that, there was no one now to expect anything of him.

They lived alone among the vines and the lilies, he and Rosemary, with their one woman-servant, a kindly, middle-aged peasant soul. It was a grave and sober atmosphere to surround a young creature reaching up to woman's estate; it could not fail to set its mark upon her. She grew up in the influence of unfulfilled anticipations, common to all the Jacobite party, increased tenfold to these two, by an especial sense of wrong, slighted and overlooked by the prince, whose name was scarcely mentioned between them without a blessing. There dwelt upon her fair, innocent face a certain look of thoughtfulness, gravity, half-disappointment, born of intimate companionship with care. The little gay jests and passing vanities that ruffle lightly the way of other girls, were unknown to her. Her life opened like an evening primrose at a place where the lights meet, and the dews are dropping. Thus father and daughter lived their little still life, touched always with the outermost eddy of each wave that surged through the larger louder life at court. Always expecting, after the manner of the rest of the Jacobites; waiting for some blow to be struck for the king, some fresh fortune to favour the Stuarts. And the months went round, their twelve times and twelve times again; the crocuses laughed up in the borders; the horse-chestnuts and lilacs blossomed; the leaves turned yellow and dropped; the bells rang Noël! out of all the church steeples; and it was New Year again.

Nothing more. But they all expected on, and waited for something to happen. A long waiting! For it was years ago since Reginald de Laval had been a young and ardent officer in 1715. And there were yet half a dozen years or so to come before the '45.

Molly had lived her nineteen years in such expectancy. But for Molly, the expectations had suddenly reached a full, a lovely fruition. On a summer-day, when a ship from England came into harbour at Calais, and one from aboard her stepped within the precincts of Saint Germains, all the shady stillness of her life was glorified in one moment, as with a miracle. It was to her as if the king had reached the summit of his success, or the world attained its millenium.

Nothing seemed left to be fulfilled when this young man came across her calm horizon, sweeping in like a sea of sunlight, or a gusty wind of heaven, and opened into it great flood-gates of delight.

He was altogether English. His name was Miles Compton. His home was an old grey manor-house, in a green well-watered English shire. He had been a baronet when he was eighteen. He was his mother's pride and darling, and the delight of all his little sisters. For

he was the only boy of the lot, and the elder of them all by a full seven years, now that Muriel was dead.

The Comptons were a Whig family. The elder Sir Miles had lived and died staunch to the house of Hanover. But the son was of finer stuff; his warm dreamy temperament was just fit to make a Jacobite of him. Hope was his second nature. There only needed a little sunning in the face of the Stuarts to turn it to enthusiasm.

From his boyhood he had cherished all the hopes and fears of the other party. As he grew older his intentions became more fixed. His dearest friends were Jacobites. His name began to be known among the circle that prayed for a Restoration.

His mother besought; his father's friends advised. For his mother's sake he refrained from joining himself to any decided measure, from taking any step that might make him a conspicuous character; but for no consideration whatever could he forbear from mixing himself up, heart and soul, in the great movement for which all men were looking.

It cost Lady Compton heart-searchings not a few. It was enough to make her husband, good man, turn in his grave! But the mother was a wise mother. She knew the spirit of her Miles. And opposition was never thought of between them. Like the world at Saint Germains—she waited and trusted largely to the time when the young man should be a 'little older.'

So here he was—in the middle of the little court factions. Ostensibly, a young gentleman travelling abroad; in reality, the messenger of a Jacobite club in the west, charged with letters, in cipher, to His Most Gracious Majesty, King James III. of Great Britain and Ireland. He arrived at Saint Germains in a private, incognito sort of fashion. He was known here as Mr. Miles, or at all events he was called 'Mr Miles,' whatever men knew to the contrary.

But all this has wandered a long way from the two sitting hand to hand on the low, wide window-seat.

How sweet it was to sit there in the stillness, with eyes from which soul looked out to soul! How incomparable the voice of each to the other—so low, so tender!

Hushed summer sounds reached them faintly—a humming of bees, a clucking of poultry—from afar off, a tinkle of sheep-bells; and farther off yet, out over the green meadows, the cry of a herdsman, and a lowing of cattle; for the sun was getting low in the west, and it was milking time.

The little room, oak-polished underfoot, black-raftered overhead, with smooth Dutch tiles about the chimney-place, was cool and full of shadow. The red sunset across the river looked in through the flickering leaves of the lime-trees.

'Sweetest heart!' Miles whispered over her, 'have you not indeed ever loved a man before me?'

'Oh! never, never, sir!' Molly answered, quickly, the soft pink deepening in her face; 'and never shall again.' She spoke it out involuntarily. Then in a sweet half-shame, looked down upon the floor, and became suddenly silent. All her pulses seemed to beat double measure for a minute, till his hand came over hers again, and stilled their trembling.

'Are you so sure of that, my little Moll? Well, so far as I know, you shall not have the time!'

Then the girl took courage and looked up again, to meet another of those looks that breathed the very being into this wonderful new life he had brought to her. And he drew her little blue figure, with his gentle, courteous clasp, closer and closer yet, till her happy heart quivering, half fearful of its great gladness, beat against his silver laces.

It did not occur to her to retort upon him with the same question. Such a thing never entered her head.

Yet no doubt he must have met women before now with hearts to be caught by his beautiful face, and the charm of his tender chivalry. For the face was such a face as women delight in. And the man was of such a kind as in olden days brought forth Galahads and Percivals. And being of such a kind, there was a look about his beauty which made you understand instinctively that till this moment he had exchanged endearments with, and given kiss to no woman, but his mother only, and the little maids, his sisters.

All this Molly believed, without knowing, or even considering about it.

The girl was dressed entirely in blue. It was plain at a glance that she was *vouée à la Vierge*. She had indeed made her first Communion years before; but she still held to her girlish intention of wearing the blue and white so long as she remained a maid.

Her gown was very sweet and simple, of a pale blue linen stuff, fashioned about the throat in a small puckered yoke, from which, behind, the sacque fell in a broad fold to the floor, enhancing picturesquely the gentle dignity of her young figure.

She was all blue, except for the deep collar of beautiful old point d'Alençon gathered softly round her white throat and drooping over her slight shoulders, and the equally deep lace at the wrist, that turned back the long, close-fitting sleeve.

These costly cobwebs were almost the only relics left to the house of de Laval of its proud and noble past.

'Molly, my darling!' Miles said, with a soft compulsion, 'will you be ready to wed as soon as I shall?'

'Yes, if my papa pleases,' she answered, shyly.

And after that momentary embrace of his, they slipped a little apart again, still sitting in the leaf-girt window, with the red west all aflame between the trees.

The church clock chimed the quarter musically. Outside in the passage a clatter of sabots came along the stone flags. Jeanne put her round, rosy face in at the door.

'*Eh bien!* mademoiselle,' said she, shrill and good-tempered, 'is it that these poor pigeons are to have no supper this evening, then? It is six o'clock struck.'

Molly got on her feet hastily. 'But yes, assuredly. I had forgotten.'

The good woman shrugged her shoulders with a little laugh. It was so rare a thing for mademoiselle to 'forget.' It was also a new and unturned page hitherto in the de Laval household, to open a door suddenly and come upon this beautiful young man standing in the window, and holding Molly by the hand.

For Jeanne had caught sight of it all before the girl drew apart, with the warm rose in her face; had caught sight too of the young man's smile, as he relinquished the white little hand, half-apology, half-remonstrance.

'That is all as it should be,' said Jeanne, as she clattered back down the stone passage.

Molly fetched her measure of peas and stepped out on to the little paved terrace. The young Sir Miles following took it from her, and carried it along, and held it for her, while she scattered to the pigeons.

There was nothing unusual to him in the sight. He was accustomed to see his mother moving about her still-room and her dairy, as stately in her bib and pattens as in robes for a reception.

The pigeons came fluttering down from their perch upon the gables, in a soft grey cloud, at the first glimpse of Molly's blue figure in the path, settling round her feet, with a little hurry and cooing. Enterprising sparrows hovered on the outskirts of the circle. Upon the lime-tree a blackbird whistled hard by the nest, like running water. A little merry water-wagtail went bobbing across the small grass-plot.

It was so still!

The low westerly light looked at them from across the fields by the river, slanting down over their heads like a glory, and glowing scarlet upon the tiled roof, and the pale green of the vine, clambering over the wall. Long shadows lay across the golden sunlight; the chequered network of the trees stood out delicately against the warm, clear, sunset sky; a little breeze went ruffling in and out among the leaves, and drifted small, reddening clouds along the west.

Molly stood and threw the peas down. Miles, standing over her, held the measure, and looked down with loving eyes upon the movements of the soft little hands.

In his other hand he had his broad-leafed black velvet hat, with its white ostrich feather, and its diamond clasp. He would fain have laid it aside, and stayed on through all the evening hours. But the minutes were slipping away. Already he was due in the presence-room.

'Molly,' said he, 'do not you ever go to Court?'

'I?' she returned. 'Oh, no! The last time Madame de Villaret was here, she said she would take me back with her, if I liked. I think papa was pleased. But then she asked me what dress I would wear to be presented to the princess. And when I told her, she held up her hands. "*Tenez!* Is it possible? Positively, the child has only two gowns in the world, and she is content! It is like the madness of Madame de Chantal!" Since that,' the girl continued, naïvely, 'Madame de Villaret has not been to see us again, nor any of them. Perhaps 'tis as well. Their visits always make papa so sad. They remind him too much of the time when he used to take my mamma to court. He will sit and think of it, and shake his head, and say over and over, "Put not your trust in princes." I do not like to hear him say it. You know they have all forgotten him, and it is sad to be forgotten.'

'They will set it right by and by,' Miles answered, a dreamy confidence shining in his eyes. 'It is a mistake. Even kings must make mistakes sometimes.'

He said it emphatically in all simplicity, believing, no doubt, that the sentence was original.

Molly looked up doubtfully into his blue eyes; and he bent down and kissed her.

'Take heart. A golden time is coming,' said he, positively. 'When the king has got his own again, and you and I are married, love, we will go to court together, and you shall learn what it is to live in the favour of a good king.'

Molly shook her head. She had learned more king-craft in her nineteen years than he in his twenty-three. It seemed to her as unlikely that the young Chevalier should ever be crowned at Westminster, as that she should dance in a minuet at court. When he said it, she shook her head, and coloured a little under his kiss.

The last handful of peas was scattered. Molly took the measure and laid it aside on the grass; and the two turned, and left the pigeons, picking and pecking on the gravel behind them, and walked slowly towards the gate.

A broad grass-path, dotted with daisies and dandelions, went down from the house-door to the little low gate, with a border on either side of stocks and sweet peas, and straggling rose-bushes. To the right of it all, among the strawberry-plants, stood a little *berceau* of vines. The vines climbing up their canes, made walls and roof, and hung in long clasping trails over the door-way. There were no windows. The sunlight crept in, green and dim, between the vine-leaves. A drooping acacia-tree grew close beside, shadowing it thick with blossomed boughs.

In the little *berceau*, Reginald de Laval was sitting—sitting by himself, and musing after his manner. He rose up at sight of the

couple in the path, and came to meet them, a fine old man, despite his slightly stooping figure, clad all in warm chocolate brown, with spotless ruffles of delicate lace, leaning a little on his gold-headed cane. His silver hair, tied queue-fashion, needed no powder, even for full dress. His large, sad eyes, corresponded with the gentle melancholy that spread over all his handsome features.

He held out his hand to Miles with a grave, kind smile.

'So, young master, you will have your way! Well, this is a sorry house to take a wife from. Ill luck has followed it now for many a long year.'

'Courage, sir,' the young man answered, gently. He took the wrinkled, but still white and shapely, hand between both his, and held it, with a sort of pitiful reverence, while he bowed his salutations over it. 'The luck must turn somewhere. Better times are coming. Please God, we'll make a glad house of it, yet. Any way, 'twill have made a glad man of me when I have Molly to my wife.'

'Bless her!' Reginald said, tenderly, and patted his daughter fondly on the shoulder. Then turning wistfully to the beloved theme, 'Well, sir, and how do things go at court?'

'Much as ever,' Miles answered, smiling. 'Mighty little news, and cart-loads of scandal. That's the fashion at court. It's little better at S. James's. The priests tell us the wickedness of the last days is upon us.'

The old man shook his head mournfully; but Miles laughed; he was young, and he believed still in kings and in virtue. Looking at Molly, he believed that while there were such women in the world, there must be as much good as evil in it.

He went on laughingly—

'News? Monseigneur de Cambrai preached on Sunday upon the hypocrisy of courtiers; and Madame Sophie has cut another tooth. These are the last events, I think. Madame de Miramont was reported to have an entanglement with the Marquis de Savignac. By a curious coincidence they both disappeared after the *grand ballet* at Versailles last week. People said they had eloped. But Madame at least has not eloped. She returned to her husband yesterday, and gossip is defeated.'

'Bravo!' Reginald exclaimed, gently. 'It is all going on as it was, then. But one should see a campaign! That is the thing to stop the gossip.'

'It will come,' Miles answered, with a little enthusiasm. And then he repeated that he must be getting on his way; and taking the old, feeble hand again into a cordial clasp, bade good-evening to his love's father.

Reginald returned to his shady seat under the vines, to wait till Molly should come back from her first leave-taking.

The girl and her lover went slowly down the path, and reached the gate. Overhead the lime-trees blossomed; the air was faint with

their languid perfume; bees were still humming under the branches, as loath to leave them; and the blackbird sang up among the leaves.

As they stopped by the gate with their tender last words, Molly, while she talked, half unconsciously put out her hand to the rose-tree just beside her, and touched one of its buds with a lingering caress. It was a little white moss-rose—loyally emblematic.

'Sweet, give it to me,' Miles said, 'for a remembrance.'

She looked up, laughing, through her long eyelashes.

'Oh, sir! you would not go to court with a posy, like a country swain?'

But she broke off the white rosebud, and gave it into his hand.

Then he laughed back at her.

'Why, if not in my button-hole, then still nearer my heart,' said he; and pulling open his coat, laid the little thing tenderly against the beating of his heart. 'But as you say, my own Molly, why do I need anything to remind me of you? "Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance,"' and he took her into his arms. 'Do you understand what I say, sweetheart?'

'Oh, yes!' she answered, quickly. 'I have read Shakespeare with my papa.'

'And have you? I see you are a wise little darling,' he said, tenderly. 'So, good-night, my Molly! Till to-morrow, my very much-beloved one! What!' as she drew back a little from him. 'Are you ashamed to be seen with me?'

Ashamed? No—no! Though what was this new, fine sense, that made her proud, and afraid, and glad, all in a moment? 'No, sir,' she made answer, still in a little blush. 'But there is a gentleman coming down the road to us; and I think he is a stranger.'

'Let him see us both,' said the young man, carelessly; and very carelessly looked down the road at the dark figure striding along towards them, not knowing how slight a thing weighs down the balances of fate. Then he looked a little more intently, and suddenly called out, 'What, John, here over the water! I should know that walk a mile away. John Dayrell, for a ducat!'

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL OF VIAREGGIO.

A TALE OF CHILD-LIFE IN ITALY.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

CHAPTER I.

THE TOWN THAT GIGIA LIVED IN.

ABOUT midway on that broad stretch of sandy coast bordering the Mediterranean, between Leghorn and the southern horn of the Gulf of Spezia, lies the little town of Viareggio, not long ago a mere fishing village, but now a prosperous bathing-place.

As every one knows, the fashionable world of Tuscany throngs to Leghorn during the glaring summer months, but it is to quieter Viareggio that the family world betakes itself. Not only is the former place horribly dear and crowded and dressy, but also there are but few spots along its rocky shore where a child can scrape up enough sand to fill the tiniest toy-pail, while at Viareggio there is a wide, sandy beach, that is a very Garden of Eden to the child mind. Deep, clean, light sand, that fills little boots as well as little pails in a twinkling, and in which children of all ages can dig and roll, build fortresses, and bury each other to their heart's content; also to their nurses' content, without spoiling their clothes or getting into a mess, unless, indeed, they choose to run straight into the shallow, tideless sea that in summer laps in delicate curve so gently upon the shore.

Viareggio is, in short, the Italian counterpart of our English Worthing, just as Leghorn—at about the same distance from it—is of Brighton. Many people speak of it too much as Worthing is spoken of, and call it dull and stupid and ugly. And dull and stupid it certainly may be for those who want balls and theatres and other city diversions, and I must confess that the little town itself is in nowise picturesque. Still with that expanse of bright blue sea before you, those fragrant pine-woods and undulating sand hills on either side and behind, beyond that stretch of luxuriant plain, those grand peaks and lines of the Carrara mountains, with their ever-changing tints, it is surely unjust to call Viareggio 'ugly.'

No one, of course, will expect to find beautiful architecture in a town little more than a century old. Originally Viareggio was a mere cluster of fishers' huts by the edge of the sea, but as the Mediterranean recedes from the shore at the rate of two or three feet every year, thanks to the quantity of sand and soil brought down by the Arno and Serchio, which both fall into the sea between Viareggio and Leghorn, a sort of no-man's land gradually came into existence, which before Italy was united under one government, was a convenient

sanctuary for refugees from the neighbouring states of Lucca, Tuscany, and Carrara.

Thus step by step Viareggio grew into a town. The dwellings of its first settlers have long since been swept away; it is painfully new and neat, and built as nearly as possible on the plan of a chess-board. Streets of small, red-tiled houses—few of more than one story—intersect each other at right-angles, and all so much alike that their names alone enable strangers to distinguish one from another. Two tiny windows, separated by a glass door opening into an entrance-hall, which serves as a sitting-room, on a level with the street; up stairs a balconied window, flanked by a smaller one on either side; such is the uninteresting pattern of the majority of Viareggio houses. Of course there are a few buildings of higher pretentions, bran-new villas by the rambling sea, and villas near the wood, inclosed in walled gardens, in one of which a magnificent plane-tree flourishes with almost oriental luxuriance. Then at the back of the town are streets and rows of diminutive four-roomed tenements, mean and squalid enough for the southern riverside suburbs of London.

Probably my readers will find all these details very uninviting, but I want to bring the town of Viareggio well before their eyes, because it was the home of a dear little girl, named Gigia, whom I shall presently introduce to them as the heroine of this tale.

However, before knocking at her door, suppose we go down two or three of the prim little streets and across a wide Piazza planted with plane-trees, for, after all the mean houses that I have been showing you, it will do you good to look on the grand old three-storied tower standing at the corner nearest to the canal bridge. Once upon a time this old watch-tower must have been close to the sea, instead of a quarter of a mile inland as it now is. Its massive, grey stonework is very rich and mellow in tone, and near its summit is a sort of cornice fringed with tufts of sea-pinks, and other masonry-loving plants.

The Viareggio bathing season is not supposed really to begin before the 1st July, so now in the early days of June, the place is barely awake, and only languidly setting about its preparations for the summer visitors expected later in the month. In the square where the market is held, down there by the old tower, and in the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, nearly all the houses and shops are still shut up, while on the broad Piazza Garibaldi, where you first sniff the sea breeze—the only one that shows signs of life is the corner house fronting seawards, upon which you see the inscription, *Albergo del Commercio* (Commercial Hotel).

This house of entertainment, unlike its more pretentious brethren along the Marina, remains open all the year round, for being patronised by the naval officers stationed at Viareggio, and by many of the townsfolk, it is not altogether dependent on the short-lived favours of the bathing world.

In fact this commercial inn is a thoroughly thriving concern of the unpretentious Italian kind, and well it deserves to thrive under the rule of so hard-working, cheery, and obliging a proprietor as Signor Giovanni Morelli. I give you his name in full, because you will hear a good deal more about him before this little tale is done, and for the same reason I will describe the other personages who composed his household some years ago in the sunny month of June.

First of all there was his bustling, kind old wife, Signora Maria, who with the aid of one stout, hard-featured maid, grey-haired like herself, did all the housework and superintended everything. Then came pretty Rosina, the youngest child of this worthy couple, who had not long left school, and was not a very prominent person in the house. Not prominent, that is to say, in a business capacity exactly, because she was everybody's darling. Her father would not allow her to wait upon his customers, and her mother and Teresa had not yet admitted the idea that 'the child,' as they called her, was old enough to help them in their household work.

So beyond copying out the hotel bills in the neatest of handwriting, and working elaborate crochet antimacassars for every chair and sofa in the two best sitting-rooms, and petting her father whenever he had leisure for her endearments, Rosina had few duties to fulfil. She was even beginning to find that there were limits to the delight of new crochet patterns, when in the boisterous winter months previous to the opening of this story, an unexpected addition was made to the household.

Rosina's sister-in-law, widow of Signor Giovanni's only son, who had been drowned at sea some two years before, died suddenly at Spezia, leaving one little, five-years'-old orphan to the care of her husband's father, the worthy landlord of the Albergo del Commercio; and one night, when a wild south-easter or *libeccio*, was dashing mountainous waves high up on the broad beach in front of the inn, Signor Giovanni drove up to his side door, carrying a big, soft bundle of wraps which he deposited in the arms of his weeping wife. This bundle when carefully unrolled by Rosina's excited fingers, revealed first a tangled mass of dark brown curls, then a plump, brown face, and lastly the whole body of a sleeping child.

Presently a pair of big, dark eyes were blinking drowsily on the group of strange faces, then a frightened look appeared in them, the corners of a baby mouth drooped lower and lower, and a gush of tears and a loud roar audibly proclaimed the arrival of little orphan Gigia in her grandfather's home.

But warm kisses soon dried the tears, loving words changed the cries into laughter, and, nestled in her Aunt Rosina's arms, Gigia was soon sleeping off her weariness and bewilderment. She was too young, fortunately, to understand her bereavement, and with grandfather, grandmother, auntie, and servants all vying with one another

who should pet and play with her most, little Gigia was soon one of the happiest children in all Viareggio. Long indeed before her first black frock was worn out, she had quite ceased to ask when her own mamma was coming to fetch her home again. And Rosina, in her turn, no longer found that she had too much time on her hands; and the antimacassar manufacture came almost to a standstill. At first, to tell the truth, Rosina having always been the little one of the household, had felt a few twinges of jealousy on the arrival of this little usurper, but, speedily disarmed by Gigia's coaxing ways and ready affection, she soon spoiled her even more than did Signor Giovanni himself. And grumbling old Teresa, who, with the privileged crossness of an old servant, would soundly rate both master and mistress if she disapproved of anything they did, even she was not proof against Gigia's fascinations, and would let the saucy mite ride on her shoulders, nay, occasionally pull down her hair without more than the faintest remonstrances.

As for the cook and the only waiter, Raffaele, both, like Teresa, members of the household for the last eighteen years, they were Gigia's humblest slaves, and allowed her to do anything and everything that came into her wilful little head. Yet notwithstanding all this indulgence Gigia had very few of the faults of a spoilt child. Afraid of no one, sure of every one's love, she was fearless and truthful, and was of so sensitive and affectionate a nature, that the slightest word of reproof, or even a grave look from any of the family, would bring a flush to her cheek and make big drops well up in her sweet, hazel eyes. These eyes of hers sometimes seemed black, sometimes brown, or violet, or grey; you could never ascertain their real colour, for they seemed to change with every mood and every hour.

When Gigia first came to live at Viareggio, her grandparents had tried to observe the same rules that they had formerly applied to their own children, and gave Raffaele and Teresa strict orders to keep her away from the public dining-room, and never to let her intrude upon the occupants of the room up stairs. But, as Raffaele would declare, while throwing out his hands with that Italian gesture so eloquent of helplessness, one might as well try to keep out the wind when the *libeccio* was blowing, as to attempt to confine Gigia to any one part of the house.

So, in a very short time, the little girl was on the best of terms, not only with the shipbuilders and storekeepers who ate their daily meals in the hotel, but also with all the naval officers who frequented it. Even that most taciturn of men, the stern, reserved Commandant of the port, would relax into smiles and amiability whenever he saw Gigia trotting into the dining-room in old Raffaele's wake. Sometimes she was the ostentatious bearer of a cluster of forks and spoons, or, if her help had been declined, she would appear hugging a toy-boat with paper sails, which she was accustomed to pet like a doll.

One day Signor Giovanni, hearing unusually uproarious sounds of merriment from the officers' table, peeped through the glass door that separated his private parlour from the public room, and was thunderstruck to see his little grandchild seated on the table surrounded by the delighted young officers, and gravely singing in her sweet baby voice, a quaint little love song with which her poor mother used to hush her to sleep. Raffaele, napkin in hand, was standing in the background, his mouth open and his head on one side, in a perfect ecstasy of admiration. Signor Giovanni laughed also—it was impossible to avoid it—but as soon as he could command his countenance he marched straight into the room and, apologising to his customers for the intrusion of his troublesome grandchild, caught the amazed little singer in his arms and carried her off to his wife and Rosina, who were busy sorting linen in the ironing-room at the other end of the house.

Gigia was much astonished and bewildered to learn that she had been very naughty, but the unusual scolding had some little effect upon her. The next time her friends the officers wanted her to sing, she gravely shook her curls and said that *Nonno* (grandpapa) had told her she mustn't sing on the table. But, after some persuasion, she finally compromised matters with her conscience by retiring under the table, and in that secluded position the little casuist carolled forth as many songs as the young men wished.

CHAPTER II.

GIGIA MAKES A NEW FRIEND.

It cannot be denied that old Raffaele aided and abetted our vagrant Gigia in her excursions to forbidden parts of the house. It lightened his labours to have the little thing at his heels as he dashed up stairs and down stairs answering bells and carrying tiny coffee-pots and big water bottles. Also he was secretly flattered that she should prefer him to the other servants. It was not surprising, old Raffaele thought, that Gigia should like him better than cross-grained Teresa, for when that worthy woman was busy, she did not approve of having the child "between her feet" as she expressed it, and would wound Gigia's feelings by pointedly declining her help in filling water jugs and basins; but it was flattering that the little one should abandon the cook, who was always giving her bits and spoonfuls of nice things, at his, Raffaele's, first call. The truth was, that Gigia, not being greedy, thought it far greater fun to penetrate into the upper rooms occupied by strangers, on pretence of helping Raffaele. There was a spice of adventure in these expeditions, it was pleasant to see new faces, and behold open boxes, and all kinds of unfamiliar objects scattered about the familiar rooms. I think that there was some vague idea in her childish brain that all these strangers came and went

for her especial delectation, and she would make wonderful statements to her Aunt Rosina about the manners and customs of number this and number that. The time for such confidences was generally early in the morning, when, having succeeded by dint of coaxing and fidgeting in making her pretty young aunt open her eyes and fairly wake up, she would lie cuddled in her arms, chattering of all that she had seen.

One sunny morning, directly Gigia had rubbed her own eyes open, she turned over to make the usual attack upon her aunt. But no aunt was by her side, and she felt positively cheated and indignant when she saw Rosina standing, already dressed, by the window opening on to the courtyard at the back of the house.

'You wicked, *wicked* auntie!' exclaimed Gigia, leaping out of bed and rushing into the girl's arms, 'why did you get up so soon?'

Rosina gave the fat little figure an affectionate hug, and laughingly explained that she was going to be very busy that day mending the mosquito nets that had to be put up for the two families who were coming to occupy all the best rooms.

'Ah! to be sure!' answered Gigia, wagging her head and looking very profound. 'Raffaele told me the season would soon begin, lots of people coming, and all sorts of pretty shops on the beach.'

'Yes; they are beginning already to work at the bathing houses, I know,' said her aunt, who was not a little excited at the delightful prospect of soon seeing crowds and crowds of people perpetually passing the door on their way to and from the beach.

'Couldn't you take me to see the men work?' pleaded little Gigia, looking very dramatic as she stood there in her white nightdress with her hands clasped entreatingly.

But her aunt shook her head.

In true Italian fashion, the girl was kept much indoors, and her father's hair would have stood on end at the idea of his eighteen year old daughter strolling about on the sands with no better escort than her tiny niece.

'Ask Nonno, my pet!' she said. 'I think that he has to go down to the beach this morning.'

Accordingly, no sooner was Gigia dressed than she rushed out of the room shouting for her grandfather. She was only just in time. He had not only crossed the road, but was many paces down that double line of well-lopped plane trees, each crowned by a dozen brownish leaves, that does duty as an avenue across the broad stretch of shadeless sand between the town and the shore.

Bit by bit as the sea recedes, this sandy waste increases; houses are springing up upon it, and already the Marine Parade (of which Signor Giovanni's hotel is the corner house) is beginning to be blocked out from the sea by another row of buildings, which doubtless, long before Gigia is grown up, will be styled the Marina Nuova.

'Nonno! Nonno!' cried Gigia, scudding along as fast as her fat legs would carry her, her wide, shady hat of coarse Tuscan straw hanging round her neck and flapping against her shoulders as she ran; 'do please take me with you down to the beach.'

'Come then, little tyrant,' answered good-natured Signor Giovanni. And lifting the panting child in his arms, he pressed a hearty kiss on the soft brown cheek with its peach-like bloom that soon changed to red from contact with his stubbly grey beard. Gigia's cheeks would often smart and tingle after Nonno's rough kisses, yet she never shrank from them, never even showed that they hurt her, for she dearly loved the kind old man.

The broad beach was alive with workmen this summer morning; much sawing and hammering was going on, and active preparations for the bathing season were at last afoot. Roads were being traced across the soft sands; a crop of seats had sprung up, like mushrooms, during the night; tiny trees were being planted, and a flower garden even, laid out in front of a large *café* run up in planks, and which, at a later period, was to compensate in paint and paper flowers for what it lacked in solidity. During the autumn and winter storms, the waves dash so madly over the level beach, sweeping inland so far beyond its usual boundary, that none of these erections are intended to be permanent. If not removed in time, they would soon be washed away as completely as the paths and roads, therefore everything is hurriedly run up when the summer is fairly set in, and taken down and carted away as soon as it is at an end.

Signor Giovanni, with little Gigia comfortably aloft on his shoulder, steadily ploughed his way through the deep, loose sand, till he reached the edge of the sea close to the bathing establishments. These are curious constructions, built on piles, such as you will find at all Italian watering-places, resembling nothing so much as settlements of dolls' houses planted on a platform raised high and dry above the water at a stone's throw from the beach. Still like dolls' houses too, they are gaily painted in red and yellow, picked out with white, and have the brightest of green shutters to every diminutive window.

Naturally these too are put together afresh every summer, the strong foundations of piles being all that is left of them at other times.

With a puff and pant—for it is heavy work trudging through Viareggio sand, even without a child upon your back—Signor Giovanni halted in front of the largest and most unfinished of these erections, decorated by an imposing and highly-coloured portrait of Father Neptune, and depositing his burden on the sand, bade her play about quietly and without wetting her feet, while he settled his business with the master carpenter of the bathing establishment.

At this, Gigia's face fell, and she begged hard to be allowed to go with him.

'It isn't safe, little one,' objected her grandfather, with a doubtful

glance towards the narrow, steeply-inclined plank which alone connected the platform with shore, until the moment should arrive for putting up the wide wooden steps at present lying flat on the sand. 'I should have my Gigia tumbling into a paint pot, or worse still, over the edge into the sea, while I was busy talking.'

But Gigia's heart was set on scrambling across the narrow bridge, and exploring that 'great establishment of Neptune' of which she had heard such gorgeous descriptions from her friend Raffaele; so clasping her hands entreatingly, she cried—

'Ah! Nonno, do, do take me. I'll be so very good and quiet, and keep such tight hold of your coat-tails.'

Of course Nonno gave way, and holding the child carefully before him, danced her up the narrow footway and zig-zagging among heaps of boards and balusters, paint-pots, tools, loose shutters, and ladders, to the wide-covered terrace looking seawards, was soon plunged in an animated discussion with brown-bearded Maso, the head carpenter and part proprietor of the establishment.

For a few minutes Gigia was quiet enough, and to tell the truth, she was horribly disappointed. Old Raffaele had told her of all the splendours of the establishment as it was to be, and so this skeleton of woodwork by no means fulfilled her expectations as she turned her inquiring eyes this way and that. Soon she grew tired of standing still, and finding that her Nonno took no notice of the repeated little tugs she gave to his coat, she ventured to let it go altogether and make little excursions hither and thither on her own account, returning like a little doggie to her grandfather's side after each run; and fixing her big, dark eyes now on him, and now on his companion, very much wondered why they talked so loud, and gesticulated so earnestly. Presently growing bolder, she moved farther away, and began to peep in at the doors of the little bathing rooms, and luckily drew back in alarm from the yawning trap-doors, where the sea-ladders had not yet been placed. Then after scampering back to Nonno for a moment, she boldly started on a voyage of discovery to the extreme end of the terrace. Here—just where the railway was unfinished—lay a pile of newly-sawn planks, near which a little boy was busily collecting handfuls of shavings in a big basket.

'What a nice see-saw!' exclaimed our heedless Gigia, instantly dancing on to the topmost plank.

Naturally its other end tipped up, and in an instant Miss Gigia would have been floundering in the sea twenty feet below, had not the boy seen her peril and, snatching at her frock, luckily a strong one, with a strong jerk, pulled her out of danger. At first the little girl did not understand what had happened, and was ready to cry on being so roughly dragged down from her plank. By a dirty, strange boy too, and looking quite fiercely at him, she asked him why he had touched her.

'You'd have tumbled into the sea if I hadn't,' replied the lad in a matter-of-fact way, and shrugging his shoulders, he went on gathering up the scattered shavings, without attending to his indignant little questioner.

The next thing Gigia did was to peep cautiously over the side at the rippling wavelets beneath, and shake her head with an air of much wisdom. Then stepping close to the little boy, she asked, in a low whisper—

'Do you think I should have been drowned if I had fallen down there?'

'Che! what an idea!' said the boy scornfully, 'it's too shallow; might have knocked your head against a pile, or broken your neck perhaps.'

'But wouldn't you have pulled me out?' inquired Gigia, anxiously.

'Don't know! Yes! I suppose so!' answered he as gruffly as before.

'You nice boy! What are you doing with all those shavings?' she went on, for the sociable little soul longed to make friends with the nice boy. 'Shall I help you? I should like to play with you!'

'All right,' said he, half smiling, as he went on with his task; 'but I've no time for play. These shavings are for my mother; Master Maso lets me have them.'

'And does your mother play with them?' pursued the inquisitive child.

Again the boy shrugged his shoulders, as though in contempt of so frivolous a question.

'She makes a fire with them to help to cook our dinner, when we have any,' he said, still more gruffly, and stooping lower over his basket of shavings.

Gigia's smiles vanished, and she gazed at him with astonished, pitying eyes.

'Don't you have dinner every day, then, poor boy?' she asked. 'How dreadful! Hasn't your father any money? and is that why your clothes are so ragged, and your face so dirty?'

The boy frowned and tossed back his shaggy crop of rough black hair.

'Father's dead,' he answered impatiently; 'drowned—and mother is very, very poor. If I were only bigger I would work for her and keep her; but I grow so slowly, and can't earn money. I've asked Master Maso to give me work, but he says I'm too small. Oh! I'd do anything to get some money,' and here he stopped suddenly as though ashamed; but he had spoken so vehemently, and knitted his brows so hard, that little Gigia, who had quickly collected a big armful of shavings to add to his store, dropped them in astonishment. Big tears gathered in her eyes, and she stood staring at him half-frightened, half-sorry.

Meanwhile, Signor Giovanni, having finished his talk with Maso, was looking about for his missing grandchild. There were so many dangerous corners in this unfinished building above the sea, that it was a real relief, when at last in answer to his lusty calls of 'Gigia, Gigia, where art thou?' he heard her sweet baby treble crying from the farther end, 'Here, Nonno! here I am.' He came striding hastily towards her, accompanied by the carpenter.

'You naughty child!' he exclaimed, shaking his finger reprovingly. 'Why did you run away? It's a mercy you haven't fallen into the water.'

Gigia, skipping towards him, with her skirt full of shavings, looked merrily up in the kind old face.

'That's what this boy said, Nonno, when he pulled me down from my see-saw,' said she, pointing to the perilous pile. 'He's a very nice boy, Nonno.'

Her grandfather glanced at the planks at the very edge of the uninclosed platform, and then looked meaningly at his companion.

'A blessing there was some one at hand, Maso,' he said, with a shiver, 'or my talk with you might have cost me dear. Thank you for taking care of this madcap,' he continued, turning to Gigia's new friend, who stared at him in a shamefaced sort of way.

'Such a nice boy!' broke in Gigia, enthusiastically, before the lad had time to reply; 'and he wants to work to help his mother, and he can't get anything to do. Won't you help him, dear, good Nonno,' she went on, faster and faster. 'Naughty Maso says he is too small, and he doesn't have dinner every day. Fancy, how dreadful!'

'Who is he?' inquired Signor Giovanni, turning aside with the carpenter, who was laughing at the eagerness of the little girl.

Maso whispered a few words that seemed to be satisfactory, for the landlord, again addressing the boy, bade him come up to the hotel presently, when perhaps an odd job, and certainly some dinner, would be found for him.

At these words the lad's face brightened wonderfully; all his surliness vanished at the prospect of work and a dinner. Little Gigia clapped her hands and performed a sort of joy dance round her grandfather and her new friend.

'Nice boy,' she repeated. 'I'm so glad. Good-bye; and what is your name?'

'Momo, Signorina,' answered the boy, briskly, showing a double row of gleaming white teeth as his mouth expanded in a grin of delight.

And Gigia, kissing her hand to him, seized her grandfather's coat and trotted away contentedly at his heels, among the planks and paint pots.

Once back on the beach, she easily beguiled Nonno into taking her a little farther along the shore, picking up shells as she went, and chatting on the subject of the 'nice, dirty boy.'

It was very pleasant down there by the waves that bright summer morning, and a refreshing sea-breeze tempered the heat of the fierce Italian sun.

Quite a settlement of bathing huts was springing up on the sands beyond the more aristocratic *stabilimenti;* huts made of wattles filled in and thatched with great sheaves of the long coarse grass that flourishes among the sandhills, stretching from the sea to the pinewoods beyond the town.

Gigia's active tongue poured forth an unceasing stream of remarks, interrupted now and then by a shriek of delight at some especially pretty shell; and her grandfather, who was strolling along with his hands in his pockets, gazing meditatively across the sea towards the blue headlands of the Gulf of Spezia, found it of little use to try to calculate the probable profits of the coming season, while so many answers were required from him. For Gigia always wanted real answers to her torrents of questions, and nothing vexed her so much as to receive a curt Yes or No when she was longing for full explanations of some important problem that was puzzling her brain.

Now, when she had picked up as many shells as she could carry, her thoughts again reverted to the nice boy.

'I don't like many boys, Nonno,' she said, reflectively. 'I am sure I hate those nasty dirty ones who are always playing in the road before our door. They say rude things to me sometimes when I run round the corner with Raffaele or with Nonna; but I do like Momo, though he is as dirty and ragged as the others. Do you know,' she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, 'he says his father was drowned, and my papa was drowned too, wasn't he? How is it that so many fathers are drowned, Nonno? What a good thing that you weren't!'

'I never went to sea, my poor little one,' answered Signor Giovanni, stroking the child's brown cheek, and thinking mournfully of his only son, her father.

'Then don't! Don't go to sea, dear Nonno!' pursued Gigia, merrily. 'But why did you say I should have been drowned if I had tumbled off the planks this morning? That wasn't going to sea, was it?'

Her grandfather burst out laughing.

'That's a clever little lawyer,' he said. 'Now we must go home and tell Nonna about your new friend.'

CHAPTER III

THE SEASON BEGINS.

KIND Nonno kept his word about his little Gigia's new friend, and in spite of some disdainful sniffs from old Teresa on the introduction of so ragged an urchin into the household, Signor Giovanni's word was law. Gigia had the satisfaction of seeing her *protégé* devour a good plateful

of meat in a corner of the kitchen, and then set to work, under Raffaele's superintendence, sweeping floors and moving furniture in the long untenanted best rooms, now being hastily prepared for the families expected in the evening.

All this bustle was delightful to Gigia, who leaving both doll and boat to lie neglected on a heap of shells in a nook of the hall, did nothing but scamper from room to room to see, as she said, that Momo did his work properly. She even forgot to pay her accustomed visit to her friends the officers, at breakfast (or, as we should say, lunch) down in the dining-room. One of them caught her up in his arms, when he met her in the passage, by way of challenging her to the usual game of romps, but she hastily wriggled from his grasp, and nodding her baby head with much solemnity, told him that she had no time 'for his nonsense to-day' being very busy getting the best rooms ready.

His shouts of laughter at this statement deeply wounded her susceptibilities; she knit her brows fiercely, stamped her fat little toes on the floor, and then rushed after her aunt to beg to be allowed to help her.

She found Rosina in the tiny parlour on the first floor, a pretty, corner room with one front window opening on to a balcony in which it was pleasant to sit and look across the sands to the sea, when the sun was low, and with a side one looking on to Gigia's favourite playground, the big breezy terrace on the roof of the long dining-room.

Rosina was employed in decorating the faded chairs and sofas with some of her best crochet antimacassars or "trasparenti," as the Tuscans call them, when Gigia appeared flushed and panting from her encounter with the officer whose laughter was still echoing through the house. The child paused an instant in the doorway, then hearing another laugh from down stairs, rushed back to the landing, shouting defiantly, 'I think you are very silly, Signor Luigi,' and bouncing into the room again, slammed the door with all her might.

Her aunt looked up astonished. 'What's the matter, little Gigia?' she asked. 'Why are you pouting in that ugly fashion and shouting so rudely to the lieutenant!'

'They are so silly, those officers,' answered the indignant mite. 'That stupid Signor Luigi caught me up and wanted me to play with him. I told him,' here she gave a shrug of intense contempt, 'that we were all too busy for his nonsense, and he wouldn't believe me and laughed. I don't like him a bit. Now you'll let me help you, won't you, auntie dear?' she prayed caressingly, poking her fingers into Rosina's workbox.

'But you don't like work, you know,' said her aunt teasingly; 'you have never finished that handkerchief I showed you how to hem.'

'Oh! I hate hemming!' exclaimed Gigia vehemently; 'but I am sure what you are doing is very easy. You've such a nice big needle and thick thread. Do please let me help you.'

So, after a little more coaxing, Gigia was permitted to arm herself

with a huge needle with a double thread—if you gave her a single one, it was sure to slip out of the eye at every second stitch—and the least pretty piece of crochet work was given her to tack to one of the chairs. Very proud was she of this proof of her aunt's confidence, and with her head on one side, her tongue a little out, and brows knitted, she applied all her energies to the task before her.

Still prouder was she when, after many unnecessary stitches, one corner was firmly attached to the chair, but alas! the wrong side uppermost, and Auntie's scissors had to sever the tight gobble stiches and all the labour begun again. However, at last, by the time Rosina had finished with all the other chairs, Gigia had managed to fasten the four corners of the crochet portrait of General Garibaldi to the four corners of her chair. Rather crookedly, it is true, for one of the hero's legs had been stretched by Gigia's well meant efforts to almost double the length of the other, but that was a trifle, and kind Rosina would not dishearten the little girl by again undoing her handiwork.

By that time Gigia's power of keeping still was very nearly exhausted, and having told her aunt over and over again the wonderful adventures of the morning, she went scampering about the house. After distracting her grandmother and all the servants in turn, she finally settled herself in the courtyard to watch her friend Momo, who was now employed in giving an extra scrub to all the copper pans of the establishment. And now it was nearly six o'clock, and a distant rumble of wheels and cracking of whips announced that the train was in and had brought new comers to Viareggio. Tightly clasping her aunt's hand, and peeping from behind the folds of her aunt's dress, Gigia stood in the entrance of the ground-floor parlour to watch the strangers arrive. The first carriage that stopped at the door contained a lady deep in mourning, and a handsome, stout gentleman with a big brown beard.

'That's the family for the first floor,' whispered Rosina.

Gigia was much disappointed to see that there were only these two grown-up people, but her attention was speedily attracted by the strange nature of the loose luggage that was being taken from the carriage. There was a long, flat, wooden case with a brass handle, a bundle of long, flat rods of dark-coloured wood, and strangest of all, a colossal white umbrella, such as Gigia had never seen anywhere, excepting perhaps over a stall in the market. These things the stout gentleman handed down as carefully as he did the pale lady in black, and then began to ask about his rooms in so friendly a way, and bowed so pleasantly to Nonna and Aunt Rosina, that Gigia immediately took a great fancy to him. She liked him still better, when, on catching sight of her peeping round her aunt's skirts, he exclaimed in very good Italian though with a slightly foreign accent, 'By Jove! what a beautiful head!' and smiled to her in a funny way and pointed her out to his wife, the lady in black, who smiled also, but rather sadly.

Then they both vanished up stairs escorted by Signor Giovanni in person. Gigia who would have dearly liked to go with them, had to content herself with hearing them tramp about in the rooms which she had helped to decorate, and listen to the thuds of the boxes as they were deposited here and there.

But now with more cracking of whips, a second carriage drove up to the door, and in this Gigia saw with joy that there were two little boys besides a lady and a maid. Both children had closely shaven heads, but the younger one was a pretty little fellow, apparently of about Gigia's age, with large soft, dark eyes. The other a head taller, was slight and fair, with insignificant features and white eyelashes. Gigia excitedly, tugged her aunt's dress.

'What nice little boys,' she cried, and out she rushed on to the pavement, the better to see the delightful children alight.

But the lady, who looked very cross and disagreeable, frowned sternly upon her, instead of smiling like the stout gentleman, and pushing her out of the way, strode into the house—for all the world as though it belonged to her, as Rosina remarked later, and glancing round scornfully, said in very bad Italian, 'I ordered rooms; why is not the landlord here to receive me?' Upon this Signora Maria came forward, and rather discomposed by the way in which the strange lady glared at her, explained that her husband was at that moment engaged with other arrivals. Meanwhile the maid, who looked as disagreeable as her mistress, had also pushed aside our Gigia, who, standing by the carriage door, was staring hard at the two little boys still sitting motionless in their places.

The little maiden was especially fascinated by the smaller boy who was beginning to steal shy, friendly glances towards her, and she was summoning up courage to ask why they did not come into the house, when the snappish maid, having done wrangling with the driver, swooped suddenly down upon them, and dragged first one and then the other out of the carriage as though they had been parcels, roughly asking why they sat there like idiots, and administering a sound shaking to the elder child, as she pushed him into the house.

On this the victim set up a howl, in which the younger joined from sympathy, and then their mother, who was still questioning Signora Maria, turned round with a savage scowl and by way of quieting them, gave each a box on the ears that sent them staggering against the parlour door.

At this unaccustomed spectacle, little Gigia turned first red and then pale; big tears gathered in her eyes and shrinking to her aunt's side, she clasped her hand tightly.

Then, with old Raffaele to show her the way, the terrible stranger swept haughtily up stairs, grumbling as she went, and followed by the whimpering elder boy, while the little one looked wistfully back at Gigia, as the maid drove him up stairs.

'*Madonna Santissima!*' ejaculated Signora Maria, piously crossing herself, when the turn of the stairs hid the party from her sight, '*Madonna Santissima!* What a woman!'

Her companions fervently echoed her exclamation.

'Looked at us as though we were dirt under her feet, she did,' remarked old Teresa.

'It made my blood boil to see her and her maid knock those poor children about,' said Rosina, with a shiver of disgust.

Now Gigia's pent-up tears burst forth. 'Please send that wicked lady away, Nonna!' cried she, burying her face in her grandmother's apron. Good Signora Maria kissed the child and tried to comfort her. 'She sha'n't knock you about, my treasure, and indeed I hope she won't stay here long.'

But Gigia sobbed on and refused to be comforted. Just then Signor Giovanni came down stairs. He had been settling terms with the first floor lodgers, and apparently the bargain was a good one, for he was rubbing his hands and looking well pleased.

'Nothing like English people!' said he joyously. 'The gentleman has fixed my best rooms for a month at least, and though he is only an artist, he says, he's evidently rolling in wealth, for he didn't haggle about the price, and the lady is quite willing to pay extra for her cup of tea in the afternoon. They can't live without tea, those English. But what makes you all so doleful?' he exclaimed, suddenly becoming aware, as he looked at his womankind, that something had gone wrong. 'And why is our little one crying?'

'Oh! please send away the naughty lady! Nonna says she can't' pleaded poor Gigia, turning her woebegone face towards him.

'What naughty lady?' asked he impatiently.

'Haven't you been up to the second floor yet?' inquired his wife in a dismal voice.

'No! you don't mean to say the Russian countess has arrived! Bless me! I was so busy talking with that English painter, that I never heard them come.'

At that moment, voices in loud altercation, and the howls of children, were heard from the upper floor. Down came old Raffaele two steps at a time, as though flying from invisible pursuers. *Padrone! Padrone!*' he cried, wiping his forehead, 'come up stairs, for Heaven's sake! Come and speak to the lady. She is abusing everything, and going on like one possessed by the devil.'

'Send her away, Nonno! Do make her go!' repeated terrified Gigia.

And good Signor Giovanni looking much perplexed, as well he might, ran quickly up stairs to ascertain the cause of all this commotion.

Again Signora Maria crossed herself, shook her head, and sighed heavily. 'The child is right,' she said. 'Of course Giovanni can't turn the Russian countess out, but I do hope that she won't like her room.'

'A Russian countess, is she!' snorted old Teresa; 'a demon countess I should say. Who knows if she hasn't a tail coiled up under those smart petticoats of hers!' And so saying the old woman tucked a quantity of clean towels under her arm and shuffled up stairs in her turn.

Her remark sent Rosina into a hearty fit of laughter, but Gigia trembled with fright. What if the terrible lady had indeed a forked tail, like that she had seen in a picture in church, hidden under that rustling silk skirt! The child longed to ask many questions on this horribly fascinating subject, but every one was too busy to attend to her. The usual guests were now dropping in to the *table d'hôte*, with the addition of the artist and his wife; and soon the countess's bell began to ring so frequently and furiously, that poor Raffaele was well nigh driven to destraction, between attending to her numerous requisitions and the modest wants of the guests in the public room. As for the master of the house, he was not smiling when he rejoined his family in the parlour after his long interview with the countess, but rather bore the crestfallen appearance of a man who had been considerably bullied. Yet in this case also, he had driven a good bargain —a better one indeed than with the artist on the first floor.

But Signor Giovanni was a man as well as an innkeeper; and though in the latter capacity he was thankful to have good customers, as a man he would have rejoiced in sending off the raging countess to spend her money at the rival hotel at the other end of the town.

'I hope you asked her a high price for the rooms?' said his wife, poking her needle savagely into the stocking she was knitting.

'Ay! that I did! but though she found fault with everything, she agreed at last to pay what I asked,' he answered.

'And who is she, papa? Is she really a Russian?' inquired Rosina eagerly.

'Russian, or Polish, or Turkish. Something barbarous of that sort,' replied her father scornfully. 'She told me her name, but I haven't the least idea what it is. It sounded as much like the noise you women make in tearing calico, as anything else—except may be the creaking of basket lids.'

And then the worthy man lit a cigar and strolled down to the pier to seek refreshment in contemplation of the waves, while his wife wagged her head over her knitting, and vented her fears that it would bring ill luck to the house to have such a woman under the roof. Open-eyed and open-mouthed, poor little Gigia listened awestruck to these strange prognostications until Auntie Rosina carried her off to bed. Once settled in that cosy nest, her fears were soon forgotten in the deep, dreamless sleep of healthy infancy.

(To be continued.)

'ÉTRENNES.'

'OLD ASSOCIATIONS!' What a deep, subtle influence they exercise on our lives! If any sceptic on this point still exists, place him in Paris on Christmas Day, and however much he may grumble when in England at being 'expected to love holly and ivy, to dine with friends, and eat plum pudding,' *bon gré mal gré*, his spirits will sink, before he is aware of it, simply from the omission of what he calls 'this tyranny;' while it suddenly reveals to him the marvellous strength and tenacity of customs and traditions imbibed with the earliest breath of childhood. Accident led me to pass this day lately in the midst of a French circle, and the absence of red berries and green glossy leaves, the complete blank of any special family gatherings—and shall we confess it?—the total omission of roast beef or even mince pies from the day's dinner table, depressed me to such a degree that it required thought and energy to restore all one's wonted brightness. It was quite humbling to find on what small things—nay, prosaic food, if you will—one's happiness then depended, and yet so strong is their hold on one, that, even now, it seems as if, somehow, I had missed a year, the British landmarks are so completely wanting.

And yet the French celebrate Christmas in a high, noble manner, making it the great religious festival of the year. Despite the atheistical, worldly character which Paris bears, nowhere, not even in Rome, is it kept with more fervour. It is almost the only town, too, where midnight mass is allowed to be said in every church and chapel, where the crowds are so large as to make strangers tremble, and yet where no disorders occur either within or without the walls, while, as a rule, the entire congregation everywhere approaches to Holy Communion. And the next morning and next evening the churches are equally well attended, the whole population wearing a more solemn, thoughtful look than is customary in Paris. But here the celebration almost ends. Almost, we say advisedly, for wherever there are children, there also is a slight anticipation of the joys awaiting them on that day week. From ancient times it has been a national custom to put a 'shoe up the chimney,' on Christmas Eve, which, being found full of toys next morning, the babes are taught to believe is a present from *le bon petit Jésus;* only another version of the German *Christkindlein.* Of late years, too, there have been sundry attempts made to introduce Christmas trees throughout Paris, owing very much to the crowd of strangers now residing there; but the public mind is not fully awake to real enjoyment until its own old customs have come round, and, with the New Year they can devote themselves to their neighbours and sociability.

During the week, and, nowadays even somewhat before Christmas the preparations for this special celebration actively take place; for, as *étrennes* must be made, so also must they be bought, and this, considering the importance French people attach to every purchase, is far from being an easy matter. Lighthearted and frivolous as they may appear to a quiet Englishman, nothing is more remarkable than the sober-minded, matter-of-fact, business-like way in which French men, women and children calculate the money they have to spend, and seriously study how they can get the full worth of every penny. No doubt it is from the very fact of the mothers so often taking their children with them when shopping, their teaching them, at all times and on all occasions, to observe, in a manner no English parent dreams of, that they grow up with such careful habits, become such good judges of their interests, and are seldom led away, even when young, to spend one franc uselessly. Thus, even at the age of fifteen or sixteen—at the period when in England money considerations have no weight—a French maiden may be heard exclaiming, '*Mais ce n'est pas pratique*,' meaning 'it would be useless waste,' instead of coaxing a fond parent to indulge her little whim in the purchase of some unnecessary, but pretty trifle. That disinterestedness—nay, giddiness even—may be more attractive at this age, many no doubt will consider; still, in the long run, such practical wisdom is beneficial to the community as well as to individuals, and above all, is founded on just and honest principle.

This year, 1878, however, even the wisest Frenchwomen were fairly puzzled, so diversified was the choice, so handsome, so expensive everything offered as a temptation. Never before, say the 'oldest inhabitants,' has such *luxe* been seen or such extravagance indulged in. Whence the money has come from which has bought up all these marvellous 'trifles,' or how the manufacturers knew it existed, and ventured to calculate on its production, is a mystery astonishing to every one. The very essence of an *étrenne* or New Year's gift in France, has always been considered its trifling value. The 'useful' no doubt, and the 'handsome' are often given, for godmothers and godfathers, parents, but especially grandparents, constantly regale their 'pets' by these sort of acceptable 'surprises,' as in every other part of the world; still, it is not universal; and even the servants but rarely receive gifts in kind, such as the warm shawls, gowns, and gay ribbons which load the tables round the German Christmas-trees, or form the 'Christmas boxes' of so many happy maids and nurses in our own isles. Money, good solid cash, is the equivalent most acceptable to French domestics, always frugal and saving, and it is now such a matter of course that they are to receive it on this occasion, that it appears to them like a part of their regular wages; above all to the *concierge*—that especially French institution—it is a profitable arrangement, for every tenant in the vast house of which he is the porter gives him an *étrenne* each New Year's morning, as certainly as if it had been

stipulated beforehand. With the advance of population, however, this custom is likely to change its character; already old inhabitants of Paris note a difference, for the habit of giving to the porters of those houses where you visited or constantly dined, is, probably owing to the influx of strangers, fast diminishing, and soon likely to become extinct.

But the very word for New Year's gifts—*Étrennes*—is in itself a two-fold testimony to the high antiquity of the custom, and its having from the outset belonged to the domain of 'nothings,' for it is derived from the Latin *Strenua*, the name of a forest near Rome sacred to the goddess Strena, and from which a few branches of laurel being once offered on a New Year's Day to Tarquinius Priscus, he, well pleased with the gift, ordered that it should be made annually. Later on, it is true, the Roman Emperors compelled the Senators to give them money and other gifts under the same title; but the people, amongst whom the custom had spread, limited the exchange of their yearly gifts, to chestnuts—the *marrons glacés* of modern Paris—dates, figs, honey, or other small tokens of love and friendship. Quietly, and in a natural, easy way, the habit, innocent and full of fraternal charity, flowed on amongst the Christian populations; and in the Middle Ages we hear of rings, bracelets, and the like being given to great ladies by their lords, who also often presented their knights with a new suit of armour, of which possibly the fresh liveries nowadays supplied to domestic servants may be the modern descendants. One old chronicle makes special mention of a gold necklet, with ruby and diamond clasp and effigy of S. Maurice, patron of the Duchy, which was the New Year's gift of Duke Philip to Mademoiselle of Savoy, in 1409.

But in France, a few bonbons, or a box of chocolate, varied by *marrons glacés*, were the established gifts which were permitted to every one, and accepted. Nor were they ever supposed to represent any real value. Consequently, every one interchanged the 'sweet trifles'; every young man visiting in a house bringing with him a box of chestnuts of modest exterior for the mother of the family, and a bag with a few sous' worth of sweetmeats for each of the little children, sure of pleasing, and of his friendliness being thus recognised. Bright smiles, pleasant greetings, met each other on all sides. Of late years, however, all this social simplicity has fast been fading away, and grave old men shake their heads and wonder how the lavishness of a declining Roman Empire is compatible with the austerity they were wont to consider the essential of a Republic. 'Useful *étrennes*' no doubt have been the 'cry' of this year, but many have been their opponents, saying, and justly, that if once the character of the custom is changed, its point and charm will vanish. So far, however, have the 'children of fortune' succeeded, that this year, even in the veriest trifles, all trace of the coveted simplicity has disappeared. It is no longer possible, consequently, for the young student or official anywhere to present himself

with his unpretending bonbons as of old; for, in the first place, he cannot now find them 'for love or money,' or, if he did, his companion, the dull son of some successful speculator, entering simultaneously with his artistic, costly gift near which all else would look shabby, the proud man prefers arriving empty-handed.

And now let us examine some of these 'exquisite nothings.' For a whole fortnight not only the Boulevards, but every by-street in Paris, has been a second Exhibition of them, and if one could forget the 'social problems' they suggest, nothing could be more pleasing to an artistic eye. In everything art and taste have achieved triumphs. Most prominent of all are the bonbon shops, at all times the peculiarity and pride of Paris, and so far keeping, at least in name, true to the old tradition. The very commonest have method in arranging the ordinary *confitures* in piles—like the shot in Woolwich Yard—of different, varied colours, flanked by pink or yellow creams, and surmounted by rows of smart bags, all expensive—none less than nine and ten francs each—and the substitutes of the three-sous gold-paper 'funnels' which used to serve the poor young men in former simpler days. But let us stroll into the Rue de la Paix, for who does not there know Siraudin, the owner of a large fortune, which, though based on melted sugar, has borne the superstructure of millions of francs? In his window, even without entering, we see how the 'useful' is now united to the 'trivial.' Here are rows of boxes of the most dazzling description. One, apparently nothing but folds of pink satin, is topped by a mass of swan's-down, imbedded in which is a nest of beautiful humming-birds; others, of every shape and size, are covered with white, blue, gold-coloured satin, forming the groundwork of exquisite embroidery or paintings by skilled artists; some, of gilt ormolu or Sèvres china, all fit to stand permanently in the richest *salon;* or, again—and this was a favourite lately—what may be called a 'conceit';—a Leghorn hat turned upside down, the crown holding the bonbons, while the handle, the important part, is lost in the most exquisite lace, *point d'Alençon, d'Angleterre*, or Mechlin, more than enough to trim my lady's cap or her *fichu à la Marie Antoinette*, with bouquets of *fleurs fines* garnishing each corner. Few of these cost less than 20*l.* or 30*l.*, none in the window are marked lower than 4*l.* or 5*l.* Further on in the Boulevards is a flower-shop, a very wonder from its beauty. It is now full of *bonbonnières*, one mass of blossom, artificial in most cases—though fresh violets and bouquets of roses from Cannes and Nice, which live but a night, are often bound round a box, and cost a couple of hundred francs. To-day we find some 'beauties'; pink hawthorn covering a box of light blue satin; another, one mass of white roses; but a third surpasses all, having lilies of the valley twined in and out through branches of pink coral enough to make a whole suite for the happy receiver. As may be supposed, the bonbons are here but a mere pretext; they are not, however, forgotten,

for the flowers, opening magically in the middle, display a satin-lined box inside filled with triumphs of the sugary art, and intended afterwards to hold trinkets of another kind. Nor would it be easy to exhaust the list of these 'useful,' expensive, and most artistic 'nothings.' No two in all the shops are ever alike; some excelling in the 'line' we have described, others in Japanese decoration, a third or fourth in fan-like or screen-like bags and boxes; the variety, in short, overpowering, and not confined to any one shop or locality. It seemed at first impossible that half their contents could ever be sold; but, on the contrary, so great was the 'run,' that at one shop in the Avenue de l'Opéra the doors had to be closed at eight o'clock one evening, not a single bonbon being left in the establishment.

The Japanese and Eastern *étrennes* also found great favour this year, owing to the *furore* they excited during the Exhibition; but next to the bonbons we must certainly place the fans. The development which this 'industry' has taken of late years is certainly one of the notable features in Paris, and adds as much to the decoration of the shop-windows as to that of the ball-rooms. The grace, fancy, and marvellous variety of subjects painted upon them is in itself a study. Perhaps knowledge of the employment thus procured by women, especially by poor ladies and those of the middle-class, made us regard the fans and bonbon boxes with more leniency than our thoughtful French friend of the past generation. Certain it is that both prove so remunerative an occupation as to hold a principal place in the teaching of the female professional schools in Paris. In order to guard against any change in the present china mania, girls while there learning to paint porcelain, are at the same time trained in the painting of fans and *bonbonnières;* and here, for the first time, we could understand the reason. Any trade which rests on a national custom is very unlikely to fail; and as to fans, such quantities are always in use, and they are by nature so little able to resist wear and tear, that the demand is always equal to the supply. To these schools also we may attribute the taste and beauty displayed in each, no two—like the *bonbonnières*—being scarcely ever alike; for it is there a main principle that each pupil must compose and adapt, but never slavishly copy, and the result is an ingenuity and imagination not often before exercised on such fragile materials. Landscapes, sea-views, domestic scenes, foliage and flowers in Japanese style, are thus encountered side by side with marriage feasts or royal hunts. Nothing is now impossible on a fan, nor is any price considered extravagant, with the amber, grey, and green, as well as ordinary white mother-of-pearl handles, now and then varied by finely-carved ivory and inlaid tortoiseshell.

But much as the grown-up folk find to delight them, it is as nothing compared to the stores suddenly brought forth from hidden quarters for the Parisian children. Every one who knows anything of France is aware what a very large place these hold in French home-

life. Constantly living with their parents, in a country where nurseries and school-rooms are well-nigh unknown, at this season their importance comes more than ever prominently forward. The shoals of little ones who suddenly swarm on the boulevards and round every toy-shop is amazing to all not previously prepared for such a sight. And most cruel it would be to bring them thither if they were not to be regaled with some of the 'attractions.' But on this head no one need fear, for the amount of playthings they now receive far surpasses that of other lands. The Magasins du Louvre alone opened thirty rooms full of nothing but *jouets d'enfants* during Christmas week, and through every street and faubourg, even to the Communist Belleville, they might be seen in millions. One small family of our acquaintance had a Christmas-tree for a few young friends with no less than one hundred and fifty playthings. But, again, let us examine the sort and kind, and we shall discover, alas! that if our 'thoughtful Frenchman' had cause to lament the loss of 'simplicity' in the *bonbon-étrenne*, he has had far more grounds for dismay in beholding the teaching his neighbours' children receive from their innocent, youngest years. The boys, from their nature, are exempt from much injury. Hobby-horses made on the perambulator principle, omnibuses, tramways—in short, all that they see in the streets, 'made to perfection'—trains with 'real steam-engines,' besides telephones, phonographs, and even telegraphic machines, varied with large-sized cannons, full-rigged men-of-war, and ironclads, are, no matter how exquisitely finished, more beneficial than injurious to the rising generation. But let us look to the little girls. French dolls at all times have been constructed on different principles from ours; they have been more of affected young women than innocent, waxen-faced children; the blue eyes and flaxen locks of our British 'babies' being turned into 'smirking misses' when they became Parisian *bébés*. Still, never till the Exhibition year did they attain such heights of affectation. The resemblance to real life in the faces certainly shows 'progress in art,' and the hair is so like the wigs worn by their living prototypes as to make them all appear more or less portraits: the toilettes, too, might have come from Wörth's, fit to be sent abroad—as they often are—to serve as models for foreign dressmakers. On the other hand, is this what a child should be taught to admire? Look at this group: a man and his wife meeting friends in the street. Can anything be more affected and prim? But here is a dinner-party. The table is laid as in any ducal house—the name of each guest on each napkin; the company have just sat down, the ladies and gentlemen properly distributed, while the lady of the house is glancing round to make sure all is right. Every one is in evening dress, each *coiffure* different, the gloves of the now exaggerated 12-button-length, the fan, jewels, and the like quite correct, while footmen in state liveries are beginning to serve the soup and wine. In the next window is the 'reception,'

ladies' trains sweeping the ground, one being 'kicked out' behind and its owner turning affectedly to make sure she has performed the feat gracefully, while two sit on the sofa in the most absurdly *maniéré* attitudes and another at the piano surrounded by male admirers. But description only conveys a faint idea; for the marvellously improved mechanism by which every limb can be moved and position now-a-days changed at will, admits of an imitation of nature surpassing all in previous times. And then the doll's *trousseau!* framed on the same model. Nothing is here left to chance; everything is found ready. If it be for winter, her cloaks and fur predominate; if for summer, light garden-hats and parasols take their place. Here are morning, evening, and ball-dresses, mixed with embroidered *peignoirs*; dozens of stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs, tied up with blue or pink ribbon, as one sees them in the *lingerie* shop-windows; collars of every sort, and embroidered linen trimmed with lace—all of the finest kind. On the other side is a bride just finishing her bridal toilette, standing before her long cheval-glass. On her dressing-table are her presents: jewellery of varied sort, with fans innumerable, and lace in quantity. Her brushes are ivory-backed, and her glove- and ring-boxes stand close by.

Further on is a stately bedroom, furnished in the costliest woods and damask silk—the bed, however, hung with muslin curtains, lined with pink; the toilet-table not unlike the last, except that here powder-puffs and cosmetics find their place, and everything is arranged 'on artistic'—nay, æsthetic—principles. Nor must it be supposed that these things are intended only for the very rich, for they are made in every size and material, and the very shops of the Faubourg S. Denis advertise such *trousseaux* and *ménages* from four and five francs upwards. The good old 'dollies' of thirty or forty years ago have vanished from the shops. If they are anywhere to be found, it is only in the common stalls erected at this season for the poorer classes, but there no one above that rank would think of buying such things. Oh! truly! The boasted simplicity of olden, though monarchical, days, has completely fled from France, and though the worst effects of the change are not yet seen, it is hard to suppose they will not obviously appear at a not far distant period. Moreover, in the case of children, this elaborate setting before them of their elders' toys is a grave error, for not only does it teach them as they grow up to value on these superfluities of wealth, but in reality does not afford half the pleasure of less elaborate toys. Can we not all remember how treasured was the simple doll of our baby-days, which we had dressed by our own handiwork, and for whom we invented 'children's parties' the amusements of our own age? A great national mistake it were to have introduced such a system, and, inferior as French shops may be as exhibitions of art, we cannot but earnestly hope this they may never be tempted to copy our more ambitious

W. M. Wyse.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

FRENCH literature since the Restoration may be divided into two periods, the first contained between 1814–1830, and the second from the Revolution of 1830 to the present day. The same current of ideas, indeed, runs through both, and began in fact to set in its actual direction at the First Revolution, although much in modern French literature may seem novel; and in order to understand what has moulded it to its present form, we must cast a glance backward on its history under the Reign of Terror, the Consulate, and the Empire. The true interest of literature consists in its close connection with morals and institutions; it is both affected by and affects them. Even if we study only one or two branches, such as fiction and poetry, we find ourselves unable to understand the spirit of a work, or the causes of its success or non-success, unless we know something of the times in which it was written. For instance, a work which produced a prodigious effect when it appeared, *Le Génie du Christianisme*, leaves us now cold and unimpressed, but we begin to comprehend its spell when we realise that it appeared when France was utterly weary of the godless philosophy of the eighteenth century. Countless aching hearts were longing to be shown where to find peace and divine order; and moreover this book appeared at a time when Christianity was still tolerated, rather than encouraged, in France, and came as the first challenge from any eminent pen to unbelief.

During the Reign of Terror literature had been paralysed. It could scarcely even say, with a distinguished statesman who was asked what he had done during that time, 'I kept alive.' For a while, indeed, the theatre flourished, and the pieces then written, though of little merit, strikingly reflect the changing politics of the hour; but a time came when the Comédie Française betrayed a leaning to the moderate side, and soon all its members were in prison, and would have been among the victims of the guillotine but for the heroic devotion of an ex-actor, who, to shelter himself under the ægis of the terrible Comité du Salut Public, had taken a post in its department, and risked his life by destroying the death-warrant. The execution was thus delayed, and a sudden turn in affairs released Talma and his comrades. But it was long before the Comédie recovered the ruin brought upon it, and for many years no plays worth naming were written. After André Chénier's death no poet attempted to sing under that stormy sky. Science, history, and fiction were all silenced. Newspapers, full of violent party spirit, abounded under the Directory, but these, too, gradually disappeared when the First

Consul took the helm of the state. There was almost equal stagnation under the Empire. Any breath of free discussion was felt by the master to threaten the stability of his throne. He watched the press with unceasing vigilance, detesting *idéalogues*, as he termed metaphysicians, and only tolerating men who battled with the materialistic teaching of Condillac and his school, and upheld Christianity just so far as their teaching seemed to him likely to quiet men's minds and serve his own ends. Thinkers who were too independent, like Madame de Staël, he banished; those who spoke or wrote without lauding him and his measures, he threatened and reprimanded. So perilous were honesty and courage, that when Sieyès was asked, '*Que pensez-vous?*' his sarcastic reply was, '*Je ne pense pas!*' and Lafayette considered that he had fully answered the scornful question of what he had done for his opinions under the Empire, since he could say '*Je suis resté debout!*' No doubt thought has a continuous history as much as politics, but there are times when it seems almost at a standstill. The Empire was one of these. Men were contented to accept the opinions of the eighteenth century, and put off any new efforts. Such great events occupied the public mind that no one had leisure for literature. Who could care for books when all eyes were fixed on the spectacle of a single man standing alone and defying all Europe? As Chateaubriand said, 'All France had become a soldier.' 'A single man,' adds Victor Hugo, who has done more than any one else to idealise Napoleon and gloss over his crimes, 'was alive in all Europe; all other human beings had to fill their lungs with the air which he had already breathed.' Moreover, war had isolated France; foreign ideas were necessarily shut out; and even such as might have crept in were viewed with the utmost jealousy by the Emperor. It is noteworthy that among the reasons given by the infamous minister of police, Fouché, for the second banishment of Madame de Staël, was that 'France was not reduced to seek models amid the people whom she admired; her last work was *un-French*.'

A new era began with 1815, though the first years of the Restoration were hardly more favourable to literature than had been those of the Revolution and the Empire. All that conflict of old and new, of interests, prejudices, hatreds, which made Fox say that a restoration was the worst of revolutions, were reflected in literature. The extreme licence of the drama equalled that of the play-writers in Charles II.'s time, while at the same time the aristocratic party assumed a prudish sanctimony, and considered it a badge of their party to profess *la haute dévotion*. All that was old came into fashion—Gothic architecture, ancient furniture, and the Middle Ages. As Sainte Beuve tells us, a clique formed itself which dreamed of 'a sweet pretty mediæval time of châtelaines, pages, and godmothers,' and cultivated a sentimental religion, scarcely skin-deep. 'The boy holds his mother's views, the man will hold his father's,' said the elder Hugo, after listening to a

tirade from his son on royalty, right divine, and submission to the Church. It was a prophecy which came to pass concerning several of these devotees. Scott's romances naturally were in high favour with this party; his Conservative opinions suited them, and he gave them an idealised chivalry. 'We love to find in him,' wrote Victor Hugo, when little more than a boy, 'our ancestors, with their prejudices, often so noble and wholesome, belonging to them like their fair plumes and good coats of mail!' The influence of Scott was, however, by no means confined to a party. To hearts weary of the excitement of the present he offered brilliant pictures of the past, which interested and refreshed them by the absence of all which could recall the present. His manly honesty and chivalrous tone braced minds sick of chimeras and theories. Scott's influence was all for good. 'Read Walter Scott,' wrote M. Doudan to his brother in 1827, in one of his delightful letters;* 'you will be carried into a world quite new, yet quite real. It is not at all romance, it is truth—truth which is by no means trivial. To go to bed with Scott under one's pillow, to follow the *Antiquary* in his family worries, to look on at the terrible scene of the storm beating on the Scotch rocks, at that fine scene of the young fisherman's death which consoled Madame de Staël on her death-bed—woe, indeed, to him who could not feel all these beauties!' Another of these most charming of his letters praises *Ivanhoe*.

Very different was the influence of Byron, who founded a school of French poetry which still survives, and who has left more lasting traces on French literature than on that of his own country. Both Lamartine and Alfred de Musset were strongly influenced by him; his stormy emotions struck a chord which vibrated in numerous hearts at a time when men looked far and wide over ruins, and the deep foundations of faith seemed upheaved. His own loss of faith, and keen perception of the loss, his revolt against law and society, and his very egotism, strongly attracted many minds, for the same reason that Schiller affected French literature more than did Goethe, through the greater personal element in his writings, for, as has been justly observed, 'The French do not willingly forget themselves in their works; they usually mark their writings with the stamp of their own personality.'† Shakespeare too began to influence French literature, not only through the versions of Ducis, but in his original form.

It is impossible to pass by Ducis without some word on the worthy Savoyard, whose name is apt to provoke a smile, scarcely deserved, after all, for, extraordinary as his version of Shakespeare is, it had begun to make the English dramatist known in the height of the Revolution, and prepared the way for the romantic school of fiction. If under any circumstances it is a daring attempt to translate Shakespeare into French, to what height does not the audacity rise

* Mélanges et Lettres, *x.* Doudan, v. 1.

† Demogeot, *Hist. de la Littérature Française.*

when we learn that Ducis knew no English, and read him only in the translations of La Place and Tourneur, adapting the plays to the taste of the time, as seemed good to him. For instance, the story of Ugolino is introduced into *Romeo and Juliet* as a barbarous piece of cruelty inflicted by Capulet on old Montague, who however escapes from the Tower of Famine, and recounts the episode to Romeo, a younger son, who had not been starved in the tower. There is, however, a fine touch here. Romeo asks if he has not taken vengeance, and the old man answers, '*He* had no children!' Juliet was probably born later! Still, without adaptation, the French would not then have listened to Shakespeare, and Ducis passionately admired the plays, feeling with an independence of judgment wonderful for his time.

A NATIVE OF THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

MAUDE is waking up with a start.

What is that sound? Oh, it must be the clock striking six. I feel very sleepy, but I must get up directly, or I shall lose my mark from the Early Rising Society; I need not hurry, as an hour is allowed for dressing.

Seven o'clock. I will take my half hour instrumental practice, as I shall be undisturbed; certainly Betsy looks very cross because I interrupt her in dusting the piano and tidying the books; however, *she* must, of course, give way to me. I will not practise my singing, because of the saying, 'Sing before breakfast, cry before night,' and I do not like crying; still, I do not see why we should not have a Crying Society. I daresay we could all find something to call for our tears in the day. I was almost ready to cry yesterday when papa came whilst I was drawing to ask me to sew a button on his glove; I lost my note of the time, and had to begin my half hour again. I could not tell papa I was busy, I used to be so pleased to do all those little things for him; but now I have no time. O, dear! I cannot find my music book; it is a quarter-past seven before I can begin my practising—now it is over at a quarter to eight. The breakfast bell will ring at eight, so that I have no time to do anything more; and I should have had two half hours if that tiresome Betsy had not tidied away my music book. I have nothing to do; I think there ought to be a Society for spending spare minutes. The breakfast will soon be over—with the short allowance, one cup of tea and one piece of toast; our loaves are so small, I should like a slice from a good-sized quartern loaf.

Well, it is soon over. Now what shall I do? Mamma would like me to amuse the children, and I have always enjoyed a good game with them in the garden; but now I have no time. I wish there was a Society for amusing children; but that cannot be, for many of the members have no little brothers and sisters to amuse. Ah! they

are calling me. 'You must go away, my dears, and amuse yourselves.' I am afraid they will think me cross, but it can't be helped, I have so many duties to occupy me. I will do my deep reading; it will improve my mind to spend half an hour on the conic sections. I am sorry that I chose such a thick volume, it is rather dull, but I must finish it now that I have begun—how many half hours it will take! I daresay none of the other members have chosen so learned a book. I will take this half hour for my drawing. Now for my walk. I should like to call on Mrs. Fletcher, but I must not sit down during the half hour, or I shall lose my mark from the Walking Society. There ought to be a Visiting Society, indeed two would be desirable—one for friendly visits to our neighbours, the other to the cottagers around us. How shall I manage the talking half hour? I have nothing more to say to Kitty; besides, it is very difficult to keep her still for so long a time. I see a school girl coming in at the gate. I will call her in; if she looks about her and does not attend it will not signify, I shall get my mark from the Talking Society. Now that is over it will be pleasant to have my silent thinking time; I will sit in this easy chair and draw down the blind so that nothing may distract my mind! Now what shall I think about? About our various societies. What a methodical person I am becoming. Mamma will no longer have to complain of my being idle; the day is so regularly marked out in half hours that I cannot help doing right. I am thinking that I shall probably get more marks than any of the other members, because I attend so regularly to all the rules. How nice it is to have so many Societies to guide me, I have no trouble to think what I shall do—but I am thinking now. I wonder if all the other members are thinking now, and if they are thinking about our Societies. How pleasant it is to have half an hour for thinking; the chair is so comfortable and the light so soothing that it makes me feel sleepy, but I must rouse myself and think. I will look at my watch to see if I have been thinking the proper time; yes, it is just half an hour. Now I must practise my singing. I have liked that; now I will write my letter. To whom shall I write? Oh! I am in debt to Emily Pearson. Where is my desk?—that tiresome Betsy must have tidied it away. Yes, here it is—hid under the whatnot. O, this horrid pen! it will not make a stroke, and how long it will take to mend it! I must try to use steel ones. There, it will do now pretty well, but half my time is gone.

'My Dear Emily,—I am sorry that I have not been able to write to you before; I am so busy, I belong to so many Societies, I am become so industrious—never have a minute to spare. So Ellen is going to be married. I hope she will be happy; tell her I wish her joy; but I should not like to be going to India; hope she will not be eaten up by mosquitoes. Good-bye. Love to all. Your loving cousin,

'Maude.'

How delightfully laconic I am become! I have scribbled sadly, but that does not signify, I shall get a mark, and I will take pains to have one from the Handwriting Society.

It is ten o'clock. Before I undress I will look over my Societies' book and put down the marks I have earned. Early Rising Society + — Instrumental Music Society + —Singing do. + —Deep Reading Society + —Italian do. + —German + —French and Geological + —Drawing + — Talking + —Silent Thinking + —Walking + —Plain Work o —Fancy Work + —Crochet + —Knitting o — For Missionary and Charitable objects o — Essay Writing o — Letter Writing + — Moderate Eating Society +. I should like to belong to an Ambulance Society, but I fear I could not bring attendance to it within a half hour. How many marks I have gained to-day! How well I employ my time; it is really surprising how industrious I am. I find a difficulty about my thinking time. The children and servants fully understand now that I am not to be disturbed when they see me busy, but when they look and find me apparently doing nothing they begin to talk and ask questions, and will not understand that I am thinking. I must try to find a retired place, not my bed-room—for I share it with Bertha, and she, of course, will come in at any time. I should have intruders in the summer-house. The only place I can think of is the closet where Betsy keeps her brushes and dust-pan; there is space enough there for a stool, and I can go there when all the things are stowed away for the day. I will try it to-morrow.

I have a difficulty also about the Moderate Eating Society; the allowance is so small—one piece of toast or bread and butter at breakfast, the same at tea; never to partake of more than one dish at dinner, and only one helping of that, with one of pastry. I wish mamma would not help me so delicately. The afternoon tea I must also give up. O! how refreshing the cups of tea look with the lumps of sugar, and delicious cream, and how tempting are the slices of bread and butter; it is almost too tantalising! Another day I had better take that time for my brush closet, but oh! I am always hungry. I hope taking so little exercise will lessen my appetite; and the choking sensation of dust while I am thinking may help me. I must persevere, it would appear so greedy not to get a mark for the Moderate Eating Society; but, O, dear, I am feeling so very hungry. I will go to bed and try to sleep and forget it.

E. K.

KÖRNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD OF MADAME KÖRNER.

In the ancient German town of Leipsig there was a street called the Newmarket, and in that street, in the year 1765, there was a large old house adorned with the sign of a silver bear. It was not an inn, as

you might suppose, but a bookseller's establishment; one of those large warehouses stored with valuable books, new and old, which were established in some of the large towns.

Leipsig was the centre of the book trade in Germany, and publishers met there from all parts to negotiate the exchange of their publications when the great annual fair was held.

There were no book-shops in those days, and the only way in which people in the smaller towns could obtain books was by sending to one of these warehouses; so they were very important places. The proprietor of the Silver Bear was a rich man, his name was Breitkopf, and he lived in the first story above the warehouse. Above this was another story, much less commodious, which was occupied by an engraver named Stock; he was employed by Breitkopf, and he lived here with his wife, four little daughters, and a stepson.

If we could have looked into the long room at the top of the house some morning we might have seen the father seated at a broad table in front of the window, hard at work engraving. The mother, a comely matron a few years older than her husband, spinning busily near the stove, the baby asleep in the cradle, and the little girls at play (but very quietly, lest they should disturb father), while a large hound is couched at the engraver's feet. Presently a step is heard ascending the long stair.

'Is that the magister?' says Maria, the second child; 'surely he comes early, it is not yet eleven.'

'No,' replies Doris, the eldest. 'That is Herr Wolfgang's step. Look only at Joli, he is never pleased to see the magister.'

'No more are we,' says Mienchen, as the little Maria was called, and she laughs merrily.

The dog has risen, and stands with his head on one side, listening; then, as the door opens and a young man enters with rapid step, it springs to him with delight, performing all those antics by which dogs express their pleasure in re-union after the shortest absence.

The new comer is a youth of striking appearance, with long beautiful hair, tied at the back of his neck with a ribbon. He makes a profound bow to the mother, and greets the children with a nod, as he takes his place at the table beside the father, where he is evidently at home. Presently he turns round with a roguish look to the children, and begins to fumble in his pocket.

'Take no notice,' whispers Doris to her sister; but the little Mienchen cannot withdraw her eyes as Herr Wolfgang draws from the depths of his student's coat a sugared cake, and regards it with a contemplative air.

'Sweetmeats are not good for little girls,' he remarks; 'they spoil their nice white teeth. Come hither, Joli;' and in an instant the dog has devoured the tempting morsel.

Doris tries to look unconscious, but her heightened colour betrays her; and Mienchen's eyes fill with tears.

'Ah, Herr Wolfgang,' says the mother, 'how you always tease!' But the young man only laughs, and I am sorry to say the father joins in his merriment.

It was this little Mienchen who was afterwards the mother of Theodor Körner; and the young man was the great poet, Wolfgang von Goethe, then a student at Leipsig University, and about seventeen years of age.

He was a constant visitor in the simple household of the Stocks, and the children loved him, although his teasing gave them much annoyance. Seventy years afterwards Madame Körner remembered what she had endured in seeing the preference always given to the dog, as the grievance of her childhood.

Goethe had considerable taste for drawing, and the process of engraving interested him. Sometimes he would try to do a little himself, and succeeded pretty well; but he had not sufficient patience for the tedious work. Stock was a very industrious man, and when he had set himself a certain task, nothing would induce him to leave it unfinished; but sometimes Goethe, who enjoyed his society, would persuade him to put away his work and join some students' party, or accompany him to the celebrated Auerbach's cellar, where he was already making studies for his great poem, *Faust*. Then Madame Stock used to weep, and remonstrate with Goethe for inducing a married man to waste his time among thoughtless boys; but he had always some joke with which to turn away her reproaches, and though she sometimes parted from him in wrath, he was sure of forgiveness the next time he came.

Stock had married when he was only nineteen, too young to understand the responsibilities of a father. He was very fond of his children, and if he had been older I think he would not have encouraged Goethe in his teasing propensities, nor enjoyed making fun of his little girls, for most parents know that there is nothing children find so hard to bear as being laughed at.

This fun, as it was considered, came to a climax one Christmas time. It was Christmas Eve, when all little children in Germany expect to be very happy, and Doris and Maria, and their brother and sisters, were full of glad expectation, for was there not a real Christmas-tree in preparation? On a table adorned with evergreens were spread cakes and sweetmeats, and in the centre stood the small tree, brilliant with coloured tapers. Herr Wolfgang and the father were busy lighting the tapers, and the children's breath came quickly, and their eyes sparkled; surely the joyful moment had come. But, alas, Herr Wolfgang, leaving the room as the last taper was lit, presently returned, bringing with him the dog Joli! Walking on its hind legs, the dog was led up to the table, and solemnly introduced to its own Christmas-tree, when no doubt it soon made an end of the eatables, while the poor children had to content themselves with the plain spice cake their careful mother had provided for the occasion. Poor

little things! I hope they found something nice in their stockings the next morning; but Madame Körner has not told us, perhaps she forgot the compensation, while she still remembered the childish trial. Once in after years, when she had children of her own, she and her husband visited Goethe at Weimar, and she reminded him of their old grievances, and they laughed over them together; and Goethe was very kind to her son Theodor, and gave him counsel and help from his large experience when Theodor devoted himself to a literary life.

Now you shall hear what kind of lessons these little German girls received a hundred years ago. Every morning, about eleven, the magister (as they called the teacher) used to come for an hour to instruct them in religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic. As soon as he entered, he would call out from the door, 'Children, to prayers!' They then said mechanically a verse from the hymn-book, and proceeded to read for half an hour in the Bible, the remainder of the time been given to writing and arithmetic. He was a dry little man, and the most remarkable thing about him was his wig, which was all made of wire, so that the curls could never come out; he wore a peach-blossom coat, with black lace lappets, and the pockets of his waistcoat reached to his knees; his knee-breeches were of black stuff, with a shining, oily appearance, and he wore shoes with great buckles. He was rather timid, and Madame Körner had a vivid remembrance of one occasion when Goethe, who was often present during these lessons, quite terrified the poor little magister. They were just beginning to read a portion of the Old Testament, which the young man thought unsuited to the comprehension of little children, when he started up, snatched the Bible from the master's hands, and after lecturing him severely, turned to the fifth chapter of Matthew, and bade the children read that. They were, however, too frightened to speak, so he read it himself, and then gave them an explanation, much more instructive than one of the magister's discourses.

Goethe was quite right in objecting to the system; but it was hardly fair to blame the poor magister so much, for he only followed the universal custom, which was to use the Bible as the common reading-book, without taking any trouble to select those parts which children can understand and enjoy; very often, also, the explanation given by the teacher was the most puzzling part of the lesson.

Goethe stayed at Leipsig about three years, and I have no doubt those little girls were really sorry when he went away. He was not always teasing; sometimes he would draw pictures for them, or tell them stories. Madame Körner tells us that it was from him she and her sister first learned what romances were, and their early inclination for poetry was acquired almost unconsciously, while he was going in and out of their house so frequently. His influence was already making itself felt on the society in which they were to grow up.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

I.—HASTE *VERSUS* PATIENCE.

'HASTE comes from the devil,' says the Oriental maxim, 'but patience from the All-Merciful One.' The words fall reprovingly upon the ears of a generation which, more than any that have preceded it, will have all things done at a fiery speed, and which chafes rebelliously against the least semblance of delay. And strangely 'out of fashion' sound the following judgments passed upon haste by the wisest of men:—

'He that hasteth with his feet, sinneth.'

'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be held innocent.'

'He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him.'

'Seest thou a man that is hasty in his matters? * there is more hope of a fool than of him.'

'He that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.'

Is haste, then, of itself sinful? The tenour of these proverbs answers this question affirmatively; and a command is given which, on comparison, fully explains the prohibition they give:—

'*Ponder* the path of thy feet.'

Hurry, anxious speed, passionate earnestness, may be the universal order of the age, but they are none the less opposed to the watchful patience, the 'quietness and confidence,' inculcated by every part of Scripture alike. Nor is a certain deliberation in our whole tone of mind and manner of life in the least inconsistent with true diligence; for it is proverbial that quiet, thoughtful workers, whether of hand or head, invariably prove the more efficient ones. But there are some results with which it is incompatible in the struggling, noisy field of competition which life has become. If you want to do what is popularly called '*getting on* fast,' and which generally means the rapid acquisition of money or position, you must not take so old-fashioned a mentor as King Solomon. And remember his significant comment—

'An inheritance may be hastily gotten at the beginning, but *the end thereof shall not be blessed.*'

This may have been spoken especially of inheritance, but who can doubt that it includes all such sudden changes as have been so common in our own country by the acquisition of wealth, hastily and not too scrupulously acquired? Can any one doubt his opinion of our bubble companies and gamblings on the Stock Exchange? And remember, though at the first glance this may seem the temptation of business men alone, it is not so in reality. Who can deny that Englishwomen, even more than their husbands and brothers, have of late years been conspicuous for their eager pursuit after riches, and the social status they bring? They have allowed themselves to fall precisely into the

* Marginal reading, Proverbs xxix. 20.

tone of mind described by Solomon as 'making haste to be rich,' and he condemns it unsparingly more than once :—

'They shall *not be held innocent!*'

Hebrew scholars must tell us which is the more accurate translation, that which we have quoted or the marginal reading, '*shall not be unpunished*'; either is sufficiently plain in its denunciation. All that striving to enrich ourselves, to mount rapidly in the social scale, which occupies the greater portion of civilised humanity, comes under condemnation alike. And if we compare therewith the precepts of our Lord and His Apostles, wherein lies the difference?—

'They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.'*

'Mind not high things, but *be contented with mean things.*'†

The Christian Apostle goes yet further than the Israelitish king; he forbids us to covet even the refinements, which tempt so many to seek wealth, more than even the wealth itself which will procure them. Yet though both teachings coincide, both seem alike forgotten. The 'evil eye,' the 'many hurtful lusts,' are dangers ignored in our day; *all* 'will be rich,' or, if they cannot, will at least spend life trying to become so and to appear so. They 'consider not that poverty shall come upon them'; not only the poverty of the grave, whither 'it is certain we can carry nothing out,' but the earlier, drearier *poverty of covetousness!* . . There is such a thing; a terrible impoverishment of mind and heart, which enjoys nothing, yet craves incessantly. Accumulated riches may be around, but the power to relish them is gone; even had it remained, 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,' and enjoyment is eternally limited to personal capacity; but most often the very faculty departs—evaporated in the fierce struggle to get and gain—the wealth is there, and its owner is a very pauper in heart.

But 'haste to be rich' is not the only thing condemned by Solomon; he has some very sarcastic comments on rashness of various kinds :—

'Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him.'

Our Bible has rendered it '*words*,' while the margin translates it '*his matters*,' i.e., the concerns and business of life; but the device of expressions only renders the warning more impressive. If hastiness of speech be the fault reproved, S. James's command comes to mind as commentary :—

'Let every man be swift to hear, *slow to speak, slow to wrath.*'

S. Paul only amplifies the same thought when he bids us 'put away *all clamour*,' as well as all evil 'speaking;' and again, in the Epistle to the Colossians, says :—

'Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, *that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.*'

* 1 Timothy vi. 9. † See marginal reading of Romans xii. 16.

How can either injunction be so much as remembered by a man 'hasty in his words'? And if by our words we are to be judged, as our Lord solemnly forewarns us (S. Matt. xii. 37), what awful reason for deliberation of speech at all times! 'Therefore,' reiterates Solomon, 'suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin.'

But the other rendering is equally consonant to the commands of the New Testament. No two attitudes of mind could be less in agreement than a feverish haste to be doing, and the 'rest unto the soul' promised by Him Who calls upon all to take up His yoke. His whole example is a condemnation of the 'restless will that hurries to and fro'; and we have an especial instance in the dignified patience which bid the Baptist recognise in His unobtrusive career of mercy the promised mission of the Messiah. And how can a mind absorbed in haste to accomplish its own selfish aims be prepared to—

'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away. . . . . Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain,' &c.*

We leave ourselves no time to so much as recollect such commands of our Lord and His Apostles as these:—

'Be patient toward all men'; 'long-suffering;' 'bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things!' '*tarry thou the Lord's leisure!*' 'rest in the Lord, and *wait patiently* for Him.' . . . .

The very ideas have become obsolete, while all our 'matters' are begun, continued, and ended in fiery haste—the 'express speed' of the century: how *can* we 'think on these commands to do them'? Yet there they stand, beacons of warning for whosoever really wishes to obey the Divine law.

But Preacher and Apostle agree also in giving a special counsel against being what the former calls '*short of spirit*' (Proverbs xiv. 29),† an expression much like our own phrase 'short-tempered.' We have already quoted the 'slow to wrath' of S. James; Solomon goes more fully into the matter, and every one of his sayings about it are well worth 'laying up' in the heart:—

'He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly.'

'He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.'

'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'

'The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.'

'Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go: lest thou learn his ways and get a snare to thy soul.'

'He that is of a proud heart stirreth up strife.'

* St Matthew v. 41, 42. † Marginal reading.

'Only by pride cometh contention.'

'Better is the patient in spirit than the proud in spirit.'

These three last verses give the key to the whole; pride is the poison-drop in the soul, which will not let it wait ere resenting a seeming injury. 'This or that slight must be avenged on the spot—or, at any rate, if not avenged, resented by angry words.' Patience, on the contrary, counsels 'to defer anger'; and pleads that there may be some unknown explanation, some unguessed excuse, for our brother's provoking word or act. The Bible is full of these *helps* to obedience of its own commands. The hurt spirit cries out that it *cannot* forgive this or that injury; patience bids us first wait and see if, after all, it is so cruel, so intentional, as appears; afterwards, if need be, it must indeed be forgiven as we would ourselves obtain forgiveness. But very likely that pause, ere we made haste to avenge our wounded self-love, will bring to light that we should have been guilty of injustice in so doing. In every case it will have become easier to do right from the mere exercise of temporary self-control, and approving conscience will have had time to remind us of the far truer glory—

'To err is human, to forgive divine!'

One other safeguard in the ways of life was suggested by Solomon, twenty-five centuries before Shakespeare put into the mouth of shrewd old Polonius, 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel.' Long ages earlier, the Wise King had said—

'Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof, when thy neighbour hath put thee to shame.'

'He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.'

'He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.'

'He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him.'

'The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water, therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with.'

And yet once more—

'He that is *of a proud heart* stirreth up strife!'

Let us believe it, each one for ourselves, that almost irresistible desire to take up weapons of offence and defence at every provocation comes straight from our pride, which will *not* 'wait upon the Lord,' nor believe that 'He will save us,'* and His own cause of Right and Truth, and His Church, from oppression and wrong, if only we will first allow His good Spirit to save us from wrath and revenge. For 'with the lowly is wisdom . . . . and *before honour is humility!*' . . .

* 'Say not thou "I will recompense evil," but wait on the Lord and He shall save thee.'

(*To be continued.*)

Spider Subjects.

GIVE THE DEFINITION OF HALL, BUTTERY, KITCHEN, PANTRY, DAIRY, LAUNDRY, STUDY, LIBRARY, LARDER, SALOON, ROOM, CHAMBER, DRAWING-ROOM, GARRET, ATTIC, AND LOFT, AND SHOW THE STAGES OF CIVILISATION TO WHICH THESE TERMS TESTIFY.

Nightingale has done altogether the best with the house, but we supplement her hall from Marsh Mallow, and her buttery from President, who is too much of a mere dictionary. Thistle is too long; Fossil is good, but she need not fetch her 'attic' from Sanskrit, for, as President remarks, the word came in at the 'era of false taste,' when so-called Greek architecture was the fashion, and people became ashamed of sleeping in the garret, which, as Bog Oak tells us, was once the place of honour, as most secure, and with better windows; Inez, good.

The *hall* is defined by Johnson as being, the 'first large room of a house.' It is indeed of very ancient origin, for in the houses of the early Saxons the hall was the principal, and often the only, apartment. It was furnished with benches round the walls, with a high seat at the end for the master of the house. As civilisation increased, the hall continued to be the principal room, the scene of festivity, and sometimes the hall of justice; but in the Middle Ages it was often built over strongly vaulted and capacious cellars, the great height thus attained giving it an appearance of grandeur. In the thirteenth century the upper end of the hall was raised a step above the general level; and on this dais the principal guests at the repast took their place. Chimneys were rarely introduced into the halls of the Middle Ages, and they were not in common use until the times of the Tudors.

The word *buttery* is declared by Skinner to be derived from an old French verb, *bouter*, to 'place' or 'lay up.' Thus the buttery is the room in which provisions are laid up. The use of the buttery appears to show some advance in civilisation, for it would not seem that such an apartment was necessary in early times, when every one lived, as it were, from hand to mouth; but in the Middle Ages it was found convenient for the castles and manor-houses to be provided with some large office, in which to lay up provisions, which were procured whenever opportunity offered, many of the houses being situated far away from the marts of commerce. The buttery was under the charge of the butler, who was an important person in the manor-houses of the Middle Ages, and from the buttery-hatch he dispensed stores to the cook, and gave out the rations of meat, wine, and beer.

The word *kitchen* is derived from the Welsh '*kegin*,' * and is the room in which provisions are cooked. In the time of the Saxons, the cooking was carried on in the open air, either in the courtyard of the mansion, or outside the castle walls. In the Middle Ages, as soon as the barons began to lead a less migratory life, the kitchen came to be regarded as an important office in the house, and it was generally built quite close to the hall. In some instances, the ground-floor of the tower was used as a kitchen, and in other cases the kitchen occupied one side of the castle yard.

* Or the German *kuchen* to cook'

The *pantry* is at the present day an office in a household especially appropriated to a butler, although it appears to have been originally a repository for provisions.

The word *dairy* is from *dey*, an old French word for 'milk;' it is where cheese is made and milk kept.

The *laundry* is the room in which linen, &c., is washed. There appears to have been no need for a regular laundry before the fifteenth century, at which period it is evident that there was a marked improvement in the matter of cleanliness. The linen to be washed was placed in a large tub, and danced upon by several washerwomen at once. Lye was used instead of soap, so the cost was not great. The expenses of a laundry in a ducal establishment consisting of 170 persons, in the reign of Henry VIII., came to forty shillings for the whole year, but this moderate sum is of course partly due to the small amount of washing considered necessary at that day.

The *study* is a room appropriated to literary employment; such an apartment used formerly to be found only in monastic buildings; and it is of comparatively modern date for a room in a private house to be set apart as a study.

The *library* is an apartment in which a large collection of books, whether public or private, is kept. The word is derived from the Latin *liber*, book. In early times, when learning was chiefly confined to monks and other ecclesiastics; the religious houses were always provided with libraries. No ancient example exists of the mode of fitting up libraries, although books were sometimes kept in chests, as was the case with those belonging to the University of Oxford, before the erection of Duke Humphrey's Library. For the sake of security, the books were sometimes chained to the cases or desks. In 1479, Laurent Surrean, canon of Rouen, bequeathed eighteen volumes, which he directed should be secured with chains, to the library of his cathedral. In the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the libraries in private houses were sometimes in the attic-story.

The *larder* is where meat is kept or salted. The barronial mansions of the Middle Ages were provided with a larder where meats were cured.

The *saloon*—this term is most often applied to a large room in a hotel or public building, as a reading-saloon. It is from the French *salon*.

Room.—This is the word by which in modern parlance, almost all the apartments in a house are called. Its history is similar to that of a chamber.

A *chamber* is also an apartment in a house, although it is now generally used in reference to those appropriated to lodging. The chambers or bowers in the Norman castle usually adjoined the hall, but were considered to be of very little importance, as they contributed nothing to the state and dignity of the baron. Bed-chambers were seldom considered necessary, and even when constructed, were of a most temporary character—those attached to the palaces of Henry III. were rough erections of timber. In the days of chivalry, however, 'my lady's chamber' came to be regarded as worthy of every procurable luxury, and the bower-window usually overlooked some 'pleasant pleying place,' and round the lattice honeysuckle and roses were trained. At the time when glass was far too rare and costly for the hall, it was placed in the casement of the lady's bower. The mistress of the house

entertained her friends in her bower, which was also her bed-chamber, and the bed, richly arrayed, was the seat of honour at that period.

The *drawing-room* is supposed to be a corruption of 'withdrawing-room.' The first notice we have of this room is in the fourteenth century, and it is a clear proof of progress in the appreciation of refinement and comfort; for this apartment, though not partaking of the publicity of the hall, obviated the necessity of encroaching upon the privacy of the bed-chamber. There was often at this period a portal behind the dais in the hall leading to this withdrawing-room by a short flight of steps. This apartment was also called the 'chamber of pleasaunce,' the privy parlour, and the 'parlering' or speaking room. The dinner of the baron was occasionally served in the withdrawing-room, as being more private than the hall; but this was considered a serious infringement of ancient custom. In some rules for the royal household in 1458, it was ordered that 'settynge in the hall be kepte after the old custom;' and in 1526, a complaint is made of the way in which 'sondrie nobilmen and gentlemen, and others, doe much delighte and use to dine in corners and secret places, not repairing to the high chamber.'

Garret is from the French *garite*, the tower of a citadel. The term is applied to the highest floor of a house; and it is usually either in, or just under the roof. A garret generally implies a miserable room at the top of a poor lodging-house.

Attic.—This is properly a low story above an entablature, or above the cornice, which limits the height of the main part of the building. The etymology of the term is uncertain, although it was probably first applied to the upper range of columns in a Greek temple—whence the Latin *atticum*—and its signification of a story superimposing the general edifice.

A *loft* is also built in the roof of a building, although it is not always a room, the term being sometimes applied to a gallery or small chamber raised within a larger apartment or edifice, as a hay-loft, a music-loft, a singing-loft, a rood-loft, etc. The loft had its origin in the houses of the trading classes, in the fifteenth century, at which time these houses rarely consisted of more than a ground-floor, with a 'lofet' above. Froissart mentions a house of this kind, in which the Duke of Flanders took refuge during the storming of Bruges by the Ghent army, and which he asserts to have been a very unfit habitation, without halls or apartments, having but one poor chamber, over which was a 'loft,' ascended by a ladder of seven steps. NIGHTINGALE.

Hall—Anglo-Saxon, *heal;* German, *halle;* French, *halle;* Italian, *sala;* Latin, *aula;* Greek, *ante;* a courtyard; a large room or passage at the entrance of a house. A *covered* building, where persons assemble, or where goods are protected from the weather. A covered building, where persons meet or assemble for the administration of justice, or the transaction of business; where goods are stationed or deposited; *covered* or protected from the weather; where persons wait (under cover) till admitted to the interior. The German *halle*, as applied to a structure formed for a dwelling or habitation, is derived by Wachter from the German *hüllen*, to cover; and Tooke believes it to be the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb, *helan*, to cover; in Old English, to hele, to heal, to hil. A hall is of very ancient date; we hear of it in the most remote times. MARSH MALLOW.

Pantry.—It is no longer a store-room for bread, but has become a household apartment of multifarious uses. Now-a-days the butler there reigns supreme; and it is amusing to wonder how the butler, being as he was the bôteler or bottleman, first obtained possession of the *pantry*, where originally he must have been thoroughly out of place; but this he did, without doubt, manage, and has retained dominion ever since. PRESIDENT.

We must defer Lady Margaret for want of room; Nightingale correct, and only a little dry; Meg, fair; Bumble-Bee, pretty and fanciful; Ignoramus has some curious facts; Bruce's Spider, fair: The Muffin-Man and Cape Jessamine, good; Lady Betty, careful; Beatrice, not full enough; Rafela and Waikatu are both excellent.

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green."

WALTER SCOTT.

The holly belongs to the genus Ilex, of the order Aquifoliaceæ. Our English holly is the Ilex Aquifolium, and is common, not only in Britain, but in many parts of the Continent of Europe. The Saxon name for it was holeyn; and it now bears, besides the familiar name of holly, also those of 'holm' and 'halver.' Its hard and very white wood is used much in turnery-work, and for making knife-handles and other things. Bird-lime is made from the bark. The leaves of the holly are said to be beneficial in jaundice, and used, together with the bark, in intermittent fever.

The holly tree! There are few words perhaps in the English language that could conjure up for us so many pleasant pictures. As we see the noble hollies that adorn some of our woods and parks, our imagination may carry us back to the times when great forests still covered large tracts of country in England; and conspicuous among the forest trees, and tangled growth of bushes and creepers, rose the holly, sometimes twenty or thirty feet high; with its smooth, glossy stem, dark shining foliage, and bright red clustered berries. A beautiful sight; and we can imagine Robin Hood and his brave outlaws, Little John, and jolly Friar Tuck, and all the merry company, sitting down to their sylvan repast among the noble trees. Most people know Southey's pretty poem, founded on the circumstance that while the lower leaves of the holly are armed with the sharp prickles of which we have all had our experience, on some of the higher branches the leaves are perfectly smooth. The flowers of the holly grow in little clusters of very small white blossoms, and have rather a strong scent. The holly, when well-trimmed and cut, is well adapted for forming a thick close hedge, such a hedge as old John Evelyn had, at Saye's Court, which was 400 feet long, 9 feet high, and 5 feet broad; and we can sympathise with his distress at its wanton destruction by the Czar of Muscovy, Peter the Great (who certainly on that occasion ill-deserved his title!) He made some of his attendants wheel him in a wheelbarrow, backwards and forwards through the hedge; actuated, it seems, by a childish love of mischief, unworthy of a great mind. At Tynninghame, in Scotland, there were 2,952 yards of holly hedges, most of them upwards of 140 years old. There

is some superstition about the holly tree among the followers of Zoroaster, who believe that the sun never throws its shadow; and it is said that the modern Parsees throw water, in which holly is infused, in the face of a newly-born infant. Few things are more closely interwoven with the national life of England than the holly. The Englishman, wandering perhaps in a far distant country, where everything is new and unconnected with his past life, should he chance to see in some window a spray of the familiar tree, will, for a moment, unless the love of home and country be dead within him, be carried away in thought to days long past; familiar faces will rise before him, which perhaps he may never see again; and as he thinks of his childhood, he will feel perhaps the longing to be again as he was then.

The holly is so inseparably connected with our great Christian festival of Christmas, that among the poor, the usual name for it is 'Christmas:' formerly it was called *Yule*, the Saxon name for the festival. A poor family will have their 'bit of Christmas' over the fire-place to celebrate the Christmas feast, and in more luxurious dwellings, what associations rise in our minds of Christmas Eve, with the great branches of holly, berry-laden, brought in and twined in graceful wreaths, or stuck about our rooms in bunches. It is probable that this custom is a remnant of ancient Druidism. Among the Romans, too, there was a custom of sending boughs of holly, with New Year's gifts, to their friends, as emblematical of good wishes; and perhaps our own use of it may be partly derived from this source. In olden times holly and ivy were always combined in Christmas decoration, and are so still among ourselves. There is, in the *Harleian Miscellany*, a poem, written in the form of a dialogue between the holly and the ivy, in which the former reproaches the latter with only producing berries which are eaten by the birds, while the ivy replies that the branches of the holly are worthless, except to be browsed upon by deer. Then, too, to many of us, what recollections there are of Christmas Eve spent in the Church, working hard to finish our decorations for the next day; our fingers perhaps smarting with many a wound from the sharp prickles of refractory branches of holly, and on Christmas morning, as we gather together for the bright glad Christmas service, the holly-wreaths meet our eyes with their time-honoured witness to the 'good tidings of great joy,' and mingle their subtle sense of old association with the glad chords of the hymn:—

'Hark! the Herald Angels sing.'

Who would feel it Christmas without the holly?

'Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont
That guard the portals of the house.'

And who cannot join too in the feeling of the words which follow? Happy the household that knows it not—

'With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas Eve.'

But the bright-berried holly shall speak to us in more cheerful tones as we part from it, and remind us that it is 'evergreen,' and so, eloquent, not of memory only, but also of unfading hope. RAFELA.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

The National Flowers of each Country.

What is the Gulf-stream?

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

No judgment can be given, because some papers, *e.g.* the Spanish sentence, have never come back. The first verse of Gray's Elegy.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Vertumnus has no special remark to make on the packets of specimens of the genus *Linaria* that have reached him, except to notice a general improvement as regards neatness of arrangement. Several members have given excellent and well-illustrated definitions of the various botanical terms proposed,—an exercise which will be found extremely profitable, if carefully and intelligently performed. For January, *Vertumnus* gives the following. Different kinds of *Root* and of *Stem*, with examples not taken from the Manual consulted. Appended is the promised list of *genera* for the months of 1880.

January—Any that can be found. Give some account of the life and system of Linnæus. February—Ditto. Brief notice of Ray the naturalist. March—*Ranunculaceæ*. April—*Stellaria*. May—*Orchis* and *Ophrys*. June—*Saxifraga*. July—*Trifolium*. August—*Malvaceæ*. September—*Polygonum*. October—*Lactuca* and *Crepis*. November—*Lycopodium*. December—*Lastræa*.

Five members have withdrawn; but their places will be filled up from those who have already made application for admission.

Notices to Correspondents.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Lady Superintendent of S. Monica's Home begs to acknowledge the receipt of 10*s.* 6*d.* from E. L. P.

The Daisy Chain Cot, from Aucuba, 5*s.*

The Bishop of Truro, 2*s.* for his *Cathedral Fund*, from a 'Reader of the *Monthly Packet* in the Isle of Man.'

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, 5, *Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.*, thankfully acknowledges, for the above:—M. A. S., 1*s.*; per Miss Tower, 2*s.* 6*d.*; per Rev. J. Boniface, 1*s.* 7*d.* 76*l.* is still needed. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Miss Best, Goole, Yorkshire, begs to thank a correspondent for a copy of *Posies for thine own Bedchamber*, sent from Windermere.

CHARITIES.

Will any readers of *The Monthly Packet* kindly assist me towards getting some fuel for a number of very poor people. Owing to the wetness of the year, scarcely any peat has been saved. Sums, however small, thankfully received by *Miss Annie Bolster, Glen Mount, Kanturk, Co. Cork, Ireland.*

If *M. S. H.* will apply to the Lady Superintendent, Children's Home, Rhyl, I think she may find what she requires. Ladies are there trained as nurses.—*L. M. W.*

Grey Squirrel recommends strongly to *M. S. H.* the Children's

Hospital, Pendlebury, Manchester—new, and comfortable, and liberal in all arrangements. Ladies can either pay 10*l.* for three months, or bind, under very just terms, for two years.—Address, *Miss Lückes.* Or East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, E. Ladies pay 1*l.* 1*s.* a week.—Address, *Miss Johnson.* For hip disease only, 19, *Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, London.*

F. A. N.—Parcels of books, &c., for the South African Colonies are received (carriage paid) at *Mr. Savory's*, 8, *Bishopsgate Avenue, Camomile Street, London.* Those for the Cape, to be addressed to *Miss Borrodaile.* Those for the other colonies to *Miss E. Wigram.*

Miss Hornby has some knitting cotton, coarse and fine, left from different work, which she will be happy to give to any one who can make it useful. Apply to *Miss Hornby, 2, Rothsay Villas, Richmond, S. W.*

The Ladies' Samaritan Society, belonging to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Chest, Golden Square.—This Society is for the aid of the patients who are in poverty and distress, and it supplements the hospital treatment by help in food and clothing. But its work must cease next year unless contributions in money can be obtained, as the funds are exhausted. The great desire is for yearly subscriptions, however small; but there is pressing need for immediate help. Address—*Miss F. T. Ashmore*, 14, *Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, London.*

Gifts of old clothing, list off flannel, and scraps of any material, in large or small quantities, earnestly begged for, to re-make for some of the thousands of destitute poor in the Holborn and Southwark districts. All parcels will be gratefully received, and thankfully acknowledged, by *Mrs. J. B. Hardy, Woodleigh, Lordship Lane, Dulwich, Surrey, S.E.*

We are requested to state, with regard to the distress at Shoreditch, that a branch of the Charity Organisation Society, with an almoner, for the relief of distress, is working there in conjunction with the Sisters, and is ready to investigate any pressing case.

We are requested to state that admission to the House of Rest for Women in Business is to be obtained by a subscriber's ticket—each annual subscriber of 1*l.* 1*s.* is entitled to a recommendation ticket for a period of three weeks. Each 'visitor' to the 'House,' thus recommended, paying 5*s.* per week. The 'House of Rest' is under a Committee, consisting of the Rev. John Henett, M.A., the Duchess of Sutherland, Miss Roberts, and the Misses Skinner. Applications for admission to the 'House,' and all particulars, may be obtained from Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe. Subscriptions and donations to be sent to the Rev. John Henett, Babbacombe, or paid to the National Provincial Bank, Torquay.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'Then the damsel's heart was softened, and quick came the damsel's breath,
For she deemed that the knight had departed to the very realm of death.'

'Then no word answered Gudrun as she waded up the stream,
And stretched out her hand to Brynhild, and thereon was a golden gleam;
And she spake and her voice was but little: thou mayst know by this token and sign
If the best of the kings of man-folk, and the men of men be thine.'

Lohengrin.

'Oh, Christ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The friends we love, that they might tell us
What and where they be.'

Adoxa.

'Think of me in the other room.'

C. M.

'Lay him down,—his work is done;
Vain for him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman;'

and what is the remainder of the poem?—*C. E. H. Y., Callington.*

'For ah! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banish'd men,
That they who once have seen His face
Can never rest on earth again.'

Arley Bristol.

'The people, Lord, the people;
Not thrones and crowns, but men.'

B. A.

QUESTIONS.

The name of a French story, written by Henri Murger, about a cricket and a beetle.—*L. C.*

The origin and derivation of the French tricolour.—*Ellen M. Blunt.*

What poet wrote a description of 'the twin soul that halves our own?' I mean a fuller account than that given by Matthew Arnold.—*L. G. M.*

F. M. R.—A half-yearly, half-hourly reading society.

ANSWERS.

J. H. S.—Ernest Adams's *Elements of the English Language*, Bell and Daldy. Noël et Chapsal's *French Grammar and Exercises.*

Tuberose is recommended to write to *Lloyd's Magazine*, edited by Leonard Lloyd. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

G. G. can procure a copy of *Theologia Germanica*, by S. Winkworth, from the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., London, price 4*s.* 6*d.*—*Miss D. C. Garde, Cranham Lodge, Cheltenham.*

Ellen M. Blunt.—'How they brought the good news to Ghent' has no historical foundation.

It was a converted Jew, not an Emperor, who built a church at the entrance of the Ghetto, and had the words, 'All day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people,' inscribed over the doorway, so that every Jew must see it as he leaves the Ghetto. See Hare's *Walks in Rome.*—*E. L. M.* Answered also by *J. B.*

E. L. M. thinks that the verse *Mrs. Barton* asks for comes from 'My Psalm,' by the American poet, Whittier. It runs thus:—

'And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play.'

C. K. would suggest White's *Universal History* as a valuable help in Comparative Chronology, and some small *Manuals for Teachers* on the creeds, daily services, &c., by the Rev. E. J. Boyce (S.P.C.K.), as text-books of the Prayer-book. Miss Yonge's educational works are also most useful, and have the merit of being more interesting than many similar books. *C. K.* would specially recommend *Conversations on the Catechism*, and *Landmarks of History*, with which she is personally acquainted.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXI.

JARNAC AND MONCONTOUR.

1568—1570.

THE same work went on in France as in the Netherlands. The Huguenots felt that the sovereigns were banded against them, and that the peace lately granted was worse than war. When the good Chancellor l'Hôpital was dismissed by the Queen on the plea that his age required rest, they gave up all hope of being treated with good faith, and they put no confidence in his successor, Jean de Morvillier.

So, early in 1568, the Admiral de Coligny, who had just lost his wife, Charlotte de Laval, brought his little children, whom he was afraid to leave behind him, to the Castle of Noyers in Burgundy, there to consult with the Prince of Condé. They soon learnt that royal troops were being sent to guard the approaches to the castle, and a spy was taken measuring the depth of the moat. At the same time a messenger was captured bringing a letter from Marshal de Tavannes, the deputy-governor of Burgundy, saying 'The stag is in the toils, advance your men.'

Tavannes' son says in his memoirs that orders had really been sent him to arrest the Prince and the Admiral, but that he did not wish to meddle with them, and therefore contrived that the letter should fall into their hands, by way of warning.

It had the desired effect. The two friends decided on departing at once, but they could hope for no place of safety short of La Rochelle, and they had only 150 horsemen at hand to guard their families. The Admiral had his four young children, two still in arms; the Prince had a delicate wife and three infants; and D'Andelot's wife and her

two children were with him, while he himself was away collecting assistance in Anjou and Brittany. When the cavalcade of servants, women and children reached the Loire, they found that all the bridges were guarded; but the stream was low, and a boatman showed them a ford near Sancerre. It was at nightfall, but Condé rode through the water first of all, with one of his little boys before him, on his horse, and the rest followed, singing, the Psalm 'When Israel came out of Egypt.' For the Loire was always considered as a sort of boundary line between the Catholic and the Huguenot. There were of course many Catholics in the south, and many Reformed in the north; but, as a general rule, the majority was thus divided. In two days more Condé had reached La Rochelle, where he was enthusiastically received, and told the citizens that he would do all in his power for them. 'And as a pledge of my faith,' he said, 'I leave you my most precious jewels, my wife and children.' In return, the Rochellais offered him their lives and property. The nobles of Poitou and Guyenne thronged to him, and his sister-in-law, Queen Jeanne of Navarre, arrived from Béarn with 4,000 men, and her son Henri, then fifteen years old. When the citizens received him with a long speech, his answer was, 'Messieurs, I have not studied enough to speak as well as you do, but I will *do* better.'

This was the beginning of the fourth of the so-called Wars of Religion. The immediate consequence of the retreat to La Rochelle was the enactment of an edict which was registered by the Parliament of Paris, forbidding the exercise of any religion but that of the Church of Rome, and banishing all Reformed ministers from the realm within fifteen days. The edict declared that all former acts of toleration had been wrung from the King by force, and against his will, and that he was firmly resolved to grant no more.

On this, Coligny's brother, the Cardinal Odet de Chatillon, found himself obliged to flee from his bishopric at Beauvais. Being unable to reach La Rochelle, he made his way to England, where he was kindly received by Queen Elizabeth.

None of the sovereigns of those days had the smallest scruple as to assisting one another's rebels; and Elizabeth gave her sanction to a fleet, equipped at La Rochelle, cruising in the Channel in the service of the Reformed. The Count de Montgommeri, the same who had caused the death of Henri II., was a chief leader of these privateers.

The Huguenot army, when collected at Aubeterre, under Condé, numbered 20,000 foot, and 3,000 horse. The Royalists, under the young Duke of Anjou, had the same number of men, but 1,000 more of theirs were mounted. There was ferocity on both sides. The Huguenots had nothing to live on but pillage, and this led to cruelty and rapine, which such good men as Coligny and D'Andelot vainly tried to restrain. When Angoulême was taken, Coligny found an officer named Puy Viaud permitting his men to take away the horses of some gentlemen,

contrary to the treaty, and was so angry, that Condé scarcely prevented his striking the offender with a stick. Puy Viaud was asked why he did not call the Admiral to account, and answered, 'I bear everything from my master, nothing from the enemy,' an answer that was admired.

Nothing of importance was done during the winter; the cold was great, and the troops in no condition for a battle, though there were many sharp skirmishes, and towns were taken on each side and savagely dealt with. In March, 1569, the two armies were on the opposite banks of the river Charente, where Condé hoped to meet a band of German allies, and Anjou meant to attack him before they arrived. There were two bridges. The one at Châteauneuf was broken down, the other at Jarnac was held by the Huguenots, but they did not keep sufficient guard over the broken one, and in the night of the 13th of March the Royalists repaired it and crossed over.

Coligny, who was nearest, sent to the Prince for aid, but soon found himself so overmatched that he sent off another messenger advising Condé not to advance to help him, but himself to retreat.

'Heaven forbid,' said Condé, 'that Louis de Bourbon should ever turn his back upon the enemy,' and then turning to his brother-in-law, François de la Rochefoucauld, he added, 'Our good uncle *fait un pas de clerc*; but the wine is drawn, and we must drink.' The Prince had only 300 horsemen with him, and he must have been in a mood of desperation, or else not have known the full odds when he reached the spot where the other division was retreating before the dense columns of Royalist horse, 800 in number. His arm was in a sling from a fall the day before, and at that moment Rochefoucauld's horse kicked and broke a bone of his leg. He turned to his men, and showing them his maimed limbs, then pointing upwards to the device on his banner, 'Welcome Death for Christ and Country,' he cried, 'French nobles, here is the longed-for moment. Remember the state in which Louis de Bourbon goes into battle for Christ and country.'

Then bending his head, he charged at full gallop with his three hundred. At first all gave way before them, and for a few moments the Royalists thought the day was lost, but coming up in fresh numbers, they absolutely crushed the gallant little band. An old man, named La Vergue, who had gone into the battle with twenty-five sons, nephews, and grandchildren, was found killed in the midst of fifteen of them, all heaped round him. Condé's own horse was killed under him, and his hurts prevented him from mounting another. He leant with his back against a tree, while his friends fell round him, and at last, seeing two Catholic gentlemen with whom he had been on friendly terms, he called them by name, raised his visor, and held out his gauntlet in token of surrender. They leapt from their horses, and swore to defend him to the utmost. The cavalry swept by in pursuit. Presently

were seen the red mantles of the Duke of Anjou's own guards, men noted for brutal ferocity. 'Hide your face,' cried one of the gentlemen. 'Alas, Argence, you will not be able to save me,' replied Condé, and he covered his face. The guards passed, but their captain, Montesquieu, drew bridle and asked what prisoner was there. On hearing, he cried, 'Kill! kill!' and shot the prince through the head from behind.

There was no shame about this treacherous murder of a surrendered prisoner. The body was thrown across an ass, and brought to Anjou, who, with his friends, laughed and joked; while the Reformed captives sobbed and wept and kissed the hands and disfigured face. However, the corpse was restored to the family, and buried at Vendôme, the castle of the Bourbons.

A *Te Deum* was sung at Paris, and the captured standards were sent to Rome, where the Pope, Pius V. himself attended the presentation at St. Peter's, while a popular song at Paris rejoiced over the death of 'the great foe of the Mass.' Condé was but thirty-nine, a small, slight, dark man, with an engaging manner which won him much love; but a Calvinist more by policy than religion, and without adopting its stern morality.

Another prisoner killed in cold blood was Robert Stewart, who was recognised by the Marquis de Villars as having given his brother, the Constable, his death wound. Begging the prisoner from the young Duke of Anjou, he had him led a little apart and literally hacked to pieces. The usages of chivalrous and Christian warfare were getting set aside and forgotten. Heretics, like infidels, were supposed to be out of the pale of humanity, and it was actually preached that no faith was to be kept with them; while on their side, they regarded the Catholics as idolaters, Canaanites, or Amalekites, against whom all cruelty was praiseworthy. Thus such honourable and merciful actions as did take place on either side arose either from the old hereditary instincts of gentlemen, from family connection or friendship, or from an exceptional sense of Christian duty; and these French wars of religion were probably the most horrible on record. Henri of Anjou, the favourite son of Catherine, was a great promoter of their savagery. He was still so young that he had probably not outgrown the boyish fancy that violence and cruelty mean strength and courage, and the notion was encouraged by the spirit of the time. He was also an exceedingly fine and dainty gentleman, after the fashion of the day, which loved elaborate finery and splendour, and he thought that gallantry consisted in rude and coarse attentions; but what his mother preferred him for was, that he was the only one of her sons whom she could wholly influence, and he was as perfect in dissimulation as herself.

François had been chiefly under Guise influence, but would not be accessory to a murder, even at their bidding; Charles was helplessly

obedient, and durst not resist his mother; yet he too had a conscience of his own. The two people he loved best in the world were his old nurse, Philipote, and the surgeon, Ambroise Paré, both Huguenots; and he loathed her policy, the persecutions, and the civil war. He could not stop her, so he threw his whole soul into hunting, and into Ronsard's poetry; sometimes lamenting bitterly that he had never had a kingly education, but without energy to make up the deficiency. She must have been constantly afraid that as he grew up he would break from her, and take the government into his own hands.

Henri, on the other hand, had no scruples, and plenty of ambition, and was ready to fight, deceive, murder, or persecute, just as she told him. All the religion he had at this time was outward observance and hatred of heretics, and thus he was a willing instrument of his mother, and rose to her Medicean and Machiavellian notions of a youth of promise as a soldier and statesman.

So few Huguenots had been engaged that but for Condé's death the battle of Jarnac would not have been a great loss. Coligny fell back to Tonnay Charente, and there, lest his army should be discouraged, Queen Jeanne hurried to meet him, bringing her own son Henri, Prince of Béarn, and his cousin Henri, now Prince of Condé, and seventeen years old. 'Your cause is my cause, your interests are my interests,' said the Prince of Béarn. 'I swear on my soul, honour, and life to be wholly yours!'

The other Henri took the same oath. Coligny was named lieutenant-general, but all official acts were signed by the two young princes, who were called the Admiral's Pages.

Another great loss to the Reformed cause was that of Coligny's brave brother, François d'Andelot, who died of a fever shortly after Jarnac. However, a junction was effected with a body of Germans under Count Mansfeld, and the Huguenots gained the advantage in a skirmish with the young Duke of Guise at a place called Roche Aveille.

For two months Coligny besieged Poitiers in vain, and then was forced by the Royalists to retreat. In the beginning of October the two armies were opposite to one another on the banks of the river Dive, near Moncontour, in Poitou. Two gentlemen came in the evening from the Royalist army, and had a conversation in secret with some of their Huguenot acquaintance. They bade them strenuously advise the Admiral not to risk a battle, as Monsieur's army was then very numerous with the reinforcements that had come in. 'Let the Admiral only temporise for a month, for all the nobility have sworn to Monseigneur that they will not stay with him any longer, though they will do their duty while they are with him. Let the Admiral remember that it is dangerous to encounter the French fury, but it soon passes away, and if they have not a victory, they will disperse. He will get a peace and an advantageous one.'

But the Admiral was much in the same case. Nothing but a victory could save his army from disbanding; and besides, he did not quite trust the advice. So the battle began on the morrow, the 5th of October, and lasted two days. The first might be considered as only a great skirmish, and was indecisive. Coligny tried to retreat the next morning, but the Germans would not move without pay, and the delay made the battle inevitable. Young Henri of Navarre rode up and down the lines, speaking and giving his hand to the leaders and nobles, but he did not take any part in the battle. He was only fifteen, and, like Charles V. and some others who afterwards became great captains, he was still a prey to strong nervous timidity.

The French fury was terrible. The onset was fierce on both sides. The Admiral was wounded, and could hardly be dragged out of the throng; and the Duke of Anjou had a horse killed under him. All the German landsknechts, 4,000 in number, were killed except 200, by the Swiss in the royal pay, and 2,000 Huguenot foot; and the retreat of the army was covered by Prince Louis of Nassau, brother to the Prince of Orange.

As Coligny was being carried along, another severely wounded Huguenot gentleman, finding himself near, caused his litter to be carried close up to the Admiral's, withdrew the curtain, and looking at him fixedly, said, '*Ni est ce que Dieu est très doux?*' The Admiral declared that nothing had ever done him more good than those few words; and at Niort, the Queen of Navarre came to meet the broken army with all the encouragement her high spirit could give.

The Royalists did not gain much advantage from their victory. It made Charles IX. inclined to be jealous of his younger brother's fame, and two months were spent in taking the little fort of S. Jean d'Angely, which was held out to the very last extremity.

In the winter, Nismes was won by the Huguenots in a curious manner. This ancient Roman city, full of wonderful ruins, had been taken in the early part of the war by the Royalists, and the garrison had expelled the Huguenot inhabitants, or forced them into conformity. One of these expelled citizens, a carpenter named Madaron, devised a plan for regaining the city. A stream of water flows through the town, and the place, where it issues, was protected by a strong iron grating, a little below the spot where a sentinel stood on guard. The guard was relieved every hour of the night, but the sentinel did not wait for the new comer to arrive—only struck a few notes on the city bell, and then walked off, so that the station was always left unwatched for a short interval. Having observed this, Madaron came at night and climbed down into the gorge by the grating, with a rope round his waist, held by a companion on the top of the bank, who was to jerk it on any token of danger. Then he began to file the bars, trusting to the noise of the wind and water to veil the noise, or that if heard, it

might be taken for the gnawing of a bone by a dog. He had to stand knee deep in mud, and the wettest nights were the safest; he could not work when it was calm and moonlight, and he always had to hide the marks of the file with a composition of wax and clay. After fifteen nights' work the grating was movable, and only then did he confide his plan to his fellows. A troop of Huguenot soldiers was in the neighbourhood, who willingly put themselves under his guidance. Three hundred were hidden in an olive wood, accompanied by a minister, who was to guide them in prayer and meditation; but a severe thunderstorm had nearly disconcerted everything, for some took it as a sign that Heaven was unfavourable to their enterprise, and others thought the lightning must have betrayed them. However, the minister found precedent for converting it into an omen of good promise, and, while they were thus impressed, the captain and a few others climbed down the ravine, removed the grate, stole into the city, and opened the gates! Shouts and trumpet blasts rang through the streets, the garrison were overpowered, the governor fell and broke his leg, and was disgracefully slaughtered, as were many others of those who should have been received to quarter. A few were able to gain the citadel, where they held out for three months, but were at last obliged to surrender.

Coligny came thither and refreshed his army. He meant to advance upon Paris, and straiten the city, and had proceeded as far as Forez, when he fell ill of a malignant fever. He wished the army to press forward with Louis of Nassau, but they had no confidence in a foreigner and nothing could be done, though in Saintogne several cities were taken. At Fontenaye, the commander, La Noue, was shot in the right arm. Its place was supplied by another, on account of which he was called Bras de Fer; and he not only used the sword but the pen, for he is the chief historian, on the Huguenot side, in these earlier wars, as Blaise de Monluc is on the Royalist side.

The court was weary of the war. The two defeats of Jarnac and Moncontour had not materially weakened the rebels, and had made the king jealous of his brother's fame. Catherine could deal with the Huguenots much better in peace than in war, and she was determined to come to terms once more. The Pope, Pius V., strongly remonstrated, and Philip II. offered 9,000 soldiers if she would go on to exterminate the heretics, but her mind was made up, and by the peace of St. Germain en Laye, most favourable terms were granted.

On condition that the Huguenots restored the Church of France in all the places where they had suppressed her worship, they were tolerated everywhere, and allowed to hold any secular office. Everywhere but in Paris and ten leagues round, and for two leagues round any places where the Court was, they might have services in the châteaux of Huguenot nobles, and in the suburbs of the provincial cities where they were numerous.

Moreover, the cities of La Rochelle, La Charité, Montauban, and Cognac were to be held by the Princes of Béarn and Condé for two years as securities for the performance of the terms. The treaty was signed at St Germain en Laye in August 1570, and was again called a halting peace, and indeed it was the third within seven years.

The Huguenots took advantage of it to hold a great synod at La Rochelle, at which were present the two young Princes of Béarn and Condé, and Count Louis of Nassau. It condemned the doctrines of Socini, and very impertinently admonished the English Bishops to examine and condemn *Les Tables de Couzain*, namely, a work of Richard Cosin, Dean of Arches, called *Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Politicia in Tabulas Digesta*, which told strongly against Presbyterianism. It also gave the Queen of Navarre a very wholesome admonition against selling magistracies and other offices, according to the frequent custom in France. The Count de Montgommeri took refuge in England, and Catherine desired to have him either put to death, or delivered up, but Elizabeth would do neither, saying she had no mind to become hangman to the King of France, and Montgommeri became a pirate, with Jersey for his chief haven.

This year of peace was also a year of marriages. Good man as Maximilian II. was, papal dispensations prevented him from having any scruple in giving his eldest daughter Anna, to her uncle, Philip II. as his fourth wife. The second, Elizabeth, was promised to Charles IX., and his first gentleman of the bedchamber, Albert de Gondi, Count of Retz, was sent to Spain to fetch the bride. She was one of the softest and gentlest of beings, and Brantôme says that the pair were like fire and water together, for the young king was violent in all his ways, full of strange oaths and furious gestures, passionately fond of the chase, active and clever in all manly sports, and even able to forge armour and weapons.

The queen also wished her next son, Henri, Duke of Anjou, to wed Queen Elizabeth, and a long and very ridiculous courtship on his behalf was carried on by La Mothe Fenélon. Elizabeth highly enjoyed his civilities, and was the more ready to keep him in play that this negociation was the best security against the French taking up the cause of Mary of Scotland. So she exchanged letters and presents, chattered a great deal in a foolish unguarded way to the ambassador, and took him with her in great state to dine with Sir Thomas Gresham on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Exchange.

Marguerite, the king's youngest sister, and Henri, Duke of Guise, were deeply in love with each other, but the Queen Mother and the King had made up their minds that Marguerite should marry the Prince of Béarn. When she persisted in her promises to Guise, Charles flew into a passionate state of fury, and even talked of having Guise assassinated at a hunting party. He was overheard, Guise was told, and his mother persuaded him to espouse in great haste, Catherine

of Cleves, widow of the Prince de Porcienz—by way of saving his life; but it was always an unhappy, unloving marriage.

At the same time, Guise's sister married Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Montpensier, head of a fiercely Roman Catholic branch of the house of Bourbon; and Marie of Cleves, a Huguenot lady of the same family as Madame de Guise, was given to the young Prince of Condé.

The most curious wedding was, however, that of the Admiral. He had been three years a widower, when he received a letter from a great lady in Savoy, Jacqueline de Montbel, daughter of the Count d'Entrémont, a widow of thirty years old, who wrote that she desired to marry a hero and a saint, and that hero and saint was the Admiral!

Coligny, who was sixty-two, replied that he was only a tomb; but the lady persisted. The Duke of Savoy, who disapproved of his vassals marrying out of his duchy, was not likely to make an exception in favour of the Huguenot leader; but Jacqueline was not to be daunted. She escaped secretly from her castle, went down the Rhone in a boat, rode from Lyons—escorted by five friends, and arrived at La Rochelle. Coligny's friends overpowered his reluctance in consideration of her lands, but the Duke of Savoy confiscated them all, and she actually brought the Admiral no treasure but the diamond buttons of the cloth of silver robe she wore at her wedding.

This marriage came soon after the tidings of the death of Coligny's brother, the married Cardinal, Odet de Chatillon, who was living at the Savoy palace under the protection of Queen Elizabeth. His death was, of course, attributed to poison, and his body was placed in a sarcophagus against the wall of Canterbury Cathedral, waiting to be carried to the family vault at Chatillon, and there it still waits.

THE BASILICA.

BY THE REV. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

PART XI.

THE SCRIPTURAL CYCLES OF THE CATACOMBS.

THE observation was made at the end of our last paper that it might have been better if our subjects of Church decoration and symbolism had been limited to the Biblical Cycle of the Catacombs, or at all events to subjects taken from Holy Scripture. Between historical painting of events, and symbolic illustrations of doctrine; between representations of facts symbolic in themselves, and imaginations of the foretold things that shall be—it seems that such limitation would not be too narrow for the invention of the painter, and that the mind of the worshipper would not be in danger of wandering too far from Church service, or the theme of his meditations, in the congregation or by himself.

Such restrictions are, I suppose, out of the question, like all other control in these days; but it ought to be always remembered that they were the natural and general order of the first four centuries. Almost all the rules we know of, as the XXXVI. Canon of the Council of Elvira, were restrictive and against pictures rather than in their favour; and by Eusebius's confiscation of the embroidered curtain at Anablatha, it seems that no distinction was made at first between coloured work on the flat and relieved sculpture. The Church by no means invented decoration of any kind; but had to adopt it as a matter of course, because nine rooms out of ten in a dwelling-house were decorated; and every tomb in a cemetery had its device, even in the Hebrew Catacombs, where one would have thought both poverty and religion would interpose prohibition. To the Pauline or Gentile school of converts the graven or painted images were nothing at-all—insignificant in the literal sense. It was not worth while to notice whether walls were painted or not, when such grave things were heard and done within them. I have been many years interested in Church decoration; but it has always seemed to me that those have best learned to appreciate it who remember that it is, after all, a matter of no great importance by comparison.

The transition from purely ornamental to significant decoration was easily made, of course; but it seems to have been made gradually, and in some instances it scarcely took place at all. For example, the chapel or cubiculum of the Ocean, in the Callixtine Catacomb, takes its name from a large head of Oceanus, which is in the centre of the vaulted roof. The remainder of the roof and the walls are done in rectilinear panels, with subjects in their centres, exactly as in Pompeii, and the date of the whole lies somewhere in the third century; but the subjects are all birds (the peacock in particular), flowers, and flying genii. And in another chamber (*De Rossi*, vol. i. pl. x.) Orpheus occupies the centre above, surrounded by dishevelled genii, and supported by eight oblong panels, two Shepherds, two female Orantes, and four genii bearing crooks. The walls are covered with arabesques, combining doves, peacocks, and other birds, with dolphins and sea-monsters.

But one unmistakably Christian emblem seems to decide the character of all. The Lamb is there, bearing the Bread; and the whole may be an instance of highly symbolic painting, with implied meanings, sacred to the brethren, though apparently trivial to the unbeliever. It may have been done in dubious or threatening times, when Pagan workmen had to be employed, or had access to the cemetery. Perhaps the two best examples of very early ceilings, with full Christian ornament, are in the tomb of S. Domitilla, in her cemetery on the Appian Way, and the chapel of S. Callistus, in his Catacomb. Both have a special characteristic of the earliest ornament, in being partly adorned with landscapes, and entirely subject to decorative system. And, as

Canon Venables observes,* both possess the cheerfulness of the first Christian work. The artists may not have been Christians, but have executed subjects to order in their own style; at all events, allowing for some roughness or hurry of execution, the work is like other second, or even first-century work. 'There are the same geometrical divisions of the roof,' says the Dean of Chichester,† 'the same general arrangement of the subjects, the same fabulous animals, the same graceful curves, the same foliage, fruit, flowers, and birds; only that the Good Shepherd, or some Scriptural subject, as Jonah or Daniel, or some unmistakable symbol, is there to clear up doubt as to the religion of the art before us.'

But it is clear that in the earliest time Christian people looked on death with great happiness, as the door of eternal life. It must be remembered that persecution was, at all events, sporadic, and that in Rome, it was often, and for long intervals, intermitted. There seems to have been no regular or imperial cruelty from Nero's onslaught to the time of Decius; so that although pictures of martyrdoms certainly existed,‡ there were probably very few before the latter half of the third century. The earliest pictures yet speak of a time when Christians put ornamentation in its proper order of importance —that is to say, as a subsidiary means of expressing what they had in their hearts. It was intended that all should dwell on the same ideas and beliefs, held with joy and faith in substance, and prior to formulation; and that men of all nations and language meeting in a cemetery service should know, and confess to each other without words, the Lord as their common Shepherd and the Vine of their souls. The days of extreme affliction from without, and of yet more searching inner dissension, were not yet come; nor was the time arrived which Eusebius (*Eccl. Hist.*, bk. viii., ch. i.) so touchingly acknowledges to have preceded the greater and fiery trials of his days 'when by reason of our full liberty, our ways (*τὰ καθ' ἡμᾶς*) fell into vanity and sloth, some envying and reviling others in different ways; when we ourselves were almost at open war with each other, if occasion took place; and prelates were falling foul of prelates, and people all in faction against people; and unspeakable hypocrisy and disguise of thought were drawing towards extreme of wickedness.'

The first and second centuries were the spring sowing of the word; and for a time it grew with little molestation, before the burning of summer and thick undergrowth of thorns.

The cemetery of S. Domitilla is Professor Mommsen's chosen example of an ancient burial chamber, and of the development of such a tomb into a regular Catacomb; either by extension underground,

* 'Fresco,' Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, p. 693.

† *Letters from Rome*, p. 250. Northcote, p. 190.

‡ Prudentius (A.D. *circ.* 405) of S. Cassianus: *Historiam pictura refert;* and of the martyrdom of S. Hippolytus, *Peristeph. Hymn* ix. v. 5 and xi. v. 141 *sq.*

or by other subterranean additions till a Catacomb was established. Its primitive name is after its foundress or first occupant, and it has since borne the names of SS. Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilles. S. Domitilla was, in fact, a granddaughter of Vespasian; a heathen inscription, says Professor Mommsen, mentions her as the donor of the crypt; and dated tiles found in it belong to the times of Hadrian and Ant. Pius, 117—161. The former date is just twenty-one years from the death of Domitian in 96; and the year 95 is marked in Christian history as the year of the death of a Christian Consul. This was T. Flavius Clemens, Domitilla's husband. He may have been a man of too retiring or indolent a character; but I should not think, after Juvenal's fourth Satire about the 'last Flavius' (Domitian), that any kinsman of his was far wrong in keeping out of the way while he could. At all events, Flavius Clemens undoubtedly underwent death for atheism and Jewish superstition, as a Christian martyr (*Suetonius, Domit:* 15, and *Dion Cassius*, lxvii. 14); and was contemptuously spoken of by Heathendom in consequence. By some he is thought to be Clemens Romanus himself, Bishop of Rome at the end of the first century, and it is quite possible. He died, and Domitilla was sent, after his death, to the island of Ponza, where she probably ended her days in exile. The rooms she occupied there, says Mommsen, were still visited by pious persons in the fourth century. Nereus and Achilles are said to have been members of her household. Her own tomb, or the special crypt of her bestowing, still retains some of its original frescoes, of which the Vine on the ceiling is the most beautiful; but Noah and Daniel, the Dove and the Good Shepherd, with an Agape, are on the walls, and are pronounced by the Professor to be of the same date. The Chapel of Callixtus has Daniel (he stands between the lions in both instances), with Moses and the Rock, Lazarus, and David with his sling.

A proper list of the Old and New Testament Cycles of pictures in the Catacombs is given by Canon Venables (Smith's *Dict. Fresco*, p. 700), and he refers to a most learned and comprehensive book, by the Danish Bishop, Dr. Fred. Münter, called *Sinnbilder u. Kunstvorstellungen der alten Christen*, Altona, 1825, which I beg to commend to all who can find it in libraries.

Old Testament.	New Testament.
1. The Fall.	1. Adoration of the Magi.
2. Offering of Cain and Abel.	2. Miracle of Cana.
3. Noah and the Dove.	3. Christ and the Woman of Samaria.
4. Sacrifice of Isaac.	4. The Paralytic: generally carrying his bed.
5. Moses removing his Shoes.	5. The Woman with the Issue.
6. Moses and the Rock.	6. Healing the Blind.
7. David with his Sling.	7. Loaves and Fishes Multiplied.
8. Elijah's Translation.	8. Raising of Lazarus.
9. The Children in the Furnace.	9. Zacchæus.
10. Daniel in the Lion's Den.	10. The Entry into Jerusalem.

Old Testament.	New Testament.
11. Jonah { 1. Swallowed. 2. Disgorged. 3. Under the Gourd.	11. Christ before Pilate, who is washing his hands.
12. Job on the Dunghill (much rarer).	12. The Appearance at the Sea of Galilee—with bread and fish. Add.
13. Tobias with the Fish.	13. The Annunciation. Bottari, tao. 176.
14. Susanna and the Elders.	14. Our Lord's Baptism. Cat. of S. Pontianus.
	15. The Five Wise Virgins. Cat. of S. Agnes.

N.B.—A Dispute with the Doctors, in the Callixtine Catacomb.

Most of these are described in the *Catalogue Raisonné* at the end of Primitive Church Art. There are some observations to be made on several of them, which are not in that book, and which seem to me desirable additions here.

And there is more to say of the two or three subjects originally prescribed, as it were, by Our Lord—of the Vine, the Good Shepherd, the Lamb of God, and the Sheep of the Church: the Dove as symbolising the Holy Spirit and the faithful; the anagrammatic ΙΧΘΥΣ, or Fish, which represents Our Lord; and the smaller Pisciculi, the Faithful within the Church's net.

Then we may say something about miscellaneous, or rare, paintings in the Catacombs. Almost all the above-mentioned are of frequent, and many of constant occurrence; they may be considered as current symbolisms of the earliest times, used by Christian priests and people, from a time when the distinction between laity and clergy was not strictly drawn or resolutely formulated. These images conveyed the Lord's history, the chief part of His teaching concerning Himself and the Holy Spirit; and were, besides, the key to the Typical Persons and Events of the Old Testament. With proper explanations they may have formed—in Rome at least—something like a catechism of instruction; the then 'institution' of a catechumen preparing for Baptism, or under instruction afterwards. They may have been used as a secret language of religious doctrine and history; but, besides this, they appealed to the Christian understanding at sight, by a common speech; as if men really heard in ther own tongues the wonderful works of God. Besides, they conveyed ideas old and new to the mind, with all the pleasantness of quickly-understood symbolism, and the fresh, sharp outline of graphic teaching. Colour and form are always something; and all the world over it is a pleasure to look at a picture and see what it means.

There were reasons why the Good Shepherd, with the Vine, should be the first decorative images of which the Church made use. The earliest mention of such an image is in Tertullian, *De Pudicitia*, c. vii. and x., of a relief on an eucharistic chalice. These two were the readiest to hand and least suspected; as vines and shepherds were a

favourite subject of ornament everywhere. In 'Basilica,' part viii. (*Monthly Packet*, March, 1879), there is an account from Raoul Rochette and others of the two types of the Good Shepherd, and of the derivation of one of them; in which He bears the lost sheep on His shoulders. That is copied from an ancient Tanagræan statue, called Hermes Criophorus, the Rambearer (see also Pausanias, ix. 22, 2). And we referred to Seeman's *Götter and Heroën* for a woodcut of the original, by Calamis, and to Parker's *Photographs* for the beautiful heathen shepherd from the tomb of Statilius Taurus (Nos. 3304–3316). The Bearer of the Sheep, as may be supposed, is the favourite Christian type. The Good Shepherd never was a favourite subject in the Eastern Church. I can find no satisfactory reason why; unless Greek feelings were hurt by its resemblance to the perhaps well-known Hermes Criophorus. The latest Shepherd known is a bas-relief in the Campo Santo at Pisa. He bears one sheep, and directs the wanderings of others. All go before Him the same way, but one stumbles and falls. The resemblance to the Hermes struck Bottari as well as Raoul Rochette.* The other form develops into the Royal or Beautiful Shepherd, as in the great mosaic of Galla Placidio's Chapel; and there, and in the Catacombs, connects the image of the Shepherd with Orpheus. The connection is very ancient, and easy enough to understand, and it is no wonder if the Church early adopted it. There are other examples of it in the Callixtine, besides that already mentioned,† which is on the cover of Smith's *Christian Antiquities* and at page 696. The Eastern, at least Phrygian, cap and 'anaxyrides' or trousers, are to be remarked, as referring Orpheus to the East; they remind us of the dress of the Three Kings in most early paintings and sculptures. I have often thought that the similitude of Orpheus as tamer of all wild creatures was connected, in the Christian mind, with the Lord's promise to draw all men unto Him. Men certainly were ready at a very early date to look on the myths of Greek poetry and philosophy in the light of the Gospel. In one of the Callixtine Orpheuses the camel, horse, lion, and peacock are chief among the animals present; and a snake, with lizards and several small birds, generally occur. This way of dwelling, with variations as it were, on the original theme of the Lord's similitude of Himself, may be fanciful and Neo-Platonic, in connecting Him with Greek story; but there may have been a better reason why Christian Greeks liked it, as it ministered to ideas of charity and hope for Gentile forefathers, who might be thought to have looked, though only in mystic figure, to the coming Redeemer and Shepherd of mankind. In fact the earlier habit of Christianising the myths seems always related to the habit of indulging Christian hope of the salvation of the fathers.‡

* See the latter, *Tableaux des Catacombes*, p. 162.

† Bottari, vol. i. *Tav.* lxiii. and vol. ii. *Tav.* lxxi.

‡ The description in Philostratus, junr., c. 6, of a picture of Orpheus answers almost exactly to that described above.

There is not much more to be said of the numberless illustrations of the Vine, except that as it is constantly represented from the first century to the Renaissance, it is the best example by which the draughtsman, or antiquary accustomed to judge of drawing, can form an idea of successive dates of pictures.* We could make out many stages, as the early naturalism of S. Clement's mosaics, and S. Domitilla's Vine; then the slight conventionalism of Prætextatus',† and the great Callixtine: then the severer circular composition of the beautiful second-century stuccoes of the Latin Way, with naturally drawn grapes and boys (Bottari ii. *Tav.* 93). Then in the chapel of Galla Placidia we come to complete conventionality, and a beautiful close pattern, which would do admirably for any modern chancel, Romanesque, Byzantine, or Pointed. I have no notion of the Pharisaism of architectural purists. But then we have the probably sixth-century Vine of Torcello,‡ and the blue and white mosaic of S. Mark's, I suppose about the twelfth; and the beautiful coloured spandril—all illustrated by Professor Ruskin in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. During the Renaissance the Vine lost its Christian signification, and was treated artistically, till Titian transferred the whole subject to the Bacchic orgie. Titian meant no harm: he was a good Christian according to his lights.

It is not easy, even in Holy Scripture, to set the contradictory associations of the Vine over against each other. There are happy natural images of vine and fig-tree, and the fatness of the vine, and the fruit that delights God and man, to oppose to the vineyard of Israel, cut down and rooted up; and to the judgment between the Lord and his Vine; ending in the dread vision of the Apocalypse, of the angel with his sharp sickle, reaping the clusters of the vine of the earth, to cast them into the wine-press of the wrath of God. And it has often been noticed, in different points of view and with various application, how Our Lord's parable of the Vine united the ideas of fertility, natural beauty, and richness, with the fate of barren branches taken away from the stock, and fruitful ones pruned and purged by suffering, that they may bear yet more. The fact is, these similitudes, as old as the world, point out and bear witness to the way of God with man since the beginning of the world. The Renaissance would only look at the pleasant side, as the monastic Church had only looked at the side of suffering; Titian had many excuses and many companions, and was one of the best among them. But his time does unquestionably indicate the final severance of the traditional connection between art and

* Vine of Prætextatus' Catacomb, Parker, No. 1822 (vol. xii.), and book on the Catacombs, Via Appia, plate i. Construction of entrance-wall of time of Nero. Woodcut in De Rossi's *Bulletino di Archæologia Christiana*. Prætextatus is a surname, not a gentile name; no doubt a Roman family bore it, but there seems not to have been any *Saint* Prætextatus.

† Smith, p. 695; Bottari, t. i. *Tav.* 74; an areosolium.

‡ The columns must belong to the original edifice.

religion; and many since his time have done their best, or worst, to make severance into repulsion.

The Dove, as a symbolic manifestation of God the Holy Spirit, occurs in all paintings of Our Lord's Baptism; perhaps the earliest still in existence is the very well-known one in the Catacomb of S. Pontianus.* The Abbé Martigny assigns it to the sixth century. The catacomb in question possesses a spring, which was properly drained and collected in a cistern and chamber, and thus gave occasion for one of the earliest Baptisteries. There is another in the Catacomb of S. Agnes, and Pope Damasus made a third in the Vatican cemetery. But the Dove is also used, as was said, to represent the Christian worshipper, and appears in countless instances on tombs in the funereal cubicula. There are beautiful ones in S. Domitilla, in the Callixtine, S. Prætextatus, and almost everywhere. The very numerous birds found on the inscriptions of Southern Gaul † seem often intended for doves. The train of thought is evidently that of Ps. lv. 6, of fleeing away to be at rest; and of course in many instances where the dove bears the palm, the victory of Christian death, by martyrdom or ordinary suffering, may be intended. Where the doves represent the living believer, the image seems to refer to Matt. x. 16—'Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.'

But the commonest appearance of the Dove is with Noah. The earliest of these pictures are all like each other. Noah is always standing in the square arca, or chest, done in a style of perspective which makes one feel as if one had been examining a school in that subject. He wears a long tunic with stripes or clavi, and holds out his hand to the olive-bearing Dove. Thus he appears continually in various Catacombs; but the curious thing is, that this treatment and figure seem to be derived from a coin of the city of Apamea in Phrygia, which was called Κιβωτός—arca, ark, or treasure-chest—from its being one of the great emporia of Asia Minor. It is a curious adaptation, naturally adapted to the secret symbolism of earlier days; and no doubt conveyed the sense of preservation through the storms of this world to many anxious spirits. It is not often seen in sculpture, mosaic or the MSS., so as to be recognisable for the old quasi-Apamæan symbol. But it is found on one memorable and well-known relic, so well described latterly in Aratra Pentelici; on the bronze doors of S. Zenone at Verona: and the difference of the work is remarkable. The square 'arca' is changed into a kind of upright structure, like a table-altar with a raised back or reredos. Noah's head protrudes from a square hole in the latter, rather like a bearded Lombard; and the dove is drawn in the act of alighting—so well, that I cannot but fancy the artist had stretched out his fist to a hawk pretty often in his time. Or, if he was a Greek—as Lord Lindsay will have it, and I cannot think—he must have been

* Aringhi, i. 381; Bottari, *Tav.* xliv.; Marchi, pp. 32, 220—224, *Tav.* ii. and xlii.
† Leblant. *Inscrip. Chrétiennes de la Gaule*, &c.; Paris, 1856.

criticised by some northern tamer of the gyr-falcon. The sea, on which the ark floats, is very rough, and the whole seems to show the Lombard energy.

Some of the Old and New Testament examples, in Canon Venables' list, are found a good deal oftener in the sculptures on sarcophagi than in fresco-painting. This applies to the Fall, the Sacrifice of Isaac, and the Translation of Elijah, which is certainly derived in its treatment from classical sculptures of the Horses of the Sun. The Three Children, Daniel, and Jonah occur constantly in both pictures and carvings. The three generally stand in a regular furnace, like one intended for smelting metals; their hands are generally raised in prayer like Orantes' —not clasped, but with extended arms. Daniel stands between two lions, often in the same attitude; and these two pictures in particular seem to have been meant to encourage those who might be called on to suffer in the name of Christ. This would account for their being so frequent in the earlier work of the cemeteries; as Jonah is the most commonly repeated of all, from being the chosen type of the Lord's Resurrection to all believers alike. The Raising of Lazarus and the Adoration of the Magi are also very common; the former as a fulfilment of the symbolic resurrection of Jonah, the latter probably as representing the first fruits of the Gentile Church. One great importance of the catacomb paintings is, that they give us an idea of what one may call the leading or current religious ideas of the time; of the thoughts about Death and themselves, and the Faith, on which Christian people were wont to dwell, before the Nicene Creed; before doctrines were yet defined for the people; while heresy was still in great part an imperfect comprehension of the truth, and before it had stiffened into sectarian defiance. These great images or notions were sufficient to fill the mind and formulate the hopes of the Christian soldier, or workman, or official, or slave, or curialis; and this latter class of men probably suffered as much as any, from the fourth century or earlier.

I cannot get it out of my head that the conditions of Christian city life in the middle or lower classes—the life without observation, of those who must absolutely accept the state of things around them, and work to the end under hard conditions—what we call real or common life, in Roman decadence, had much in common with our modern English existence. The same crowded streets, tall, teeming houses, incessant din of traffic, love of excitement at any price, indifference in all classes as to the quality of excitement; the same general scepticism and absence of creed, with the same really sincere acknowledgment that religion is good and desirable, if one only could be religious; the same nucleus of believers, wilfully misunderstood by the public; the same sense of political power and impatience of taxation; and that burden always increasing, and gradually levelling all men downwards into poverty; the same daily anxiety for news from the other end of the world, and inevitable endless wars on every frontier—all this must

have amounted, by the time one was forty or so, to an inexpressible distraction and weariness of heart, about all one's hopes, or prospects, or past or future existence. People in this outworn state of mind require pretty short views on all matters; it seems an almost hopeless thing to inspire such a race with new spiritual hopes, to teach them a new religion. Yet this the Gospel did, for the town-populations of Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria; and it was done, humanly speaking, by applying to every heart, and making every soul partake in, such great broad ideas, instantly apprehended and never in this world comprehended, as are conveyed by these Catacomb paintings. Christ is God as well as Man, and the Shepherd of men. He is the Vine, and all men are parts of Him—Caius and Caia, Pudens the Senator and Claudia the fair Britoness, Glaucus and Ione of Athens, 'Volero the flesher and the strong smith of Murœna,' even all the Davuses of the slave-market—all we are one in Him; He is the Lamb, and He died as well as lived for all these. He died and rose from the dead, having foretold that He would do so, like the Hebrew Jonah. He gave sign of His power over death by recalling the shrouded Lazarus to life.* He may call upon His followers to die by fire for Him, and if He does so, He will be with the faithful; as with the Three Children and with Daniel; and He was prepared for by the fathers of this strange Hebrew race. Thoughts of this kind, presented by rough art, would present themselves as realities to the mind of the Roman mechanic, or trader, or soldier; and each of them separately would be enough to throw a new light on the darkness of his spiritual prospects, and the monotony or base excitement of his worldly life. They would give him what many of us want—something to live for.

I believe some professor or other has fulminated about Christianity having destroyed Greek or Roman civilisation; and if civilisation means luxury, slavery, and degradation of women, why it did so. But there is no doubt that Christianity preserved a large part of the Roman population from despair for several centuries; and there is no doubt that without Christianity there would have been no Constantinople, no Eastern Empire, no bulwark against Oriental or Russian barbarism, no Gregory to intercede with the Lombards. All civilisation which survived the fall of Rome was either Christian in origin, or preserved by Christian hands; and the hold of Christianity on mankind was made fast through certain broad facts about mankind; which Christian teachers were empowered to tell them, and did tell them, through these paintings, and by other means. The Coliseum and its gladiators may to the agnostic mind convey a greater idea of civilisation than the Catacombs and their martyrs, but the latter prevailed after all.

The figure of Jonah, as a symbol of the Resurrection of the Body, is

* Lazarus is almost always represented as not only 'bound hand and foot with grave-clothes,' but rolled in linen bandages like an Egyptian mummy.

certainly the most frequently repeated of all the Catacomb pictures; and there may have been the other reason for its frequency from the earliest times, that it might be everywhere represented without attracting any particular attention, as passing for an illustration of classical mythology.* There was a Phœnician myth of Hercules swallowed by a whale, which Rochette quotes from Bottari, vol. iii. p. 42—sheltering himself with some caution under the elder and long-deceased writer's authority or impunity. Jason is said to be represented on an Etruscan vase, as going through the same process. The stories of Hesione and Andromeda were constant subjects for Roman and Greek ornament. There is a capital description of Hercules and Hesione in Philostratus's *Imagines*, ch. xii., which Charles Kingsley may have made use of in his *Andromeda* and in *The Heroes:* and it is really interesting to see to what perfection the rhetoricians had brought the art of pictorial inventory and composition in words—theme, main facts, accessories, and by-play. However, disregarding Philostratus, we may remark that it is very curious that so many traditions should surround the port of Joppa, or Jaffa—the Beautiful, as they may well call it—all reminding us more or less of Jonah. S. Jerome notices this in his 108th Epistle: 'Joppa, too,' he says, 'the harbour of Jonah when he fled from God—and if I may make some allusion to the tales of poets, the town which witnessed the binding of Andromeda to her rock.' And he says in his commentary on Jonah (c. 1) that the bones of Andromeda's sea-monster were still exhibited at Joppa in his time. Josephus had himself seen a link of her chain (*Bell, Judaic*, l. III. cviii. 3). Pomponius Mela confirms S. Jerome, the readers of *The Monthly Packet* will no doubt be glad to hear; but Raoul Rochette is in some trouble because Pliny says that in his time these (cetaceous or other) remains had been transported to Rome, no doubt by some antiquarian of the school of Mummius and MacCribb. He cheerfully surmounts this apparent discrepancy between Pliny and S. Jerome (on this subject no doubt of almost equal authority) by supposing that another set of bones had been substituted; which is quite possible, as there are, proverbially, always as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. It will be observed that classical relics or curiosities were no more authentic than mediæval; and it is gratifying to find archæology enriched with one more dragon. Mrs. Jameson's remark that the vast bones of supposed dragons, exhibited at Aix and elsewhere, were probably Saurians, 'dragons of the prime,' will apply to these remains as well as others.

It is evident, of course, that all this has nothing to do with the Old Testament record, whatever construction we ought to put upon it; but it is curiously connected with the Catacomb pictures. Almost all of them represent the whale as a vast lacertine or serpentine

* R. Rochette, *Tableaux des Catacombes*, p. 167 *sq.*

creature, greatly resembling the mediæval and modern ideals of the sea-serpent. . Traditions of decorative monsters have much to do with this, and the painters, if Christians, evidently cared nothing about realising the narrative, in comparison with their real object, of pictorially repeating the Lord's words concerning His own Resurrection.

The Sea-monster, Dragon, or Balæna, then, engulfs or disgorges the prophet, on numerous walls and ceilings, in the manner usually expected of him. But there is a curious story and question connected with the third scene of Jonah's history, which the paintings seem entirely to determine. S. Jerome, for what reason we know not, but against the Septuagint version, and in face of Augustine's opposition, reads, 'Præparavit Dominus hederam' (ivy, not gourd), in Jonah, chap. iii. All these pictures are decidedly of a gourd-vine, with fruit like large cucumbers, and they show the general opinion of their time. It seems that S. Jerome's temper, naturally impatient of comment, was somewhat aroused by being reminded of this: at all events, he tells S. Augustine that if he altered 'hedera' into 'cucurbita,' nobody would understand it; and that the Hebrews who require the alteration are probably liars. Aringhi excuses the Catacomb painters for unanimously preferring the gourd, because the Pope had not yet made the text of the Vulgate equivalent to actual and verbal dictation by the Holy Spirit. The Holy Father has made it so now, he says, and there is no more to be said about it. No more there is.*

The fact is, these pictures were all so highly symbolic in the ideas they conveyed to their original painters and spectators, as to be simple hieroglyphics; almost like written words, which are arbitrary signs of objects, without resemblance to the objects they stand for. Persons well instructed in the Prophets and Gospels needed only a glance for the train of thought to be conveyed, and that was enough. Texts might as well have been written on the walls. Indeed, it seems that in our own day, if texts were ably illuminated on a large, broad scale, like magnified MSS., in proportion to the space to be covered, a new form of ornament might be worked out with good result in our own smaller churches. It is a question of colour and proportion. Letters may be made beautiful enough as ornament: a very little trouble in selection from Prof. Westwood's *Palæographia Sacra*, or Count Bastard, would soon show how, and supply countless examples, only for the copying. The scale of the illuminated wall being so much larger than the illuminated page, it would require more subdued hues; but common rules, or, what is the same thing, a tolerable eye for colour and a little practice, would soon settle that. The initial-letter of each text should by rights contain an illustration or symbol of its meaning; and the result would be better than the mere dregs of Morris and

* *Roma Subterranea*, V. c. xxii. vol. ii. p. 265, 6.

Faulkner; which are now too often substituted for that decent old whitewash which I often regret.

It will be seen, on looking to our list at page 117, that the primitive choice of subjects from the Old Testament was determined by the New. The last three groups on our list, Job, Tobias, and Susanna, are very rare; Tobias I think altogether uncertain, as I only know of one dubious example in the Callixtine Catacomb. The New Testament cycle dwells almost entirely on the Lord's life and miracles of mercy. There is one frescoed crucifixion in the Catacombs, assigned to Pope Adrian III., A.D. 884: the one Passion-subject in the sarcophagi besides Pilate is the Crowning with Thorns—the circlet breaking into roses; Pilate Washing his hands is found in one or two sculptures and paintings. To the Early Church the Cross was primarily a symbol of the Lord's Person, rather than of His Death, up to the time of Constantine. The use of the X, or decussated symbol or letter, is the initial of His Name, and it was not till the Christian Empire that it gradually changed to the upright and penal sign of His Death, in the usual Latin and Greek crosses. Perhaps it was the hope of His speedy return to judge the earth: perhaps it was the dominating and supporting idea of His Incarnation and Divine Presence on earth; but the Christian congregation seems to have been for 200 years directed to think of His Sacrifice in mystery, under the well understood image of the Lamb. He was to be thought of as the Messiah, and fulfiller of the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms; as the Vine of Souls, the Shepherd of all His people, the Worker of all miracles, and chiefly of the conclusive wonder of His Resurrection from the Dead. He was Lord of Life and Death: but in primitive days people seem honestly to have looked over and beyond Death, and to have considered it as a brief passage between two lives, rather than the final consummation of a suffering and dubious existence here. They dwelt on the Lord's victory, rather than on His sufferings.

The Adoration of the Magi claims some special attention here, because it connects the Christian paintings with the East, or with Oriental imagery; and because it is unquestionably in it that the Blessed Virgin makes her earliest appearance in the cemeteries. It is clearly felt to convey an assertion of the Divinity of the Lord and of His Incarnation; and that, most probably, before pronounced heresies, or strict definitions of doctrine. It must have claimed attention, too, as the Epiphany or manifestation of Christ to the Gentile Church. The pictures are all very like each other. The three almost always wear the Phrygian cap and anaxyrides, or leggings, or Roman caligæ; and they are generally of youthful appearance. Sometimes they lead their horses; and in Bottari (*Tav.* lxxxii.) they wear boots and rowelled spurs, which indicates either a very late restoration, or some considerable mistake on the part of the draughtsman or engraver. In a fresco in S. Agnes they appear before Herod; and on the gates of

S. Zenone, in Verona, they are observing the Star. The great Procession of Holy Women in S. Apollinare Nuova, at Ravenna, ends near the altar with their Adoration; evidently intended to introduce the Virgin as Mother of the Lord and blessed among women. In the original state of the fifth-century mosaic of the Adoration in ta. Maria Maggiore, at Rome, she occupied a smaller throne by the side of her Son, who was receiving the Adoration attended by angels.*

The Miracle of Cana is more frequent in carvings than in fresco, but occurs in the cemetery of Lucina in the Callixtine (Bottari, *Tav.* 19, 31, 51, 18, 89). There is a beautiful ivory plaque or tablet in the Duomo at Ravenna, which is said to be part of the covering of the Exarch's throne, and which is figured under, 'Cana, Miracle of' in Smith's *Dictionary*. Our Lord sometimes touches the hydriæ or water-pots with a wand; and one is placed in His Hand in the Raising of Lazarus. There are not always six pots represented, as in the Ravenna ivory; four or five are enough to fill the space in many pictures, and Bottari makes the sensible remark that the artists may have been hampered by knowing that these vessels were large, containing as much as a 'Metretes.' This miracle has passed into the cycle of modern sacred art, so-called. What has been said on the Vine may partly apply to it, as to the Rafaelesque treatment of the Fall, Moses, David, and Elijah. Daniel is painted so obviously for the sake of the lions that I sincerely wish (in Mr. Bretton Rivière's otherwise excellent picture, for example) that he could be left out altogether, and supposed at the side. This is done, and I think rightly done, in an Adoration of Shepherds by Bassano, with nothing to adore; they and their herds forming the whole subject. The Venetian was a straightforward fellow at all events, or he had enough reverence left in him to shrink from painting a Nativity deliberately expressive of indifference to the birth of the Son of God.

All our New Testament list are modern subjects, treated artistically and for the sake of the picture; and there may be no harm in that. But it must be remembered that, now there is no conventional method or fixed symbol of representation as in Primitive days, the effect of the 'sacred' picture, for good or evil, depends on the spirit of the man who paints it. If he believes what he paints, his picture will show it, as Holman Hunt's; if he does not, it will show that also, as Dore's; if he thinks the Scriptual event grave matter of thought and faithful record under the light of his imagination, that too will be seen in his work, as in Poynter's. I once heard an eminent painter speak, with not unreasonable contempt and dislike, of the 'pious dodges' of incompetent persons, who chose sacred subjects in the hope of selling their pictures and establishing a reputation in that line.

* See Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, s. v.* 'Angels and Archangels;' also Ciampini's *Vetera Monumenta*, vol. i. p. 200, tab. xlix. Ciampini is the old authority for everything out of the Catacombs.

It may have had a good deal to do with his own desertion of religious work; but at all events, until that took place, he never did any sacred picture for the market, or without strong feeling of his own, and the desire to illustrate some then believed event.

We hear much of the general acceptance of atheism by the artistic profession; and it is already accompanied, as might be expected, by contempt for their own work and for themselves, and by overpowering prevalence of fashionable and empty subjects, in rivalry of the photograph shops. Messrs. Watts and Burne Jones hold out, and are treated accordingly, in secularist or scandalous newspapers. The President of the Royal Academy, and his pupil Professor Richmond, are perhaps strong enough to support a good classical school of motives; but for all that triviality does prevail, and men have not heart to paint, because they think they have no souls. The artistic mind soon runs to pessimism and accepts evil as a law; and decoration, arrangements, nocturns, and symphonies are the best which can come of that. The worst we have not seen yet; but we have seen Mr. Whistler's portrait of Miss Connie Gilchrist, and that is pretty bad. The dregs of civilisation are pretty much the same in Rome or Byzantium, Paris or London.

The cures of the Syrophœnician Woman and the Paralytic Man were more favourite subjects in the Early Church than they are in modern art. The latter is always represented carrying his bed, in the Catacomb paintings; perhaps with reference to Our Lord's direct claim to forgive sins, of which He made that action the attesting sign. The blind men, or Bartimæus, have always been represented, in painting and sculpture. All these subjects, of course, occur in illuminated Evangeliaries and service-books. The Loaves and the Raising of Lazarus are constantly found, but the Entry into Jerusalem and Zacchæus are much oftener seen in sculpture or in MSS. I do not remember either in fresco.

The Agape, as a subject of the Catacomb paintings, requires separate treatment, from its relation to the ethnic funeral-feast; and it had better be our means of transition from the Scriptural cycle to the numerous other subjects, which are not directly taken from the Old or New Testament. The evangelic symbols, the Fish and others, are in this partly-scriptural category, and the Seasons, Dolia, Chariot, and other examples come from entirely secular sources.

There is and must always be a certain reserve, or some amount of actual sparring, between ourselves and the Roman Catholic authorities of modern days, about the Catacombs and their illustrations. It is better to take that as it comes, on such subjects of dispute as we find. Yet they ought not to be many, for there is no doubt that these pictures furnish something like a body of Early Church doctrine, as held by the people, with a vast deal of historical and archæological information scarcely to be had elsewhere. As D'Agincourt said (and

it was literally true in his time), the Catacombs and their tombs furnish the only authorities for the early decadence of painting; and the meaning of these pictures being evident and unmistakable, they certainly set forth the practical and popular Creed of the first centuries in a markedly instructive way. These were the practical religious thought of the time; they gave us at least an approximative idea of the hopes and expectations in death of whole generations of faithful men and women. There is no doubt a tendency to pious anachronism in some of the accounts of the Catacombs, by which every subterranean picture is referred to the second or third century, and the more eagerly if it contains anything like mediæval vestment or tonsure, or distinctively Roman characteristics of any kind.*

But it is quite easy to distinguish between later and earlier work to those who care to do so. It was not till the sixth century that the stiffer and more ecclesiastical figures seen in S. Pontianus' Catacomb, for example, made their appearance. You have only to see the unquestionably early works with the contemporary Gentile decoration to understand that the ruder and more barbaric pictures *must* be of later date.

Some of these works are unquestionably of the Primitive Church, and it will never do to neglect them because they are found in Rome and not elsewhere. Much of what has gone before about architecture has shown how much we have inherited, like the rest of the Teutonic world, from the vast power, organisation, and accumulated knowledge which the great Imperium brought to bear on all its subjects, even on the far-away Britons. These were not our ancestors, but our ancestors' victims for the most part; and very many of us are descended from fresh waves of Northmen, who dealt by Saxons and Angles as they had dealt by the race of Claudia and Pudens. But it is due to the teaching of Rome, *i.e.* of the Christian Faith received through Greece and Rome, that our whole history is not one continuous 'gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast.' Any student of the dreadful history of the Decline, Fall, and Reconstruction of Civilization among the Teutonic races will see, that the first step was to bring them to conceive the action of mercy, to utter the word 'spare.' Alboin just learnt it and died, in Lombardy. In England, Cœur de Lion, as great a savage as he, even under S. Hugh of Lincoln's teaching, was just able to pronounce it in his last moments. That word the Christian Faith alone could teach. But when the barbarian had once mastered it, he could take very easily to all the great Order and Law of ancient Rome. To forget all we have received through Rome is to ignore or quarrel with history; and it is in history that the strength of our case lies against Rome, whenever that case has to be gravely asserted. As to Church decoration, it seems that the limits of representation and symbolism

* The ninth-century frescoes of S. Clemente are described simply as 'Imagines Vetustissimæ,' and put on a level with S. Domitilla's.

within which the Church of the first four centuries abode and prevailed, ought to content us in our own day; and there is plenty of room for the highest flight of artistic imagination, in the records of the History of Man's Creation and Redemption. All our artists have to do is to believe it, and if they will not, it is not my immediate duty to give any opinion as to what will happen to them in the next world; but as for the present one, into the Bathos of emptiness and stupidity they will go without redemption; and that appears to be the present direction of their efforts.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART I.—HOME LIFE.

'A little more than kin, and less than kind.'

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGERS YET!

'My mother came from Spain . . . .
And I am Spanish in myself
And in my likings.'

It was late on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. The hall at Oakby was full of branches of holly and ivy. Nettie, perched on the top of an oak cabinet, was sticking sprays into the frame of her grandfather's picture, and Jack and Bob were arranging according to time-honoured custom, a great bunch of bright berried holly over the mantelpiece, to do which in safety was a work unattainable by feminine petticoats.

'It's a great shame of Cherry not to come in in time to help,' said Nettie.

'They'll have got hold of him down at the church,' said Jack. 'There that's first-rate.'

'I say, Jack, do you know Virginia Seyton came home yesterday? Isn't it funny that they should have one too?'

'One what?'

'Why, a relation, a sister, when we've got a brother. I wonder——'

Suddenly Nettie stopped, as a crash of wheels sounded on the frosty gravel, and the front door bell pealed loudly.

'Oh, Jack!' and Nettie jumped off the cabinet at one bound, six feet high though it was, and caught hold of the end of Jack's coat in a perfect agony of shyness. 'Oh, let's run away!'

'Let go. I can't get down. Stand still and don't be silly,' said Jack, gruffly, as he got off the steps, while the butler hurried forward

and threw open the door. Nettie stood in the fire-light, her golden hair flying in the gust of wind, her hands together, like a wild thing at bay. Bob remained perched, half way up the ladder, and Jack made a step or two forward.

A tall figure in a dark cloak, with bright crimson lining, and a large felt hat, stood in the doorway.

'Are you Cheriton?' he said eagerly, and with a strong foreign accent.

'No; he's out. I'm Jack. How d'ye do? We didn't know when you were coming,' said Jack, in a tone from which embarrassment took every shade of cordiality. He put out his hand quickly, however, as the stranger made a movement as if possibly intending a more tender salutation. Alvar took it, then removed his hat, and advancing towards the speechless Nettie, said—

'This is my sister? May I not salute her?' and lightly touched her cheek with his lips. 'I have thought of you, my sister,' he said.

'Have you?' stammered Nettie, hanging down her head like a child. Bob remained motionless on his ladder, and Jack said—

'Here's my father,' as Mr. Lester came hurriedly into the hall, nearly as much embarrassed as his children, and pale with an agitation which they did not share. Alvar turned round and bowed low with a respectful grace that his brothers certainly could not have imitated.

Mr. Lester came forward and held out his hand. It needed all his innate sense of good breeding to overcome the repulsion which the very idea of his strange son caused him. The sense of owing him amends for long neglected duty, the knowledge how utterly out of place this foreigner must be as heir of Oakby, the feeling that by so recognising him he was wronging alike his forefathers and his other children, while he yet knew how much his whole life through, he had wronged Alvar himself, came upon him with renewed force. Then as he heard such tones, and saw such a face as he had not seen for years, what rush of long past sentiment, what dead and buried love and hate came rushing over him with such agitating force, that in the effort to avoid a scene, and a display of feeling which, yielded to, might have smoothed the relations between them for ever, his greeting to his son was as cold as ice!

'How do you do, Alvar? I am glad to see you. We did not expect you so soon. You must have found your journey very cold.'

'I did not delay. It was my wish to see my father,' said Alvar, a little wistfully. 'My father, I trust, will find me a dutiful son.'

Here Bob giggled, and Jack nearly knocked him off the ladder with the nudge evoked by his greater sense of propriety.

'No doubt—no doubt,' said Mr. Lester. 'I hope we shall understand each other soon. Where's Cheriton? Jack, suppose you show—him—your brother, his room. Dinner at seven, you know. I daresay you're hungry.'

'I did take a cup of coffee, but it was not good,' said Alvar, as he followed Jack up stairs; and the latter, mortally afraid of a *tête-à-tête*, shut him into the bedroom prepared for him, and rushed down stairs to encounter Cheriton, who came hurrying in, thinking himself late for dinner.

'Cherry, he's come!'

'Oh, Cherry, he's so queer! He makes pretty speeches, and he bows!'

'He's a regular nigger, he's so black!'

'Oh, Cherry, it's *awful!*'

'What have you done with him? Where's the squire?' said Cherry, as soon as he could make himself heard.

'Oh, papa has seen him, and Jack's taken him into his room,' said Nettie.

'He thought I was you,' said Jack.

Cheriton stood still for a moment, as shy as the rest, then, with an effort, he ran up stairs.

'It's only kind to go and say how d'ye do to a fellow,' he thought, as he tapped at the bedroom door, and entered with outstretched hand, and blushing to the tips of his ears. 'Oh, how d'ye do? I'm so sorry I was out of the way; they kept me to nail up the wreaths. I'm very glad to see you. Aren't you very cold?'

Probably the foreigner understood about half of this lucid and connected greeting; but something in the warmth of the tone made him come forward eagerly.

'You are then really my brother Cheriton? I thought it was again the other one.'

'What, Jack? Yes, we're thought alike, I believe.'

'I do not see that,' said Alvar, contemplating him gravely; 'but I have known you in my thoughts—always.'

'I'm sure—we've all thought a great deal about you. But there's no one to help you. Have you got your things? I'll ring,' nearly pulling down the bell-rope. 'And, look here, I'll just dress and come back, and go down with you—shall I?'

Cheriton's summons was rapidly answered, as curiosity inspired the servants as well as their masters; and leaving Alvar to make his toilet, he hastened up stairs. The three brothers slept in a long passage at the top of the house over the drawing-room. As Cherry's step sounded, both his brothers' doors burst open simultaneously, and Jack and Bob, in various stages of dressing, at once ejaculated—

'Well!'

'How can I tell? It's awfully late. I shall never be ready,' and Cherry banged his own door, too much astounded by the new brother to stand a discussion on him.

As soon as he was ready he went down stairs, and found Alvar, rather to his relief, attired in correct evening costume.

'I suppose you haven't seen my grandmother yet?' he said.

'Your grandmother? I did not know there was a grandmother,' said Alvar, in a much puzzled voice, which, together with the sense of how much his brother had to learn, nearly upset Cherry's gravity.

'My father's mother, you know. She lives with us,' he said. 'She is your grandmother too.'

'Ah!' said Alvar, 'I loved my grandmother much. This other one, she will be most venerable, I am sure.'

'Come along then,' said Cherry, unable to stand more conversation at present.

Mrs. Lester, whatever her private opinions might be, had too much respect for the heir, for herself, and for the house of Lester, not to attire herself with unusual dignity, and to rise and advance to receive her grandson.

'How do you do, Alvar?' she said. 'You have been a long time in coming to see us.'

Alvar, after a moment's pause, as if doubtful what sort of salutation would be acceptable, bowed low and kissed her hand. Nettie laughed; but her grandmother drew herself up as if the act of homage was not altogether displeasing to her, and then looked keenly at the new grandson, who, as far as looks went, was no unworthy scion of the handsome Lesters.

He was as tall as his father, though of a different and slighter make, and stood with a sort of graceful stiffness, unlike the easy loose-limbed air of most young English gentlemen. He had a dark olive skin, and oval face; but his features were not unlike the prevailing family type, and though his hair was raven black, it grew and curled in the picturesque fashion of his father's, which Cheriton alone of the other sons inherited. But he had the splendid black liquid eyes, with blue whites, and slender arched eyebrows of his Spanish mother, and possessed a picturesque foreign beauty that seemed to group the fair-haired brothers into a commonplace herd. He had a grave, impassive face, and held his head up with an air suggestive of Spanish grandees.

It was very difficult to make conversation when they went into dinner, the more so as Alvar evidently did not easily follow rapid English, and either he was bewildered by new impressions or not very open to them, for he had not much to say about his journey. Cheriton, as he tried to talk as if there was no perplexing stranger present, could not help wondering whether all that was so strange to himself came with any familiarity to his father. Had he known what his son would be like? Could he touch any chord to which Alvar could find a response? Had eyes like those great rolling black ones ever looked love into his own? And if so, was it all forgotten, or was the remembrance distasteful?

"He was older than I am now," thought Cherry. 'Surely the thoughts of to-day could never fade away entirely.'

Mr. Lester uttered no word that betrayed any knowledge of his son's country. He spoke less than usual, and after due inquiries for Alvar's relations, entirely on local matters; Alvar volunteered few remarks, but as the dessert appeared, he turned to Cherry who sat beside him, and said—

'Is it not now the custom to smoke?'

'Not at dinner,' said Cherry, hurriedly, as his father replied—

'Certainly not,' and all the bright blue eyes round the table stared at Alvar, who for the first time coloured, and said—

'Pardon, I have transgressed.'

'We'll go and have a pipe presently,' said Cherry; and oh! how ardently he longed for that terrible evening to be over.

'It was a *horrid* Christmas Eve,' muttered Nettie to Bob, and perhaps her father thought so too, for he rang the bell early for prayers.

'What is this?' said Alvar, looking puzzled, as a prayer-book was placed before him.

'We're going to have prayers,' said Nettie, rather pertly. 'Don't you?'

'Ah, it is a custom,' said Alvar, and he took the book, and stood and knelt as they did, evidently watching for his cue.

When this ceremony was over, Bob and Nettie rushed off, evidently to escape saying good-night, and Cheriton invited the stranger to come and smoke with him, conducting him to a little smoking-room down stairs, which was only used for visitors, as the boys generally smoked in a room at the top of the house, into which Cherry knew Bob and Jack would greatly resent any intrusion. Mr. Lester walked off with a general good-night. Alvar watched Cherry kiss his grandmother, but contented himself with a bow. Jack discreetly retired, and when Cheriton had ascertained that Alvar never smoked a pipe, but only a cigar or a cigarette, and had made him sit down by the fire, Alvar said—

'My father is then a member of the clerical party?'

'I don't think I quite understand you,' said Cherry.

'Your prayers—he is religious?'

'Oh, most people have prayers—I don't think we're more particular than others. My father and Mr. Ellesmere, our rector, are friends, naturally,' said Cherry, feeling it very difficult to explain himself.

'My grandfather,' said Alvar, 'is indifferent.'

'But—you're a Protestant, aren't you?'

'Oh, yes. I have been so instructed. But I do not interest myself in the subject.'

Cheriton had heard many odd things at Oxford said about religion, but never anything to equal the *naïveté* of this avowal. He was quite unprepared with a reply and Alvar went on—

'I shall of course conform. I am not an infidel; but I leave those things to your—clergy, do you not call them?'

'Well, some people would say you were right,' said Cherry, thankful that Jack was not present to assert the inalienable right of private judgment.

'And politics?' said Alvar; "I know about your Tories and your Whigs. On which side do you range yourself?'

'Well, my father's a Tory and High Churchman, which I suppose is what you mean by belonging to the clerical party; and I—if all places were like this—I'd like things very well as they are. Jack, however, would tell you we were going fast to destruction.'

'There are then dissensions among you?'

'Oh, he'll come round to something, I dare say. But our English politics must seem mere child's play to you.'

'I have taken no part,' said Alvar. 'My grandfather would conform to anything for peace, and I, you know, my brother, am in Spain an Englishman—though a Spaniard here.'

'I hope you'll be an Englishman soon.'

'It is the same with marriage,' said Alvar; 'I have never betrothed myself, nor has my grandfather sought to marry me. He said I must see English ladies also. One does not always follow the heart in these matters,' he concluded rather sentimentally.

'No one would ever dream of your following anything else,' said Cherry, beginning gruffly, but half choked with amusement as he spoke.

'No? And you, you have not decided? Ah, you blush, my brother; I am indiscreet.'

'I didn't blush—at least that's nothing. Turkey-cock was my nickname at school always,' said Cherry hastily.

'I do not understand,' said Alvar; and after Cherry had explained the nature and character of turkey-cocks, he said, 'But I think that was not civil.'

'Civil! It wasn't meant to be! English boys don't stand much upon civility. But' he added, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, 'if we are rough, I hope you won't mind; the boys don't mean any harm by it. You'll soon get used to our ways, and—and we'll do our best to make you feel at home with us.'

A sudden sense of pity for the lonely brother, a stranger in his father's house softened Cheriton's face and voice as he spoke, though he felt himself to be promising a good deal.

Alvar looked at him with the curious, impassive, unembarrassed air that distinguished him. 'You are not "rough!"' he said; 'you are my brother. I am told that here you do not embrace each other. I am an Englishman. I give you my hand.'

Cheriton took the slender, oval-shaped hand, which yet closed on his more angular one, with a firm, vigorous grasp.

'All right,' he said; 'you'd better ask me if you don't know what to do. And now I think you must be tired. I'll show you your room. I hope you won't mind the cold much; I am sorry it's so frosty.'

'Oh, the cold is absolutely detestable, but I am not tired,' said Alvar briskly.

It was more than Cheriton could say, as he shut this perplexing brother into the best bedroom, which he could not associate with anything but a state visit. He felt oppressed with a sense of past and future responsibility, of distaste which he knew was mild compared to what every other member of his family would experience, of contempt, and kindliness and pity, and, running through all, the exceeding ludicrousness, from an Oakby point of view, of some of Alvar's remarks.

This latter ingredient in his perplexity was strengthened, when he got up stairs, by Jack who, detecting his dispirited look, proceeded to encourage him by remarking solemnly—

'Well, I consider it a great family misfortune. Dispositions and habits that are entirely incongruous can't be expected to agree.'

'Do shut up, Jack; you're not writing an essay. Now I see where Alvar's turn for speechifying comes from; you get it somehow from the same stock! All I know is, it's too bad to be down on a fellow, when he's cast on our hands like this. Now I am going to bed, I'm tired to death; and if we're late on Christmas morning, we shall never hear the last of it.'

While the young brothers thus discussed this strange disturber of their accustomed life, their father's thoughts were still more perplexing. He had so long put aside the unwelcome thought of his eldest son that he felt inclined to regard his presence with incredulity. Surely this dark stately stranger could have no concern with his beloved homestead with its surrounding moors and fells. This boy had never ridden by his side, nor taken his first shots from his gun, nor differed from him about the management of his estate. Oakby with all its duties and pleasures had no connection with him, and with Oakby Mr. Lester had for many years felt himself to be wholly identified. But those dark eyes, those slow soft accents, that air so strange to his sons, awoke memories of another self. He saw Cheriton's puzzled attempt at understanding the strange brother. But this strange son was *not* strange to him. He knew the very turns of expression that Alvar's imperfect English suggested. For the first time for years the Spanish idioms and Spanish words came back to his memory. He could have so talked as to set his son in accordance with his surroundings, he understood, to his own surprise, exactly where this very new shoe would pinch.

But these memories though fresh and living were utterly distasteful, and nothing that cost him pain awoke in Mr. Lester's mind any answering tenderness. He was a man with a weak will, a careful conscience,

and imperfectly controlled temper and affections. He much preferred to do right than to do wrong, and he generally did do right; in this one crucial instance he had neglected and slurred over the right thing for years, and now he was not sufficiently accustomed to question himself to realise how far he could have made amends for past neglect, how far he could now make his son fit for the heirship of which he neither could nor would deprive him. No, Alvar was a painful sight to him, therefore he would continue to ignore him as far as possible. He stood in the beloved Cheriton's light, and therefore all the small difficulties that his incongruous presence caused would be left to Cheriton to set to rights, or not be set to rights at all.

It was pleasant, and it was not very difficult to Mr. Lester, as he woke in the light of the Christmas dawn, to turn his mind from Alvar's presence to the many duties that the season demanded of him. The children all woke up curious and half-unfriendly. Cheriton wondered what Alvar was thinking of. But they none of them knew to what thoughts or feelings the pealing crashing Christmas bells awoke the unknown heir.

'Nay, you'll know no more what he's after than if he was yonder picture,' said the grandmother in answer to some remarks, and as Cheriton heard him coming down stairs he felt that this was exactly the state of the case.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEYTONS OF ELDERTHWAITE.

'All things here are out of joint.'

In the midst of a waste of unswept snow across the hill behind Oakby Hall, there was a large old house, originally of something the same square and substantial type, but of more ambitious architecture, for there were turrets at the four corners, overgrown and almost borne down by enormous bushes of ancestral ivy; while the great gates leading to the stables were of fanciful and beautiful ironwork, now broken and falling into decay. Great tree trunks lay here and there on undulating slopes, the shrubberies flung wild branches over the low stone wall dividing them from the park, where a gate swung weakly on its hinges. There were few tall trees, but here and there along the drive a solitary beech of great size and beauty suggested the course of an avenue once without its equal in the country round. An old man was feebly sweeping away the snow in front of the house, and a gentleman stood smoking a cigar on the steps—a slenderly-made man, with a delicate, melancholy face, and a pointed grey beard, dressed in a shabby shooting coat. His eyes turned from the slow old sweeper, past the relics of the avenue, to a ruinous-looking lodge, the chimneys of which sent no smoke into the frosty air.

Mr. Seyton of Elderthwaite was used to these signs of adversity,

but to-day he was struck by them anew, for he was wondering how they would look in the eyes of a stranger. Oakby, with its strict laws, its rough humours, its ready-made life, would be a strange experience to its foreign heir. What would Elderthwaite, with ruined fortunes and blighted reputation be, to a petted and prosperous girl, brought up by gentle, religious women, in all the proprieties and sociabilities of well-to-do country villa life? What would his daughter say to the home she had left as a child, and had never seen since?

The Seytons were a family of older standing in the county than the Lesters, and had once been of superior fortune. At present their condition was, and rightly, very different. The Lesters, with many shortcomings, had been men who, on the whole, had endeavoured to do their duty in their station, and had governed their tenants, brought up their children, attended to public business, and managed their own affairs in an honest and right-minded, if not always in a very enlightened, fashion. But the Seytons had had a bad name for generations. It is true that no tales of wild and picturesque wickedness were told of the present head of the house, such as had made his father's name a bye-word for harshness and violence, and for all manner of evil living; but the family traditions were strong against him; he inherited debt and a dishonoured name, and, alas! with them the tendencies and temptations that had brought them about. He had looked with bitter, injured eyes at the timber that was sold for his father's gaming debts; but many a noble tree fell to pay his own, before he married a girl, innocent, high-minded, and passionate-tempered. It was a very unhappy marriage, and Mr. Seyton never forgave his wife for her broken heart, nor himself for breaking it. When she died, her relations took away her daughter, pledging themselves to provide for her, if she were left undisturbed in their hands. The father had enough to do with his sons. The eldest, Roland, was a fine, handsome fellow, and began life with the sad disadvantage of being expected to go wrong. He got a commission, but during the short intervals that he spent at home, was personally unpopular. In one of these he took a great fancy to Cheriton Lester during an interval between the latter's school and college life, and Cheriton being warned against him as a bad companion, stuck to him with equal perverseness and generosity. Roland was much the elder of the two, but Cherry's vigorous youth took the lead in the friendship, and gave it his own impress. It was ended by such a scandal in Elderthwaite village as those which had made the name of Roland Seyton's grandfather hated by all the country round, as one by whom no man's hearth was respected, and with whom no man's daughter was safe. The discovery shocked Cheriton unspeakably; all the parties concerned were well known to him, and he felt that of such sins he could never think or speak lightly. But he would not join in loud or careless

blame of his friend, who perhaps felt his truest pang of repentance at the boy's confused miserable face in the one parting interview allowed by Mr. Lester before Roland joined his regiment, about to sail for India.

'You need not have been afraid, sir,' Roland said, when accused of having set him a bad example; 'I knew how to choose my confidant.'

After Roland's departure, other tales to his discredit, and debts which it was impossible to pay, came to his father's ears, and these additional troubles helped to strengthen habits of self-indulgence already formed, which had made Mr. Seyton a man old before his time, melancholy-faced and gentle-mannered, whom nobody respected and nobody disliked. But the two younger boys had a bad start in life, and seemed little likely to redeem the family fortunes.

It was not often that Mr. Seyton thought of anything but the immediate dulness and discomfort of the hour, or of its small alleviations; but to-day these recollections pressed on him. He thought, too, of his shabby furniture, and his ill-conducted household; how unfit a home for his well-dowered daughter; how unlike both her aunt's house and the pleasant foreign tour which, since her aunt's death, she had been enjoying.

'Papa, papa!' cried a bright voice behind him, 'Good morning," then as he turned round, the newly-arrived daughter exclaimed, throwing her arms round his neck. 'Oh, how nice it is to say "Good morning, papa!"'

She was a fair creature enough, a true Seyton, with slender frame and pointed chin, creamy complexion and rich brown hair, but the large, round eyes, tender, intense, and full of life, were her mother's, though clear and untroubled as the mother's had never been.

'So you are glad to come home, Virginia?' said her father, rather sadly.

'Yes, papa, I am just delighted. I always made stories about home when I was at Littleton. I was very happy, you know, with dear Aunt Mary and all my friends; but it was so *uninteresting* not to know more of my very nearest relations.'

'You will find it very different, my dear, from what you are accustomed to. This is a dull place.'

'Oh, papa, I think it is so silly to be dull! I shall be quite ready to like anything you wish,' said Virginia, warmly.

'My dear, you shall take your own way. It would be hard at least if I could not give you that,' said Mr. Seyton, looking at her as if he did not quite know what to do with this gaily-dressed, frank-spoken daughter. 'Now let us come to breakfast.'

'I am afraid I am late,' said Virginia; 'but it is never easy to be in time after a journey.'

'You are punctual for this house, my dear; we take such things easy. But your aunt is down, you see, in your honour.' As Mr.

Seyton spoke they came into the dining-room, a long, low room, with treasures of curious carving round its oak panels, hardly visible in its imperfect light.

A lady sat pouring out the tea. She had the delicate features and peculiar complexion of her family, but her eyes, instead of being like Mr. Seyton's, vague and sad, were sharp and sarcastic; she had more play of feature, and, though she looked fully her age, had the air of having been a beauty.

Miss Seyton had once been engaged to be married, but her engagement had been broken off in one of the storms of discreditable trouble that had overwhelmed her father and brothers, no one knew exactly how or why. She had never married, and had lived ever since with her brother, not always without scandal and remark. Still her presence had kept Elderthwaite on the visiting-list of the county, and made it possible for her niece to live there.

In spite of her sharp, eager eyes, she had an indescribable laziness and nonchalance of manner, and poured out the tea as if it was an effort beyond her. The boys' places remained vacant. There was a little talk at breakfast time, but it did not flow easily. Virginia would have had plenty to say, but she had a sense that what she did say caused her aunt inward surprise or amusement, and she began to feel shy.

When the meal was over, Mr. Seyton sauntered away slowly, and Virginia said, 'Do we sit in the drawing-room in the morning, Aunt Julia?'

'Yes, as often as not,' said Miss Seyton. 'You are welcome to arrange all such matters for yourself. Girls have ways of their own.'

'I don't want to have any strange or uncomfortable ways, auntie,' said Virginia; 'I want to feel quite at home, and to be useful.'

'Useful!' said Miss Seyton. 'What's your notion of being useful?'

She did not speak unkindly, but with a curious sort of inward amusement, as if the notions of the bright-eyed girl were an odd study to her.

'I'm afraid I haven't very clear notions. I want to make it cheerful for papa—Aunt Mary always said he wasn't strong or well; and perhaps the boys want things done for them; my friends' brothers always did,' said Virginia, a little pathetically.

'There's one thing, my dear, I wish you to understand at once. I shall never interfere with you; but I don't mean to abdicate in your favour. I keep house—whatever house is kept—and you'd better shut your eyes and ears to it. It isn't work for you.'

'Oh, Aunt Julia!' said Virginia, distressed, 'I would not think of such a thing. It is your place.'

'No, my dear, it's not; but I mean to stick to it,' interposed Miss Seyton.

'And I know nothing about housekeeping, I'm afraid. I should be very extravagant.'

'Like a true Seyton. So much for that, then. And now another thing. Don't you ever give your brothers so much as a half-sovereign secretly. You have money, and they know it, and it's scarce here. Mind what I say.'

A kind of puzzled sense of something that she did not understand crossed Virginia's face.

'I would rather give them things than money,' she said. 'Of course papa lets them have what is right.'

'Of course,' said Miss Seyton, with the same perplexing expression of indescribable amusement.

A good joke had for years been the solace, a bitter sarcasm the natural outlet, of a life which certainly had been neither prosperous nor happy in itself, nor glorified by any martyrdom of self-denial.

Miss Seyton was full of *malice*, both in the French and English acceptations of the word. She loved fun, and she could not see without bitterness the young unworn creature beside her. To astonish Virginia offered an almost irresistible temptation to both these tendencies. Her evident unconsciousness of the life that lay before her, was at once so funny, and such a cruel satire on them all.

'So you built castles in the air about your relations?' she said, with an odd longing to knock some of these castles down.

'Sometimes,' said Virginia, "then Ruth told me about you; and two years ago, she and I met Cheriton Lester and his cousin Rupert in London, and I used to talk to them, Cheriton made me wish to come home very much.'

'Why?' said Miss Seyton, shortly.

'He used to tell her about the place, and he made me remember much better what it was like.'

'Cheriton will have to play second fiddle. The eldest brother is coming back from Spain.'

'Ah, I remember, he told us how much he wished it. Oh, and he told me Uncle James "wasn't half a bad fellow." I suppose that was a boy's way of saying he was very nice indeed. Perhaps I can help *him*, too, in the village. I like school-teaching, and I suppose there aren't many young ladies in Elderthwaite?'

'You little innocent!' exclaimed Miss Seyton. Then, moving away, she said, in the same wicked undertone, 'Well, you had better ask him.'

Virginia remained standing by the fire. She felt ruffled, for she knew herself to be laughed at, and not having the clue to her aunt's meaning, she fancied that her free and easy mention of Cheriton had elicited the remark; and being a young lady of decided opinions and somewhat warm temper, made up her mind silently, but with energy, that she should never like her Aunt Julia, never! She had been taken away from home when only eleven years old, and since then had only occasionally seen her father and her brothers. Her cousin Ruth, who had frequently stayed at Elderthwaite, had

never bestowed on her much definite information; and perhaps the season in London and the renewal of her childish acquaintance with Cheriton Lester, had done more than anything else to revive old impressions.

She had been most carefully brought up by her aunt, Lady Hampton, with every advantage of education and influence. Companions and books were all carefully chosen, and her aunt hoped to see her married before there was any chance of her returning to Elderthwaite. But such was the dread of the reckless, defiant, Seyton nature, that her very precautions defeated their wishes.

Virginia never was allowed to be intimate with any young man but Cheriton, who at the time of their meeting was a mere boy, and with thoughts turned in another direction; and though Virginia was sufficiently susceptible, with a nature at once impetuous and dependent, she came home at one-and-twenty, never yet having seen her ideal in flesh and blood.

'Duties enough, and little cares,' had filled her girlhood, and delightful girl friendships and girl reverences had occupied her heart; while her time had been filled by her studies, the cheerful gaieties of a lively neighbourhood, and by the innumerable claims of a church and parish completely organised and vigorously worked.

Lady Hampton was one of the Ladies Bountiful of Littleton; and Virginia had taught in the schools, made tea at the treats, worked at church decorations, and made herself useful and important in all the ways usual to a clever, warm-hearted girl under such influences. And with the same passionate fervour of nature, and the same necessity to her life of an approving conscience, which had made her mother's heart beat itself to death against the bars of her unsatisfying home, Virginia's nature had flowed on in perfect tune with her surroundings; till, when she was nearly twenty, came the great grief of her kind aunt's death, leaving her heiress to a moderate fortune. By the terms of the will she was to travel under carefully-selected guardianship till she was of age, and then to choose whether she would go home to her father, or have a home made for her at Littleton.

Virginia chose promptly, and then, in the delicate, indefinite language of those who fear to do harm by every word, was warned of difficulties. Much would be painful to her, much would be strange; her home was not like anything she had been used to. She listened and looked sad, and understood nothing of what they meant to imply; and thus ready to admire, but with only one type in her mind of what was admirable; full of love, but with none of the blinding softening memories that make love easy, she came to a home where admiration was impossible, and love would demand either ignorant indifference to any high ideal, or a rare and perfect charity, alike unknown to a high-minded intolerant girl.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL OF VIAREGGIO.

A TALE OF CHILD-LIFE IN ITALY.

BY LINDA VILLARI, AUTHOR OF 'IN THE GOLDEN SHELL,' 'IN CHANGE UNCHANGED,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW FRIENDS.

EARLY the next morning Gigia, running about on the terrace over the dining-room, was nursing her battered boat and watching old Raffaele arrange the tables and chairs, and reef up the striped awning that was flapping so noisily in the wind, when she heard a loud Pst! Pst! from the road below. Looking over the low parapet, she saw her ragged friend Momo, nodding and smiling to her.

'Good-morning, Signorina!' he said, showing his white teeth in a hearty grin of recognition. 'Mother sent me to thank you for getting me some work yesterday. She says that you are an angel.'

'Oh, come up here and play with me, Momo dear!' cried Gigia, clapping her hands. 'We could have such fun with my boat.' And she held out her treasure at arm's length over the wall, that Momo might admire it.

The boy shook his head. 'I can't,' he said. 'The padrone says he has no jobs for me to-day, so I am going home to help mother with her washing.'

'But I want to show you my boat,' persisted Gigia, earnestly.

'Is *that* your boat? I am sure it won't sail,' said Momo. 'I can make better ones than that.'

Gigia was rather disposed to be offended at this slight to her treasure, but she changed her mind, and turning the boat over and over in her hands, looked at it critically.

'It *used* to sail,' she said, reflectively, 'but it does not now; it always tumbles over on one side when I put it in a puddle. *Could* you make me another, Momo?' And she leant over the parapet and looked very winningly down on her new friend.

'That I will, Signorina,' he said, heartily, 'as soon as ever I can find a nice piece of wood; but now I must go home, and good-bye.'

'Good-bye, good-bye, dear Momo!' answered Gigia, and, like the born coquette she was, she kissed her hand to the boy as he turned away.

'Well, I'm sure, Gigia!' exclaimed Raffaele, who was looking on, his wrinkled face puckered into a half-amused, half-vexed expression. 'You never kiss your hand to me. I believe you like that dirty, ragged boy better than your poor old Raffaele.'

'No, I don't, naughty Raffaele!' exclaimed Gigia, loyally; and by way of proving her affection, she made a sudden rush towards the old man, dived between his legs as through a bridge, and then swinging herself round his knee remarked, in a deprecating tone, 'But you *can't* make boats, you know, and I do so want a new one.'

Just then the sound of a scolding voice on the second-floor, followed by the cries of children, brought to Gigia's recollection the arrivals of the previous evening. She clasped the waiter's leg tighter, and asked, under her breath, if that 'naughty lady' was beating her children again.

Raffaele told her that he had seen the Countess walking down to the sea, and that it must be the French maid who was scolding the children. 'And here she is, coming down with her hat on,' he continued, indignantly. 'She has left those poor little chaps up stairs by themselves. It would serve her and their mother right if they both fell out of window. Perhaps Teresa is doing the room though.'

'I'll go and see,' said Gigia, promptly; 'perhaps they would like to play with me;' and hugging her darling boat closely in her arms, she scampered in at the staircase window, and hurried to the top of the house. Her courage somewhat failed her when she reached the door of the Countess's sitting-room, and she felt the sort of sinking our nursery friend Jack must have experienced as he drew near the ogre's castle. The door was closed, but a low sort of whimpering betrayed the presence of the unlucky children.

Through the open door of the next room Gigia could see old Teresa making a bed. The neighbourhood of a friend gave her fresh courage, and gently turning the handle of the closed door, she entered the enchanted precincts.

Yes! there were the two little boys, each standing in a corner with his face to the wall; that evidently being their nurse's method of keeping them out of mischief during her absence. Happy Gigia knew nothing of punishments, so did not understand why these children should be crying in corners, but her kind little heart swelled with pity for their evident discomfort. They did not turn their heads on her entrance, but the whimpers sank into a lower key, and Gigia stood still for an instant on the threshold and stared at them and into the room.

It was a pretty, bright little *salon*, with windows looking seawards; books and work and a few toys lay scattered about, and all would have seemed very comfortable but for those two forlorn little boys in the corners.

And there was a strange object over the fireplace that quickly attracted the little girl's attention. She thought it must be a kind of broom. It was a long bundle of thin twigs, tied firmly together at one end and without any handle. What could it be?

As neither child took any notice of her presence, Gigia hesitated

which to speak to first; then, running towards the little one who had given her a friendly glance the evening before, she put one arm round his neck, and holding her boat with the other, said, in persuasive tones—

'Would you like to play with my boat, little boy?'

The child ceased whining, gave a start of surprise, and turning round in his prison corner, took the boat from Gigia's hand and stared at her with his pretty, frightened brown eyes.

The other child also turned when Gigia spoke; but he looked cross as well as frightened, and stamping his foot on the floor, exclaimed—

'Go away! go away, little girl! Mamma and Jeannette will beat us if they find you here.'

'I'm only showing my boat,' said Gigia, meekly, not in the least comprehending the child's terror. 'Why do you both stick in corners, instead of playing as I do?'

'We mayn't,' whimpered the younger boy. 'Jeannette says we are very wicked. Boo-h-o-o, boo-h-o-o-o!'

At this Gigia could not refrain from kissing him, and she wiped his eyes on her pinafore in quite a motherly way, and once more pointed out the beauties of her valued old boat.

'Show it to me then, that boat of yours,' said the elder child, imperatively; and issuing from his corner, he snatched the toy from his little brother's hand, and then ran back to his place of penance.

Gigia thought him very rude, and told him so frankly, while the smaller boy immediately began to cry again.

'Never mind, *carino*,' said Gigia, protectingly, 'you shall have it again presently, and, do you know, Momo is going to make me a beautiful new boat. Shall I ask him to make one for you too?'

'That would be nice,' said the little fellow, brightening up, and sitting down by Gigia's side on the floor they began to make real friends together, leaving the elder child to enjoy his captured prize in sulky dignity. He soon looked as though he would like to join them, and once or twice came half-way across the room after them; but he was evidently more cowed by ill-treatment than his little brother, and whenever there was any slight noise in the passage he went scurrying back to his little corner.

'What is that broom up there for?' inquired Gigia presently, pointing a plump finger towards the object on the chimney-piece.

A dead silence followed this question, so Gigia repeated it.

'It isn't a broom,' said the bigger boy, in a gloomy voice; 'I wish it was.'

'But what is it?' persisted Gigia, turning to her brown-eyed friend.

'It's what mamma flogs Alexis with when he's naughty,' answered he.

'Flogs Alexis with!' echoed little Gigia, horrified and looking very pityingly at the elder boy, who returned her glance with a strange

mixture of defiance and shame in the expression of his small light eyes.

'Your mamma must be a very naughty woman,' said Gigia, vehemently. 'Does she flog you too, poor little boy?'

'No! she only beats me with her hand, but, oh, so hard when she is angry!' replied the child, indifferently.

Evidently being flogged seemed the most natural of things to these badly brought-up children.

'I'm glad she isn't my mamma then,' said Gigia. 'No one ever beats me.'

Suddenly the elder boy sprang out of his corner, all red with fright to the very roots of his flaxen hair, and throwing the boat into Gigia's lap, exclaimed—

'Take your boat and run away, do! I hear some one coming up stairs, and mamma and Jeannette will beat us if they find you here. Go!' he repeated, angrily, as Gigia slowly rose from the floor. 'Nobody asked you to come here.'

The little boy, too, scampered back to his place, and Gigia, catching the panic, rushed to the door just as some one approached it from without, and then, in her fright, turned and ran as hard as she could into the adjoining bed-room, in order to escape that way. Alas! its outer door was locked, and while her trembling fingers were struggling with the key, she heard the voice of the terrible Countess accusing the poor children of having left their corners to run about the room. Both began to howl, and then Gigia heard the elder one saying, 'We never moved, mamma! but that nasty little girl from down stairs has been in the room.'

'Is that true?' asked the Countess; and, trembling, Gigia heard a loud slap, followed by a yell from Alexis.

'Where is she then—the vermin!' exclaimed the enraged woman. 'I'll flog you both if you don't tell me.'

The little one whimpered without making any reply, but Alexis said, eagerly, 'She ran into your room, mamma.'

Gigia gave herself up for lost as she heard the rustling skirts coming nearer; but now, in her desperation, she managed to turn the stiff key in the lock, and bursting out of the room she flew down the stairs as though for dear life, pursued by a volley of fierce words. Then the wrathful Countess rang her bell incessantly, until it was answered by Raffaele and Teresa, to whom she made angry complaints about the child's unwarrantable intrusion. Gigia could hear her ring, ring, ringing, as she tore down the stairs, and fearing a reproof for her escapade from Nonno and Nonna, she took refuge on the terrace, and crouching under the window of the first-floor sitting-room, vented her feelings in a burst of frightened tears. She had worked herself up into a very agony of sobs when she heard a gentle voice, just above her head, asking what was the matter, and, uncovering her tear-stained face, saw the lady in

black leaning from the window and gazing down on her with kind, inquiring eyes.

At first Gigia gasped out that nothing was the matter, and tried to stop her sobs by stuffing a fist into either eye; but at last she managed to stammer out a few disconnected words about the wicked lady and the little boys.

'Come in here, little pet, and tell me all about it,' said the lady, soothingly.

But Gigia shook her head, and sobbed out that she was afraid of meeting *her* on the stairs.

'Poor little one!' said the lady. 'Bring a chair, then, and I'll lift you in through the window.'

Gigia's tears ceased at this proposition, and fetching a chair from the end of the terrace she climbed up to the window-sill and into the lady's arms, and the next instant found herself standing in the middle of the room which she had helped her aunt to arrange the previous afternoon, staring bashfully about her with one finger in her mouth.

The handsome stout gentleman who was turning over a portfolio of sketches looked up and burst out laughing at the sight of the droll little figure standing there with flushed cheeks, tearful astonished eyes, and a tangle of golden-tipped dark hair tumbled over her face. The lady said something in a language Gigia did not understand, and then her husband looked very serious, and saying in Italian, 'It is true, she is like our poor darling,' left his seat, and lifting Gigia in his arms gave her a long, hearty kiss. This caress restored the little girl's spirits, and put her so much at ease that she was presently chattering to the kind couple as though she had known them all her life.

Seated on the lady's lap she had soon recounted her dreadful adventure up stairs, not forgetting to mention old Teresa's theory about the Countess; and as she related it in an awestruck voice she was not a little surprised and scandalised at the gentleman's burst of laughter. She paused in her narrative, and after looking gravely at him turned to the lady and said with a funny little shrug—

'Why does he laugh at everything? he's like those silly officers.'

This remark, of course, led to a full and particular account of Gigia's naval friends, of all the people that frequented the hotel, and of every particular of her own life, including her acquaintance with the ragged Momo.

Her new friends listened with amused attention to the baby history told by that sweet, eager, baby voice, the lady stroking her hair and kissing her occasionally, and the gentleman smiling kindly, but taking care not to laugh again, as he looked up every now and then from the sheet of rough paper on which he was rapidly sketching something with a bit of charcoal.

At last Gigia stopped for want of breath, and noticing that the

artist was opening the mysterious, flat, long box she had seen lifted from the carriage the evening before, she slid off the lady's lap and went to peep.

It was indeed a funny box, full of curious little tubes with printed labels on them, and underneath was a drawer containing paint-brushes of every shape and size.

Gigia eagerly inquired if it were a toy, and if she might play with it; but the gentleman shook his head and gravely assured her that she had better not touch it for it *might* go off with a bang.

Hearing this she jumped quickly away from the wonderful thing, and then looking at the paper the artist was employed upon, saw to her amazement the outline of a plump little girl with round cheeks, tangled hair, and big, wide-open eyes, standing with her finger in her mouth. Gigia stared and stared again; then suddenly a delighted smile broke over her face, and clapping her hands, she shouted at the top of her voice—

'It's me! It's me! How did you make me?'

'Do you like having your portrait taken?' asked the lady.

'Yes, yes!' shouted Gigia gleefully. 'Only, why has he made me all black? I'm not all black, you know.'

'Wise child,' said the artist, laughing. 'No, you are not all black, and if you are a good girl I'll do you in pretty colours, but you will have to sit still for a time.'

'My aunt Rosina makes pictures too,' remarked Gigia confidentially.

The gentleman looked interested. 'I should like to see them,' he said.

'She does them in white cotton, and here is one,' went on Gigia triumphantly, and trotting across the room she began to pull forward the chair on which she herself had fastened the crochet representation of Garibaldi with one leg longer than the other. 'And I sewed it on,' added the child, patting it approvingly and looking round for applause.

The lady laughed, and the artist remarked in the humblest of voices that he was quite incapable of executing portraits in that style at any price. He look so grieved, Gigia thought, that she felt quite sorry for him.

'Yours are not bad,' she remarked, soothingly, and then the gentleman bowed very low and said she was too kind.

And then he began to squeeze little blobs of colour out of the tubes on to a flat piece of china with a round hole in it, and Gigia was thoroughly absorbed in watching this delightful proceeding when there came a knock at the door, and on its opening in answer to the lady's *avanti*, there stood Nonna Maria with old Raffaele behind her.

'Has our little girl—' she began, and stopped, for there was the missing little girl, evidently on the best of terms with the occupants of the room.

'Yes, Signora; here is your little one,' said the lady, 'and very good company we have found her. You must let her come to us whenever she likes.'

The good landlady looked much relieved. It was a blessing that the English couple were not like the Countess!

'You are very kind, Signora,' she said. 'Little Gigia *will* run about the house, do what we may to keep her with us. She is too young to go to school yet, and when we are all busy, off she slips like an eel. That Countess up stairs,' continued Signora Maria with an indignant glance at the ceiling, 'has been making a terrible fuss, and we thought she had frightened the poor little thing clean away from the house.'

Then the artist repeated that Gigia was welcome to come as often as she liked, adding with a sigh, that both he and his wife loved children dearly. Then, at the child's request, the sketch was shown to Nonna, who was highly flattered, though in her heart she did not think it half pretty enough, and Gigia trudged down stairs contentedly, munching a stick of chocolate that the artist's wife had just given to her.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARTIST AND HIS WIFE.

And now a week of brilliant summer weather gladdened the hearts of the people of Viareggio with the hopes of an unusually early and successful season.

Many houses were already let, mountains of luggage were to be seen being wheeled through the town in all directions, and the proprietor of the 'Neptune' bathing establishment was making frantic efforts to urge his painters and carpenters to complete their tasks a fortnight earlier than usual. His less fashionable neighbours had already opened their doors to the public, and the water all round them was beginning to be alive with human forms. The straw-huts on the beach daily increased in number, being much frequented by those who study economy or wish to unite the hot-sand cure to their course of sea-baths. At this end of the beach fashion is defied, and the whole process of bathing carried on in the easiest and most unconventional manner. You cannot walk near these huts without encountering strange forms in every stage of dress and undress stalking in and out of the water; some draped toga-wise in sheets, some in the airy costume of the athlete, often in odd contrast with the middle-aged figures and spindle-legs of their wearers. The ladies, too, despising the elegant costumes appropriate to the 'Nettuno,' here enter the waves in any old gown or white under-garment that may be handy, protecting their heads from the sun by huge, wide-brimmed hats of the coarsest straw. Naked children scamper about in every shade of red and brown, and the inquisitive stranger is much puzzled by the appearance on the beach of numerous

strange mounds and hillocks with curious protruding knobs of a different colour. On nearer approach, however, these mounds are sometimes upheaved as by an earthquake, and resolving themselves into human beings enjoying the sand-cure, retire into the water or within a hut.

The paint was nearly dry on that pride of Viareggio, the new Café; a street of tiny wooden shops was being run up alongside the road from the corner of the 'Commercio' to the beach, and the big day theatre began to emerge from its winter sheath of scaffolding. It was time for weak-eyed people to put on sun-spectacles before venturing across the sand to and from the sea; the itinerant vendors of parasols and fans began to drive a good trade, and—infallible sign that the season had commenced—the red-capped, white-aproned baker from Pisa had begun to go his rounds with those cushiony buns and cakes, so tempting to the eye but so trying to the digestion. The Englishman, or to give him his proper name, Mr. Aston, and his wife were delighted with Viareggio; and Viareggio, as represented by the landlord and his family, was delighted with them.

Like many artists, Mr. Aston was an exceedingly genial, sociable man, with a happy knack of picking up information from everybody. Before he had been three days in the place he knew as much about it as though he had dwelt there as many years. He chatted with the good landlord and with Signora Maria, and with the naval officers and the townspeople, and with old Raffaele and the boatmen, in fact with all with whom he came in contact; and the more he talked the greater favourite he became, for he was also a good listener, and thus, being both witty and kind, soon found his way to most men's hearts. In the same short space of time he had become almost a divinity in the eyes of ragged Momo, for having inquired for a boy to carry his painting materials when he went out sketching, good Signor Gianni had successfully recommended Gigia's *protégé*, and so the boy's heart was gladdened by the gift of an old coat and the prospect of pretty constant employment for some time to come. These were happy days for little Gigia also.

For the present her trembling recollection of the Countess's wrath prevented her from venturing on any more excursions to the second floor, and she contented herself with stealing pitying, wistful glances at the two little boys as she saw them pass through the house to and from the beach, hauled along by vociferous mamma and maid, more like culprits being carried to execution than children going to bathe and play on the sands.

So the little girl passed the greater part of her time with the artist's wife, who indeed would often come to seek her, if Nonna or aunt Rosina attempted to keep her down stairs. Mrs. Aston was not strong enough to accompany her husband on his longer sketching expeditions, and she took a real delight in petting this pretty, prattling Gigia, on

whom she would sometimes gaze with sorrowful yearning eyes, as though tracing in that bright little face the likeness of some other now no more in this world.

She would often tie on Gigia's flapping hat, and take her for short strolls suited to childish legs. If it was in the evening they would go towards the harbour and down the long narrow pier that stretches so far into the sea, to enjoy the sweet salt breeze, and to watch the fishing-smacks that glide slowly in ghostly fashion to the mouth of the canal, and then, when once fairly out of the harbour, spread their big white sails, and speed away, looking like huge white birds in the dim twilight.

Or, in the morning they would roam along the shore picking up shells and seaweeds, till they came to those strange moving mounds that I have mentioned above, when they would turn inland among the sand-hills, until they reached the fragrant pine-woods, at this season doubly fragrant from the abundance of dwarf everlastings now in bloom and filling the summer air with their pungent aroma. Here in the shade Mrs. Aston would sit down and draw out her work, while little Gigia ran about till she was tired, plucking the yellow everlastings, delicate polygulas, wild lavender, cistus, and handfuls of gracefully nodding grasses; and then, seating herself by her friend's side, would demand a needle and thread to string her leaves and flowerets together. At such times the lady would tell her droll little anecdotes of the amusements of other children in far-off England, and if the little maiden seemed sleepy, would put a shawl over her, and sing some soothing cradle song, which speedily lulled the weary child into a sweet mid-day nap.

But besides the flowers, and songs, and stories, there were other things among these sand-hills and pine-trees, which were an unfailing source of amusement, both to Gigia and Mrs. Aston. These were living creatures, certain hard-working winged beetles, the self-constituted scavengers of Viareggio and its environs.

These beetles, of which my ignorance of entomology prevents me from telling you the name, I have also seen in other parts of Italy, and I believe they are to be found on sandy parts of our own coasts; but nowhere have I ever seen them in such multitudes as at Viareggio. Every yard of the sand-hills and pine-woods swarm with these beetles, and you may even meet select parties of them in the streets of the town, exercising their praiseworthy function of road-cleaners extraordinary to the municipality.

Such energetic, bustling little creatures! Does a sheep or horse pass by, instantly a crowd of beetles assembles from every point of the compass, and in a few moments each individual has formed a round ball of animal droppings, and is diligently rolling it at a brisk rate towards his own particular hole in the sand.

This is their mode of progression. As soon as our beetle considers the ball sufficiently rounded, he mounts upon it, and then, descending headforemost, walks backwards on his fore-feet, while propelling his

property towards its destination by means of his hinder ones. Generally each labourer is accompanied by a smaller beetle—probably his wife—who crawls behind ready to replace her lord and master when fatigued. Sometimes on its way the ball rolls into so deep a hollow in the sand, that our beetle finds every effort unavailing to get it out. But do not fancy that he despairs because he then leaves it, and scrambles up to the brink of the hollow! He has only gone there to shovel down sufficient sand to form an easy causeway up to the top, and then resumes his labours—this time with success. Sometimes a fellow-beetle of felonious instincts will appear upon the scene, and try to take unlawful possession of his neighbour's prize. Instantly a fight ensues, and the brigand gets finely pommelled by his destined victim from the vantage-ground of the ball.

Our beetle's troubles are not over, however, when at last he reaches his home, for it often happens that the new acquisition is too big for the entry, which has to be enlarged, before the creature, by dint of hard shoving, pushing, and stamping, can manage with his companion's aid to safely house this hard-won treasure.

Gigia was never tired of watching these insects, and I am sorry to say she often played the trick of removing their balls to some distance, just to see what they would do. Then Mrs. Aston would tell her to imagine herself in their place, and think what she would feel at having something of hers snatched away from her, and would point little morals from the habits of these industrious creatures, trying to impress on her hearer how nothing worth having can be gained without real hard work. Lessons these, which, like many received in very early childhood, seem to make little impression at the time, but, nevertheless, sink in and take root, to bear good fruit at some distant season.

Sometimes these quiet rambles were varied by going to meet Mr. Aston, when he was painting anywhere near Viareggio. He was very glad of their presence, as they helped to keep off inquisitive children and loungers, who crowded round the artist and his paraphernalia as though he had been some strange animal. There was one spot on a piece of common land between the hospital and the pinetæ from whence there was a glorious view of the mountains, with their everchanging lights and shadows. Here he worked several days in succession on an elaborate study in oils; a foreground of pines, with the jagged and varied peaks of the mountain chain behind. Unluckily there were several rope-walks here, so he found himself exposed to much unflattering attention, not only from the rope-makers themselves, but also from an attendant swarm of small boys, and women with squalling babies. When alone with Momo he had a hard time of it, for it was more than his little companion could manage to keep the gazers at a respectful distance, and to prevent the more daring of the children from meddling with the sacred paint-box.

In vain would Mr. Aston spread a big sheet over his sketching umbrella, and try to work oblivious of the crowd. They would press nearer and nearer, and though he could pretend not to hear their remarks, the squabbling of the children among themselves and with the valiant Momo, who did his best to make them respect his master's property, was often too much for his equanimity. After a period of mild desperation, he would become frantic, and be driven to charging his audience with his mahl stick, making horrible faces the while, in order to strike fear into their hearts. It is fortunate that, as a rule, artists are a particularly easy-tempered race, and do not absolutely require solitude for the practice of their art. Imagine a composer or a poet achieving any satisfactory work under similar circumstances! However, when Mrs. Aston and Gigia were with him, it was easier to preserve a sort of charmed circle round the tent. The grave air of the artist's wife, the hushed tones in which she spoke, and the imploring looks she would cast on the staring women and children, were not without their effect, while the presence of the little grandchild of the universally-respected landlord of the 'Commercio' threw an atmosphere of respectability over the strange and mysterious doings of the foreign gentleman under the umbrella.

Gigia took the deepest interest in the progress of the picture, and would sit as still as a frightened mouse, coiled up at Mrs. Aston's feet, until the moment came for packing up and going home.

Then the grave, absorbed look, would disappear from the artist's face; then he had merry smiles and jests for his wife's little favourite, who would trudge by his side, proudly bearing some small section of the easel or umbrella stick, persuaded that she was being of immense use to her kind friend.

One morning, when there was a dull leaden tint over the still sea, and the mountains were hidden behind dark, lowering clouds, Mr. Aston said that as it was impossible to go on with his picture, it was a good opportunity to explore the other pine-wood beyond the canal.

Gigia, who, for a wonder, was down stairs with her grandmother, dashed out upon her friends as they passed through the hall, and begged to go with them.

'Too far for you, I am afraid, my pet,' answered the lady, as she kissed the eager, upturned face.

'But you *said* I could walk as far as you,' urged the child. 'Look at my legs, how strong they are.'

And so saying, she raised her frock, and displayed a very sturdy pair of dark brown legs.

'Oh, let the little kid come,' said Mr. Aston, good-humouredly. 'I can let her ride on my back if she gets tired.'

'Don't go too far into the forest, sir,' put in the landlord, pointing to the sullen sky. 'I can see there's a storm brewing.'

'All right,' said the artist, cheerily. 'Be sure we'll bring back the little one safe and sound.'

Gigia was in higher spirits than ever this morning, and her tongue wagged unceasingly as they crossed the bridge and went past the docks and timber-yards and over the sand to the edge of the wood.

'And what *do* you think!' she said presently, squeezing Mrs. Aston's hand very tight. 'Aunt Rosina told me a secret this morning—such a lovely secret, and I am not to tell it to any one. Wouldn't you like to know it? Shall I tell it to you?'

'Then it wouldn't be a secret any longer, dear child,' answered Mrs. Aston.

That was a new idea for Gigia, and she pondered over it with a puzzled air for a few minutes.

'Oh! but I must tell you!' she exclaimed. 'I want you to know it. Please stoop down, and I'll say it in your ear. *You* mustn't hear it though,' looking coquettishly at Mr. Aston. 'No, not even if you cry!' she went on, stamping her foot, as Mr. Aston pressed a handkerchief to his eyes, and proclaimed himself thoroughly heart-broken by Gigia's want of confidence in him.

'I'm to be one of the angels next week,' she said in a loud stage whisper, stretching up on tip-toe, to pour this wonderful information into Mrs. Aston's ear.

'One of the angels, my dear!' repeated Mrs. Aston in a bewildered way.

'Yes, and have wings with gold and silver stars on them, and go all about the town with the procession,' continued the child in a loud voice, already forgetful of her intended secrecy. 'Won't it be lovely?'

Mr. Aston explained to his wife that this procession must be on the *fête* of the Corpus Domini, which, in fact, would fall in the following week.

'And only good little girls are allowed to be angels,' continued Gigia, 'and Nonna says I must be sure not to do anything naughty these days, or the priests won't have me.'

The artist and his wife fully agreed that naughty angels were not to be thought of, and Gigia gave them many surprising and confused details of the coming festival, which she had never yet seen.

And now they had reached the edge of the shady pine-wood, and soon came to a convenient gap in its boundary wall. This *pineta*, being the private property of the ex-Grand Duke, is not open to the public, but though entrance be denied at the gates, once through one of the many breaches in the wall you may wander unquestioned all over it, and, if you care to leave the shelter of the high trees, can make your way through the pine scrub, and up and down the sand-hills to the lonely shore stretching towards the Gombo forest and Leghorn. Here, however, it is necessary to keep on the outer side of certain high poles planted along the beach at some distance from Viareggio, or you will

be on forbidden ground; and even should no one appear to warn you off, a shot from the great Armstrong gun at the Polygon may chance, if it be practising time, to come whizzing amid the sand-hills near which you are straying, and cause you to hurry back at the top of your speed to the safe shelter of the forest.

But on this occasion the Astons and our little heroine did not extend their rambles in that direction. A solemn stillness brooded over the woods. Not a breath of wind stirred the trees, and the general silence was only disturbed by the cracking of twigs, the rustling of leaves as a lizard crossed their path, or an uneasy twittering of birds in distant branches. Slowly our party went on deeper and deeper into the wood. For a while Gigia ran on merrily along the narrow sandy paths, plucking wild roses and cistus blossoms. Now and then children passed them with baskets full of everlastings for the decoration of the churches.

Gradually the influence of the oppressive stillness checked even Gigia's flow of chatter about angels' wings and wreaths of roses, and they all sat down to rest. Every tiny noise, each stirring of insect life, was magnified by the strange quiet of the place, till the cracking of a twig startled them almost as much as the report of a pistol would have done. Suddenly a bright flash zigzagged through the trees, and a tremendous clap of thunder broke right over their heads. The child shrank closer to Mrs. Aston's side.

All sprang to their feet, and Mr. Aston proposed that they should push on to the palace, which could not be far off, he said, to take refuge from the coming storm. So they hurried nervously forward, anxious to get away from the trees as soon as possible. But somehow they mistook their road; the forest grew thicker; no place of shelter came in sight. Flash succeeded flash, and the thunder grew louder and louder. Large drops of rain began to fall, which soon became a heavy downpour, converting the sand paths into rivulets, the high grass into a swamp.

'This will never do,' exclaimed Mrs. Aston, 'we must turn back towards the town.'

Little Gigia trudged on bravely for a time, but she trembled at every flash and every thunder clap, and the sturdy little legs began to flag.

'Poor little thing! you shall ride on my back,' said Mr. Aston, kindly.

But at first Gigia was too much depressed to accept this delightful offer. She buried her head in Mrs. Aston's dripping skirt, crying, 'No, no! I should be nearer the nasty lightning.'

However, the kind artist wrapped her up, head and all, in his own waterproof, and hoisting her on to his shoulders, bade her clasp her hands firmly round his neck, and not so much as peep from under the coat.

Then they went on at an increased pace, and, after what seemed a weary time, reached the edge of the forest. They all breathed more freely when away from the trees, and facing the blinding rain on the open space near the canal. Very forlorn objects they appeared by the time they arrived at the door of the hotel, where the landlord, his wife and daughter were anxiously looking out for them; and with many expressions of surprise and pity, dripping, tired Gigia was taken down from her perch and carried off to be dried and warmed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BLUE LADY OF MILDENHALL.

CHAPTER II.

A FRIEND.

'And what am I to you? A steady hand
To hold, a steadfast heart to trust withal,
Merely a man that loves you, and will stand
By you, whate'er befall.'

JEAN INGELOW.

THE stranger came on at a rapid, swinging pace, that very soon brought him within hearing.

'Well met, John!' Miles called out; 'whither away so fast?'

John Dayrell looked up at the call, and seeing Miles, smiled and waved his hand.

'To find you,' he answered; 'and by Providence I have lighted on you early.'

He had come up to them by this time, and stopped, glancing doubtfully at Molly's little blue figure, and at Reginald, who, hearing the strange voice, was coming slowly down the grass-path towards his daughter, with an inquiring expression on his countenance. A momentary smile lit up the stranger's grave face as his eyes rested on his friend, standing whole and well before him.

'Nothing amiss at home, I trust? That's well,' said Miles, and held the gate open, as inviting him to enter. 'What has brought you here, John?'

'To get news of you,' returned the other quietly.

He did everything quietly. His voice was calmness itself. His very smile was grave. He had a way of looking at people straight out of his steady grey eyes, that compelled respect. In all his life, I do not suppose any one had ever presumed to call him 'Jack.'

This precise young man was clothed throughout in sombre grey, wholly unrelieved by lace or plume. His drooping beaver hat was of unadorned black. He wore dark grey homespun stockings, and thick leather shoes. Sword or rapier formed no part of his attire, but he

carried with him a stout ashen staff. There were no rings on his broad sunburnt hand, no jewelled clasps in hat, or belt, or shoon. The plainness of his costume amounted to gravity, and it was the more apparent beside the graceful, courtly figure of his friend.

'You are come in a propitious moment, John,' Miles said, in his joyous fashion. 'Let me introduce you to the lady who is going to do me the honour of becoming my wife. Molly, this is one of the dearest of my friends,' said he, turning again to the girl, who stood, still with her hand in his, full of a quaint sweet dignity of her own, more like the rufflings of a little dainty bird than anything else I know.

'Friends of yours, sir, must needs become friends of mine,' she answered him.

John responded with a deep bow to her profound curtsey, and with a slighter one to Reginald, to whom Miles hastened to present him.

'Monsieur de Laval. Mr. Dayrell, of Clyffe Norton.'

'You have the good fortune to come straight from England, I presume, sir; welcome to Saint Germains,' the old Jacobite said, with a courteous wave of his white hand.

John Dayrell frowned a little. Before he had time to frame any answer Miles interposed.

'I will bring you here early to-morrow, John, to better your acquaintance; but now, I truly have not a minute to stay. If you please, we must be off. Good night again, sir; and again, good-night, sweetheart.' He uncovered, and standing bare-headed under the red sunset, lifted the little hand to his lips with a lingering tenderness, then bowed low to the venerable old man, and turned away.

Dayrell bowed distantly to father and daughter, and followed his friend through the little gate.

For a minute or two Reginald and the girl stood by each other in the long shadow of the lime-trees, and looked after the two young men. Miles turned several times to take off his hat, and wave his hand to them in repeated farewells, till the little blue figure moved away and disappeared up the garden path. Then he put his arm within John's as they went, with long, truly English strides, on their way between the poplars.

Miles was a tall man, but John was nearly a head taller, broad-shouldered, and stalwart of limb.

These two were, as Miles had said, the greatest of friends. They had been friends from their earliest boyhood. And their fathers had been friends before them.

The two families had grown up in the completest intimacy. Squire Dayrell's wife had died very young, and ever since, Lady Compton had been as a mother to John and his sister.

The father, too, was dead now. For a little more than a year John had been the squire at Clyffe Norton; and a model squire he made. He was only two or three years older than Miles Compton; but as far

as discretion and forethought went he might have been twenty years his senior. There was hardly a tenant who had an ill word to say of him, and in all the neighbourhood no man enjoyed a more universal esteem than this John Dayrell. He was one of those people whom all men speak well of. He had not many great friends, perhaps; but when he did make a friend it was for life.

Naturally he was a Whig, by descent and by choice. All his ancestors were Puritans, and he gloried in it. His heart and his whole sympathy were with the men who cropped their hair close and surnamed themselves out of Bunyan's book; it would have been very congenial to John to do the like. As it was, he allied himself as closely with their spirit as was feasible. He dressed in sad colours, and preserved a staid method of demeanour and conversation. He visited a great deal among the sick and poor of his own village, and was not averse to expounding the Scriptures in an unostentatious manner. His theology was exclusively Presbyterian. Rome seemed to him little short of the entrance to the infernal regions, and to his mind everything connected with the Stuarts savoured of abomination. John was essentially practical.

There could hardly be two characters more diametrically opposed than his and Miles's. Lady Compton rejoiced over their affection for each other, as she had rejoiced over little since her husband's death. She knew that her son's tastes were the first step on the political high-road to ruin. In a certain unconscious way she looked to John Dayrell to hold him back and set him straight. I do not know if John himself were aware of the responsible position she assigned to him.

There is always something very pleasing in the friendship of the young. There seemed, to Miles's mother at least, something specially pathetic in the friendship of these two young men, left so early, each at the head of his estate.

Walking arm-in-arm down the long dusty road into Saint Germains they were a curious contrast—a youthful illustration of court and country.

'So you came out to look for me,' Miles was saying, with a smile. 'Faith! you've come pretty straight to the mark. And to get news? Why, you will have a fine bit of news to start with in my marriage.'

John looked grave. 'Indeed, I hope you will not leave your mother to hear of such an event as this secondhand.'

The other considered a minute. 'You're right, John,' then he said, meditatively.

'She takes it greatly to heart,' his friend pursued, and regarded him with a steady gaze, 'your leaving her in such ignorance of your movements, and allowing her to hear, by chance only, where you are staying.'

The charge did not anger the young quasi-Jacobite. He neither refuted nor condemned it.

'The position of my party,' he said, not without dignity, 'requires secrecy. I am bound to silence. When the right time comes, my first care will be to acquaint my mother with all my intentions.'

John smiled a little. These 'intentions' from his point of view were rather visions than projects. 'I have a great many messages to deliver to you,' he resumed, in his matter-of-fact voice. 'We shall have plenty to talk about this evening.'

'I shall hardly have time to hear it all now,' returned Miles. 'There is a rather momentous assemblage to-night. The prince's secretary arrives from Rome. He will probably deliver me my despatches. This is in confidence, mind,' said the young man, stopping hastily short. 'But there will be plenty of time to get into a corner and have our talk out. What say you, John? Will you come with me to the reception?'

'To the devil—' exclaimed the other abruptly. 'Not I!'

Miles flushed; but he made no attempt to argue the point. Few people cared to enter into argument with John. It was like beating against a rock of granite.

There was a moment's constrained silence.

'This is a rather sudden step of yours, this prospected marriage,' John began. 'How long, Miles, have you known the young lady?'

'A fortnight,' Miles answered, with quiet emphasis. 'And the first day I saw her I settled with myself that no other woman should ever be my wife.'

John seemed unmoved by the announcement. 'It appears to me something of a venture,' he remarked. 'I imagine she is poor?'

'What of that?' retorted his friend.

'I imagine also,' John said, very gravely, 'that she is a Papist?'

'She belongs to the Roman Communion—yes,' Miles answered, quietly. 'When you look closer, my dear fellow, you will find that they are more akin to us, in reality, than your crop-eared Puritans.'

'Take care, Miles,' returned the other, emphatically. 'Don't you know the old saying—"No one can touch pitch without being defiled by it"?'

'John! John!' exclaimed Miles, half-indignant, half-laughing; 'do you dare to liken my Rosemary to anything approaching black?'

John was silent, in his own mind evidently adhering to his parable.

They had turned out of the white road and left the rows of poplars on their right, and were walking by the river-side, down a grassy foot-path that ran along the outskirts of the small picturesque town.

The low sun dazzled into their eyes and flushed the little river-ripples into rosiness. The weeping-willows and tall upstanding flags along the banks were reflected brokenly in the water. In the wide water-meadows, on the other side, hay, new-mown, lay in long fragrant swathes, full of clover and buttercups, that would be withered in the morning.

The young men went on for a minute or so silent. They had had

their many small differences before now; but this persistent opposition was a novelty between them. Miles was the first to exclaim against it, impulsively—

'What has come to you, John?' he cried out, with a little passion. 'Good heavens! Let *us* at least speak our minds to each other. Between you and me there surely need be no reserves?'

Still John did not answer. He would have been sorry to chafe his friend's impetuosity.

'Out with it!' cried Miles. 'You are here, are you not? to ask me to come back with you.'

John smiled. 'You are a good guesser.'

'Because you are a bad dissembler,' the other retorted. 'But I tell you it must depend on when I get my despatches; I am only waiting for them. Then I will come back as fast as you please; but mind, it will be only a coming back—just to see them all. After that I return here again, and get married. And then—then, indeed—' said the young man with a smile, 'I will come home, and bring her with me!'

His voice was full of confident happiness. The eager resolution in his face broke into its habitual sweet dreaminess.

John sighed and shook his head. 'Do you not think,' said he, in calm tones of remonstrance, 'that in such a matter some little deference is due to your mother's wishes—to her opinion? Though in coming here I suppose you would have us understand that they carry little weight.'

The colour started into Miles's face again. He turned to his friend with a gesture that was well-nigh petulant in its impatience. 'What have I done, John, that you should talk on at me like this? For how long have I not been hesitating and delaying on my mother's account?' said he, with some warmth. For being young, it seemed to him that already he had been putting off, and putting off, for half a lifetime. 'I have held back so much, and been so hedged about with caution, that it would be small wonder if I had incurred the suspicion of my party. Is that my own pleasure, do you wot? For my mother's sake I have done it; for her sake, in this matter also, I may have to delay. But give it up—*never!*'

The vehemence of the last word somewhat startled John. He regarded the young man with a little amazement, and began to frame an answer.

But they had reached the door of Miles's lodging-place, and with that passionate 'never' the discussion closed. Miles flung open the door, and led the way up stairs, three steps at a time, *au premier*.

'There! 'Tis not such a bad little place after all, John, is it? Not so much worse than our first rooms at Oxford, eh?'

His momentary vexation was already cast to the winds. He spoke in the old affectionate way, with his hand on his friend's shoulder. But he only stayed a minute to catch up his little velvet cloak, casting

it jauntily over one shoulder, and throwing off his plumed hat, snatched up a cocked three-cornered one instead.

'I'm sorry to give you such short welcome,' said he; 'and I'm afraid, too, there's not much to amuse you here. But I'll try and get home early, and then we'll say our say. I've fifty things to talk to you about.' And with that he rushed away down the little clattering staircase, and out into the street.

When he was gone John cast his eyes round the place; it was not much of a room. The house was small, very tall, narrow, and quaint, standing on the river-side.

The window looked out upon the water, and the hayfields opposite, and the red sky behind them. John went up to the window and looked out at the still evening; but he did not stand there, and dream, and hope, as Miles would probably have done. On the contrary, he turned away in a moment or two, and began to examine the rest of the room.

It was small and ill-furnished. And yet, though there were several other lodgers in the house besides 'Mr. Miles,' it was he who occupied the best place here. Spacious apartments were not asked for or expected in the Jacobite *quartier*.

There was certainly not much here to amuse a visitor, as Miles had intimated. Some French plays lay on the half-empty bookshelf. John glanced at their outsides with suspicion. He could not look even at a Shakespeare without feeling that he had defiled himself with the taint of great Babylon.

Writing materials were on the table; but John had no one with whom he cared to communicate during so short a parting.

Beside these stood a tumbler filled with flowers, evidently gathered in the little garden at the De Laval's. He recognised the musk, the roses, and the stocks that were making the evening here inside almost as sweet as out of doors.

On the desk, atop of the scattered papers, as though it had been but lately used and left there, was a small Greek Testament. John knew it well; its *facsimile* lay in his own pocket. Both had been the gift of Miles's mother, and had accompanied the young men through all the episodes of school and college life; both were equally well worn with constant reference.

John took up the little book and regarded it affectionately. The sight of it here, in this land of evil report, among Miles's habitual belongings, refreshed and reassured his grave mind.

His next investigations led him to the mantelpiece. Here also a familiar object caught his eye, and held him there riveted.

It stood at one end of the chimney-piece, slightly removed from the gaudy vases, and china swains and lasses that were the chief adornments there—a little miniature, delicately painted on porcelain, with a faint 'M. L.' interlaced in the corner. It was of a young girl in the court-dress of the day, whose face was the girlish counterpart of

Miles's, etherealised and rendered spiritual, perhaps by the fancy of the artist, perhaps by the mere softness and sweetness that marked the woman from the man. It was this fair dainty loveliness, with its little touch of tender pride, that was the chief charm about the picture. The face seemed as of one who looks eternally into summer. The blue eyes, under their curling lashes, were like large liquid violets; they looked brimful of happy dreamings, as was the red mouth, closed and serious. The smile was not there—but just coming—shining up already in the beautiful eyes. All this, too, was the very picture of Miles.

She had been his favourite sister, nearest him in age. It seemed to him the others came all long after, with a great gap between.

But Muriel and he had been like twins, like lovers, with not a thought apart. All their dreams were dreams in common. Religion and Jacobitism they shared between them, a double blossom on one stalk.

When she married, it was widowhood to Miles. When she died, young Lefevre himself could hardly have wept in sorer grief of heart.

And now all that was left of her was her lovely face looking out of the portrait. Miles carried it about with him wherever he went. The meanest place appeared to him like home, with her sweet eyes gazing into it also. Perhaps no one would believe how he glanced up to the little picture whenever he came in; how often he took it in his hands and put it to his lips, as though it were to him something more than cold pale enamel.

At this John stood, and gazed and gazed, with a great mist growing slowly between him and it. He put out his hand and touched it reverently, his hand trembling strangely. Then he rested his arm on the mantelpiece, and dropped his head down on it, with a gesture of utter desolation.

For this prosaic young man had his story. He too had had his day, when life led somewhere very near the angels, and Eden seemed but a step off.

They had all grown up together, and John, half-unconsciously, and yet with a sweet half-knowledge of it, had grown up to love her with mighty, unswerving, and intensely self-contained affection as such men do love, with not a soul of them ever guessing what was in his heart. She was so young still, a mere child, as it seemed to him. He had loved her so many years, it was not much to him to wait for her one or two more. He was debating with himself whether it were yet too soon to ask her mother's leave to woo her, when the young, gay, courtly Lord Lefevre came in among them all, in the first days of the spring, and courted her, and kissed her, and married her before the roses were out.

John stood and looked on in silent wonder and pain. How could she tell how terribly he loved her, this plain, strong, sober John, who had hardly ever done more than shake her by the hand, or warn her against wearing powder and patches, and certainly never paid her so much attention as her own brother did? Perhaps, if he had told her,

she would still have preferred the beautiful, gallant young lover, in whose eyes the powder and the patches, and the hoop, were of value second only to her lovely face.

But he never did tell her; and she married her young Lord Lefevre, and died of it, before she had well done with being a bride. And John said less than any one about it, and became more grave, and composed, and self-contained, than ever.

It was a pity she had never known how he cared for her, if it had been but to think of him once or twice with the gentleness of compassion. But she never knew. None of them imagined it for a moment. Lady Compton, whose love for John was very like a real mother's, never even dreamed that such a thing had been, and his sister had no idea of it.

Only Miles guessed how it was; and he never ventured to speak of it to John till after Muriel was dead. Then, after the manner of such friends, they talked of it often and tenderly, and talking, became more than ever to each other. To no one else in the world did John ever speak of it; and Miles guarded his confidences jealously, with a certain enjoyment of monopoly peculiar to intense friendship.

It was late, according to John's idea, when the outer door opened to an impetuous knock; the hasty steps came flying up the staircase, and the door, yielding to a quick, eager hand, let in Miles.

He was a little flushed, as if after excited consultation; there was a slight air of anticipation about him, with, perhaps, just a tinge of defiance.

John looked up with his quiet smile of greeting.

'Twould seem as if things fell out a-purpose,' Miles began, warmly.

He flung aside cloak and hat, unbuckled his sword, and, casting down some documents upon the table, threw himself into a chair opposite John. 'There are my despatches, good luck to them! Now I am off with you as soon as you will—to-morrow, if you choose.'

But John was not prepared for such speedy measures. 'You are too hot, Miles,' said he; 'there is plenty of time. We will talk it over quietly in the morning.'

'What is the good of that?' Miles broke out, in the same impulsive way. 'If the thing is to be done, let us set out to-morrow. Can't you understand, John? The sooner I go away now, the sooner I am back again to wed my Molly.'

'As you please,' John answered slowly; and considering a moment went on—'As regards this marriage, I hope you have made up your mind that the road to it will not be all smooth sailing.'

'Aye?' returned the other, more quietly. He sat leaning his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, and looked across at John, half entreating, half-angered. 'We may have to wait—but I will never give in—there's my hand on it! John, how long will they want us to wait? They do not want to spoil both our lives, do they?'

'You must surely think it will be a great blow to your mother.'

'And why?' retorted Miles, in unreasoning vexation. 'Have I chosen so amiss? She is nobly born on both sides.'

'But her father,' John answered, in his most deliberate tone, 'has been a notorious Jacobite in his day. And the young lady has been brought up in the most erroneous of false doctrines.'

'It is very little to me,' Miles said, with warm disdain. 'It has not hurt her heart any more than it has spoilt her face. A different faith! Yes, but do you suppose it will ever come between her and me? You, John, you talk of it so hardly, as though it were a mere business transaction. And yet you have been in love. You ought to be able to feel for me.'

'It is not a question of feeling,' said John, gravely, 'but of right.'

'What is there wrong?' Miles cried passionately. 'She is as good as gold. If it had been so with Muriel, it would not have made any difference to you. You would have loved her just the same.'

John hesitated. 'I do not think I should,' he answered, very low, but steadily. 'When she married, my sweet maid! I put away my love with her. I might not love her any longer then; or at least, in only a very changed way. It is the same question in another light.'

Miles, leaning forward, grasped his friend's hand and wrung it. 'Forgive me, John,' he said, in haste; 'you are a better man than I.'

John sighed heavily. 'A little stronger, perhaps; but strength, Miles, does not make goodness.'

'And you would have me go away and leave this poor child?' Miles pursued, with a little flash of indignation. 'Believe me, it is not in my power to do that.'

'I do not bid you do so,' returned John, falling back into his usual matter-of-fact way. 'But hear your mother's opinion, and be guided by it. You owe it to her, especially after this.'

'What is "*this*" that you keep harping on?' asked Miles, with rising impatience; 'say it out, in heaven's name, and have done with it.'

'Consider it,' John said, quietly. 'You go away, your mother knows nothing, until she gathers from hearsay that you are staying at Saint Germains, actively employed among the Jacobites.'

Miles interrupted. 'There is nothing to make her uneasy—thinking of her, and the little girls, I have been as prudent as a spy. Why, I am *incognito*. Nobody knows I am here, nor ever will.'

'They know enough to be talking of it as the latest news down at Mildenhall,' said John, more quietly still. 'When it has gone as far as that, it has possibly gone to London also. It seems a mere jest to you; but your mother has seen what comes of all this sometimes. Is it worth while, do you think, to alarm her so much? Added to this can you not enter a little into her disquiet when you bring home a wife who is both Jacobite and Papist?'

Miles sprang up in a little excitement. John had certainly the most aggravating way of viewing things.

'If you were not my friend,—John, I should detest you!' he said, vehemently.

CHAPTER III.

TOUCH AND GO.

'Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.'

'Oh! sir, it's over soon to part.'

Poor little Molly!

It was the next morning. Alas! that after so many of our exquisite 'last nights' must follow these melancholy 'next mornings.'

A night of heavy rain had broken up all yesterday's summer glories. It was falling still from a grey, heavy sky—a fine, close rain, saturating everything, and wrapping the world in a soft, dull haze.

The lilies, beaten down and soiled, drooped mournfully towards the mould. The acacia was laden with wet, and the great drops soaking down between the vine-leaves, dripped into the *berceau* till it looked like one large puddle.

Outside, in the road, John Dayrell, wrapped close in a long, steel-coloured cloak, paced up and down in the rain.

Reginald de Laval stood in the little porch, where the vine-leaves dripped down on to the white step. He was pondering gravely upon the things concerning his young daughter, on this hasty wooing and hastier departing; looking out with an expression of contemplative melancholy on the wet gravel paths, and the dripping trees, and the sodden hayfields beyond.

Within the cool dark parlour, with the door fast shut, were the young lovers. They were not afraid this morning of drawing nigh to one another. All yesterday's diffident doubts had gone from them, left them with only one thought in the world, they had got to say 'good-bye.'

The young girl, in her soft blue gown, was folded close in Miles's arms. Her fair head drooped against his shoulder in a sort of desolation; her little hands were clinging about his neck, like a pitiful entreaty.

'Oh! sir, it's over soon to part.'

'Take heart, love, my dear little love,' said he. He bent over her, and kissing tenderly her gold-tinted hair, leaned his cheek caressingly down against its laughing ripples. 'Very, very soon I shall be back again, and when I come 'twill be to bring home my wife.' But the fondness of his smile was only half-reflected in Molly's sweet face. A terror of foreboding was upon her. Poor little soul! She had never known sorrow like to this; and it had come upon her all in a moment, so that she had no time to look it in the face.

'O love!' she said, with a little despairing cry; 'oh, my life! if you *never* come back!'

'And O love! and oh! sweetest heart!' he cried after her, gently rallying her; 'trust me, I will be back before you have time to make your wedding-gown. There, sweet, that's a bargain,' he went on, smiling at her. 'Do you buy your wedding clothes, and or ever you have done with the sewing of them I shall be here to bid you to church.'

'Yes,' Molly assented, still dubiously. The red rushed into her face, and in confusion at her own doubtings she drooped her pretty head again, and hid her face against his breast.

A few minutes standing so together in the little still room, the clock ticking loud and solemn in the corner; the rain dripping monotonously on to the wet leaves outside the window; heart beating to heart, while they clung to each other, and found no further words—a few such golden minutes, while hand met hand, and lip trembled to lip, and the time was over. He must let her out of his arms and go.

'Think o' me, Molly,' said he, sorrowfully, 'as I shall think upon you.'

'What else shall I have to think upon all the rest of my life, sir?' she returned, with such grave sweetness that Miles caught her back to him again, with another long, long kiss.

'Keep my place warm in your heart, my little Moll, and don't give over looking for me.'

And so, with another clasping of hands, and yet another touching of the lips, he turned and went out. The door shut behind him, and she was left standing by herself, little hands clenched close together in a still agony, and her young soul utterly cast down within her. Slowly she crept towards the window, and standing there, sheltered behind a clasping spray of vine-tendrils, watched him away, with a chill faintness growing round her heart, and stilling its passionate beatings. For it would not have accorded with Molly's quaint pretty notion of dignity to go out and take her last look at her lover, before John Dayrell, with the great tears in her eyelashes, and her sad little mouth all a-quiver.

But Molly's father, who had been waiting all this time for him at the front door, came out into the rain, and walked with him down the wet grass path to the gate, as Molly had walked only last evening!

Reginald felt a little angered with the young man. The rapid courtship was not altogether to his mind; it was certainly displeasing to him that, having wrung her promise from the girl, Miles should go off and leave her the very day after. Something of this he intended to say; but the tender, saddened look in Miles's face dissipated the old man's annoyance. It was always difficult to him to do anything unamiable.

Now he forebore all reproach, and only took the young outstretched hand and wished him 'Farewell, and God speed.'

'And a speedier return, if you please,' said the other, with a smile.

'Indeed, sir, I trust so,' Reginald answered, and regarded him with an earnest wistful look. 'I trust so, Mr. Miles, for Molly's sake and your own honour.'

And at that the young man suddenly bethought him that Molly and her father still only knew him as 'Mr. Miles.' He gave a little exclamation, and then stopped short. He had not time now to stay and explain; besides, he felt a certain uneasy consciousness that John would never understand why he had not explained it before. It was a pure accident, as it happened; but John's rigid views of life seldom bent to admit room for accidents.

So Miles only returned Reginald's warm hand-pressure, and with a hasty '*Au revoir!*' and a 'Keep my sweet Rosemary safe for me,' bowed his farewells, joined his friend, and hurried out of sight.

Molly had watched it all from the window, looking on with a happy pride, turning already towards regret, at every movement of Miles's slight joyous figure, scarcely less picturesque this morning in his travelling-suit of fine grey cloth than last night in full court-dress.

Now he was gone!

The gate swung back with a little click. There was no one to look at but her father standing there in the rain, bare-headed. 'It was a foolish thing for papa to do.' The girl tied her little white handkerchief over the bright russet of her hair, and ran down the path to him, with the tears still wet on her face.

'Poor little child!' Reginald said, and took her hand with a look of sorrowful compassion.

Molly's sad dark eyes looked down the road expectantly; but the two young men were already out of sight and away.

'Come in doors,' said she with a long sigh. 'You will surely catch cold, papa, and fall ill.'

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTS FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

II.—THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

THE present century is essentially an era of sneers and cynical incredulity. Things sacred and secular come alike under the lash of a certain sardonic criticism, which scarcely even condescends to despise that in which it scornfully refuses to believe. That, in the midst of this almost universal scepticism of the high and holy, it should have become a fashion to undervalue the 'wisdom of Solomon,' is scarcely surprising. Nevertheless, it startled us, not long ago, to hear a certain dignitary, high in ecclesiastical office, stigmatise 'the Preacher' as '*that poor disappointed old man*,' and assert that he was

probably but very dimly cognisant of the expectation of a Final Judgment and Retribution! We could not help recalling upon *What* High Authority Solomon's reputation for surpassing wisdom rests; and that not only was he cited by the Incarnate Word Himself as chief among wise men and a monarch pre-eminent in glory,* but the Scriptures distinctly record the very words of God assuring to him—

'A wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.'

And again, further on in the Sacred Narrative, we read how—

'The Lord gave Solomon wisdom as He promised; . . . . *he was wiser than all men.*' . . . .

Surely somewhat of that 'wise and understanding *heart*' might be cultivated at the present day with no small advantage! and effect some little change in the *esprit moqueur* to which we alluded anon.

His definitions of wherein wisdom consists, in the first place, are so worthy of a little study. Job, yet earlier in the world's story, had explained that it was identical with 'the fear of the Lord.'† Solomon defines this even more closely (Proverbs ix., 10), by calling the fear of the Lord 'the *beginning* of wisdom.' Just as David his father had stigmatised the Atheist as 'a fool,' so Solomon seems to pronounce that without 'the fear,' *i.e.* the reverent and loyal recognition of God, the Supreme and Beneficent Ruler, there was no making even a first step in true wisdom. But he lavishes promises, at the same time, for encouragement to all honest seekers of this superlatively precious gift. Reminding us that it *is* a gift (Proverbs ii. 6), he immediately goes on to show how 'sound wisdom' is 'laid up for the righteous,' an assurance well worth pondering over, one more of those noble scriptural protests against what is often called 'worldly wisdom,' and 'common prudence,' 'sound good sense,' &c. These phrases too frequently denote a self-seeking, over-reaching policy, that sacrifices uprightness to expediency and self-interest, and then plumes itself on superior wisdom. Whereas (Solomon says) it is for the guilelessly true and honest—'the righteous' (*i.e.* the seekers and doers of *right* alone), that 'sound wisdom' is 'laid up,' *stored* up, as it were, for all time of need. For it shall 'lead them in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment.' A little further we come to the plain reason of this superiority of honest simplicity over guile, even as regards essential success and prosperity: 'There is no wisdom, nor counsel, nor understanding against the Lord!' The Omniscient Disposer of events has warned us that every deed and act does sow for itself a like recompense even in this life; therefore the so-called 'wisdom' which over-reaches, or defrauds, can only bring upon itself the inevitable retribution of a punishment like to its own unrighteous doings; while the integrity that patiently follows truth and right, cost what it may in the sacrifice of present personal advantage, shall

* St. Matthew xii. 42, and vi. 29. † Job xxviii. 28.

indeed ultimately be repaid in the same measure that it has meted to others.

On the other hand the whole tenor of Solomon's Proverbs is to inculcate that being 'wise as serpents,' though 'harmless as doves,' which his Divine Successor and Descendant preached to His disciples; and to contrast this true wisdom with the rashness and recklessness of folly. And he connects it, distinctly and repeatedly, with the acquisition of knowledge; which, however 'far from being one' therewith in all cases, is nevertheless evidently set forth as her handmaid and companion.

'I, wisdom, dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions.'

'Wise men lay up knowledge.'

'The prudent are crowned with knowledge.'

'The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge, and the ear of the wise seeketh knowledge.'

'That the soul be without knowledge is not good.'

'The eyes of the Lord preserve knowledge.'

'A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength.'

'Through wisdom is an house builded, and by understanding it is established. *And by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches.*'

Surely in this closing expression the Wise King meant to give us the portrait of each living temple of the Divine Spirit—each human soul dwelling in the 'tabernacle of the body,' and able to say, 'My mind to me a kingdom is'? Surely he wishes to impress therewith the transcendent value of storing these inconceivably precious dominions, 'bought with a price' as they are, with a wholesome wealth of 'things venerable, pure, lovely, and of good report' betimes, lest the enemy, finding them 'empty, swept, and garnished,' enter in and bring with him evil thoughts. The long and varied list of Solomon's own studies in natural science point to the same idea; since no Inspired Record, however seemingly trivial, has been written save 'for our learning,' it is not for nought that the subjects of his songs and proverbs are so minutely enumerated in the First Book of Kings. Might not much of the talk (we cannot call it 'conversation'), heard oftentimes at our family and social gatherings, be advantageously changed to these impersonal topics of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and their inexhaustible marvels, instead of spent upon what can at best be only classed with *l'infiniment petit*, and frequently deserves the much stronger condemnation of scandal, detraction, and positive slander? But to this end each mind must be more or less '*filled*,' as Solomon suggests; stored with the 'pleasant and durable riches' of knowledge on one subject or another. Is this duty of 'filling' our minds up with knowledge, as the surest help to strengthening our souls in true wisdom,

as much considered of by nineteenth-century Christians as the Wise King evidently advises? Empty-headedness is ridiculed as a stupidity; but is it sufficiently guarded against as a sin? It is only when 'wisdom entereth into thine heart, *and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul*,' that 'discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee,' and of Him Who giveth wisdom it is said, that 'out of *His* mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.'

And as the best and chief among gifts, this threefold wisdom is pressed upon our notice.

'All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.'

'She is a tree of life to them that lay hold on her, and happy is every one that retaineth her.'

'Life to the soul and grace to the meek.'

'Better than gold.'

'Better than strength.'

'The principal thing. . . . . Exalt her and she shall promote thee, she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee!' . . . . 'Therefore get wisdom, get understanding, forget it not; forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee, love her, and she shall keep thee.'

'*Happy* is the man that findeth wisdom!'

Of this priceless treasure it is that Solomon has left us a text-book full of pithy sayings; would it not be worth while to look a little more methodically and systematically into the rules which they give for our guidance?

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

II.—CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE may be regarded as a link between the classic school of Corneille and Racine and that romantic school which was an outcome of the revolt against tradition and custom, and a struggle to express the new needs and feelings to which the Revolution had given birth. It is however chiefly to the romantic school that he belongs. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he puts very little of the personal element into his writings, and the thrill of passion is altogether absent from them. His earliest poems were *Les Messenieunes*, a title borrowed from three prose elegies in the once famous *Voyages du jeune Anacharsis*, by the Abbé Barthélemy. They appeared in 1818, when the humiliation of the Second Restoration yet rankled in all minds, and were inspired by the misfortunes of France, as the second series were by

those of Greece; but reproach of the fallen Emperor was studiously avoided, except in one poignant allusion in the 'Ode on Waterloo,' '*Varus! rends nous nos légions!*' The success of these poems was almost as great as that of Lamartine's *Méditations*. It was sweet, when smarting under the humiliation of a foreign occupation and a vast defeat, to be reminded of former glory, and sweet to hear Liberty once more celebrated in harmonious verse. Poetry was shown to be yet alive; she had only been mute, because, though she can sing of anguish, of self-devotion, of faith, or doubt which would fain believe, she cannot celebrate either scepticism or despotism, whatever glory the latter may gather round it. Later, on Napoleon's death, another ode appeared, contrasting very curiously with Lamartine's 'Méditation sur Bonaparte.' Both poets condemn him in the name of future ages, but for characteristically different reasons; Lamartine, for the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, Delavigne, for having slain Liberty. The royalist poet pictures himself seated under the willow of St. Helena, meditating on the history and fate of the mighty dead; Delavigne portrays three of Napoleon's most famous battles appearing to him, predicting that his career will end in ruin, since, 'Son of Liberty, he has dethroned his mother.' We might perhaps ask of what kind of liberty Napoleon was the son. But the philosophy of the ode is not its strong point. Where Lamartine sees God, Delavigne sees Fate. It has been suggested that he borrowed the idea of the three personified battles from the witches in *Macbeth*, but it was more probably suggested by the dream of Richard III. before Bosworth. There is an almost cruel irony in the last stanza:—

'Sous la tombe, où s'éteint ton royal avenir
Descend avec toi seul toute une dynastie,
Et le pêcheur, le soir, s'y repose en chemin;
Reprenant ses filets qu'avec peine il soulève,
Il s'éloigne à pas lents, foule ta cendre, et rêve . . .
A ses travaux du lendemain.'

The two first lines, read in the light of present events, are almost a prophecy.

These poems cannot of course appeal to us as they did to readers in 1818, and it is inevitable that faults should strike us which were then overlooked. We resent the display of erudition and the constant mythological allusions, a defect handed down from the eighteenth century, and affecting all poets before Lamartine. Even André Chenier's *Jeune Captive* is greatly spoiled by loves, muses, and lyres. We are forced to own that a great deal which Delavigne has written is commonplace, and that his chief art consisted in saying better than any one else what everybody else was saying.

In his *Derniers Chants* he too often chooses subjects unnecessarily painful and delicate, and his philosophy is that of the eighteenth century. We feel this at once in reading *Les Limbes* (the intermediate

state); a Christian subject, it treats of the transfer by the Saviour of all the souls in this region to Paradise. This is the description of *Les Limbes*:—

'Comme un vain rêve du matin,
Un parfum vague, un bruit lointain,
C'est je ne sais quoi d'incertain,
Que cet empire;
Tient qu'à peine vient éclairer.'
Un jour qui, sans rien colorer,
A chaque instant près d'expirer,
Jamais n'expire. . . .
Là, ni veille, ni lendemain!
Ils n'ont sur un bonheur prochain,
Sur celui qu'on rappelle en vain,
Rien à se dire.
Leurs sanglots ne troublent jamais
De l'air l'inaltérable paix;
Mais aussi leur rire jamais
N'est qu'un sourire!'

Is not this a mere amplification of the heathen poet's view of felicity?—

'The mere exemption from distress
Is all I ask of happiness.'

When we meet Delavigne as a dramatist we are again struck by his skill and ingenuity, rather than by any originality or power. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* hints at the deliverence of France from foreign rulers; it is interesting to compare it with the *Sicilian Vespers* of Mrs. Hemans. The influence of Corneille is obvious in this play, but it is Corneille à l'Espagnole. The unities are strictly observed; there is the unfailing confidante and the sentimental heroine. Loredan, Procida's son, and friend of the French governor, discovering in him a rival, consents to kill him, but is thrown into a conflict of feeling by his enemy's magnanimity. It ends in his obeying Procida's commands, by slaying the Frenchman; but he then commits suicide. The heroine, a Hohenstaufen, and Conradin's sister, who had been plighted to Loredan, loves the governor; the struggle between her love and patriotism forms a main feature in the play. Better known is *Les Enfans d'Edouard*, a subject suggested by *Richard III.* Delavigne was evidently deeply impressed by this play. In Shakespeare's tragedy the two princes are merely sketched in, but in Delavigne they are careful studies, one too keen-witted, the other too noble-minded for Richard's safety; both perhaps are made too precocious, but the air of a court ripens early, and we know from contemporary authors that Edward V. was unusually intelligent. The first scene represents Elizabeth, with the little Duke of York laughingly trying on the dress which he is to wear at his brother's coronation; Gloucester comes in, and feigns affection and kindness, but his protests are interrupted by a crier proclaiming the death of Hastings and imprisonment of Rivers. Elizabeth's indignant rejection of his proposal that she should secure her sons by sacrificing their rights brings the

catastrophe a step nearer. Buckingham contrives to make little York refuse to go to the Tower, and persuades the Queen to take sanctuary. These events occupy the first act. In the second we find Gloucester meditating over his plans, and the steps by which he reaches the crowning crime are very delicately indicated. Delavigne is here original, and has not copied Shakespeare, but he fails in what the Elizabethan dramatist gives so forcibly, namely, making events of the time and the English nation into a grand background. On the other hand, the pictures of the children, so princely and so helpless, are truly poetical. There are touches that remind us of Heywood's *Edward V.* The last scene is too like a butchery. The victims are too young, too helpless. They have discovered a parchment in a Bible sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury, telling them that they shall be delivered, the signal being (anachronism!) the National Anthem. They listen breathless; the air is heard under their prison window; York springs up—'*C'est le signal, mon frère, et nous sommes sauvés!*' But the door is unbarred, and the assassins enter with Gloucester, who says, '*Achevez!*' and the curtain falls on the boys' cry of despair.

Louis Onze, an adaptation of which has been lately given to the English public, alternately recalls Quentin Durward and De Commines. The latter appears in the play as a rather conventional courtier. Cottier, the physician, is meant to be humorous, but fails. There is, however, a fine scene where Louis threatens him, much as he is made to do his astrologer in *Quentin Durward.* It is owing to the strong impression which we already have of *Louis Onze* that this play strikes us. It is not really a fine drama; it is too evidently laboured; it did not come to life through '*la chaleur d'une douce incubation,*' as Michelet says all works of fiction should.

The *Ecole des Vieillards* is a comedy; it still retains popular favour. Of his *Conseiller Rapporteur*, the less said the better; its outrages on good taste make it neither pleasant nor profitable reading, and it is altogether unworthy of its author.

KÖRNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER II.

ACQUAINTANCE OF THE KÖRNERS WITH SCHILLER.

THE engraver, Stock, worked hard to bring up his family well, and it was evident that he provided them with better instruction as they grew older than that which has been described, for when we hear of Doris and Maria again, nineteen years later, we find them well-educated and interesting girls. Father and mother and the two youngest sisters had all died, and Doris and Maria lived with their half-brother, who

followed his father's profession. Doris had already begun to show that talent for painting which afterwards made her name known. She was engaged to the son of Professor Huber, but they were never married, for he afterwards proved faithless, and she was Dorothea Stock to the end of her life. Maria was at the same time engaged to the son of a clergyman in Leipsig, Christian Gottlieb Körner, a young man of great ability and a rising member of the legal profession. He had taken his degree at Leipsig University, and after spending some time in travelling to enlarge his experience, had settled in his native place as private teacher of the Faculty of Laws to the University, to which appointment other offices were subsequently added.

The young people had very cheerful times together. Körner and Huber were members of a poetical society founded by Goethe, called 'Minstrels of the Pleisse,' and they used to bring Doris and Maria the writings of a young poet, Friedrich Schiller, whose works were then beginning to move the world. *The Robbers*, the first work by which Schiller's name became known, had been in print for two or three years. *Cabale und Liebe* appeared next, which interested these young girls greatly, as the heroine was the daughter of a poor artist. They formed an enthusiastic admiration for Schiller, whom they now preferred as a poet to Goethe, and they wished very much they could let him know how much pleasure they derived from his poetry. Doris devised a plan by which they might do so. She painted miniatures of Maria and herself, and proposed that they should send them with a letter to Schiller, saying that two of his admirers, who were unable to thank him in person for all the pleasure he had given them, desired to do so by their portraits. Of course they consulted Körner and Huber before carrying out their plan, and it received their full approbation; only the young men wished to be included, and thought it would be better that one of them should write, and explain that they were engaged to the two girls. This arrangement was agreed upon, and Doris painted the portraits of their friends also, while Maria embroidered a beautiful pocket-book, which held the four likenesses and a letter written by Körner inviting Schiller to visit Leipsig. Körner also added the music for Schiller's song, *An der Quelle sass ein Knabe*, which he had composed. They made up the parcel and gave it in charge to a traveller from the house of Schwann, the book-merchant of Mannheim, who attended the Leipsig fair; he promised to deliver it safely, and not to say a word as to where it came from.

The pleasure which Schiller derived from this unexpected gift is recorded in one of his letters written to a friend a few days later, where he says, 'I have had the most delightful surprise in the world, a letter from four persons who are perfect strangers, full of warmth and kindness to myself; two of them are very beautiful girls, one of whom has drawn the portraits of herself and the three others, and all the artists in Mannheim admire their talent.' He adds that the knowledge that there were

people who felt a real interest in himself, simply on account of some enjoyment they had received from his writings, was a greater reward than the applause of the whole world, and made him rejoice in his calling as a poet.

For a whole year, however, the four friends heard nothing of their gift, and some of their acquaintances used to tease them, saying that Schiller would not care anything about simple people like themselves. When the fair came round, they learned that their parcel had been delivered; they also learned that Schiller was deeply occupied with personal troubles and anxieties of his own. It was the dark and gloomy period of his life; when, exiled from his country and beset by perplexities and embarrassments, he had often a hard struggle for existence.

His troubles had arisen in the first place through that same poem, *The Robbers*, by which he had made his reputation. It was acknowledged by every one to be a work of undoubted genius; but while it had awakened among the youth of Germany a powerful enthusiasm, among some classes it was regarded with disapproval amounting to aversion. Schiller's sovereign in particular, the Grand Duke of Würtemberg, was shocked and offended by it. Schiller had been a pupil in the Duke's own military school at Stuttgart, where he had studied medicine, and had duly qualified as an army surgeon. It had been sorely against his will that he had entered this school, his early inclination being for the Church; but the Duke, seeing him to be a lad of promise, had insisted on his having a secular education, which, strangely enough, afforded a higher culture than that of a clergyman. Schiller's father was a retired officer in the Duke's employ, and he was obliged to comply, for those despotic princes knew how to enforce their wishes.

The Duke meant kindly enough; he wished to develop the talents of a genius, but he wished to develop them after his own plan, and dramatic poetry, with a somewhat wild and lawless spirit, was as far removed from the Duke's plan as it was possible to be.

Schiller wrote the poem while he was a student, but he had to wait until he began to receive pay as an army surgeon before he could have it printed, for no one would buy his MS. When it appeared, however, and made a great sensation, it was taken up and acted at the Mannheim theatre. Schiller could not resist the desire to see his own work represented, so he made a visit to Mannheim in secret. The Duke heard of it, and had him placed for a week under arrest, at the same time strictly forbidding him to write any more poetry without submitting it to his inspection, while he enjoined him to stick to his medical duties.

Schiller could not bear this galling restraint; he could not forego the pleasure of seeing his work performed; he knew that he could not give up writing poetry, for his passion for it was a part of himself; at the same time he knew that the Duke had the power to deprive him of his

liberty. Before his mind there was the terror of a fate like that of poor Schubart, who was kept in the Duke's prison for eight weary years, without any trial, merely because he had offended some of the German magnates by his writings, and he determined to secure his personal liberty, and obtain freedom to follow his vocation, by flight beyond the limits of the Grand Duke's jurisdiction.

You must remember that it was a hundred years ago, when there were many, many things which needed altering: here in England people were not so free as they are now, and on the Continent things were much worse. The French Revolution was yet to come, shaking the foundations of society, and bringing to light in its scorching glare the rights and wrongs of humanity; and for Germany there were in store, long years of suffering from the blight of devastating armies, and the chains of foreign oppression, before the hearts of princes and people were united in one common sacred cause—the salvation of their country.

For Schiller, with his passionate longings for liberty, there was but one alternative. Having determined upon flight, he laid his plans before his mother and eldest sister, and received their sorrowful sanction and encouragement; it was necessary to conceal the facts from his father, lest the old man should incur blame for a breach of duty to his sovereign. There was a pathetic leave-taking, when Schiller went for the last time to his parents' home, taking with him two friends who engaged the father in conversation, while mother and son silently withdrew, and spent a sad farewell hour together. The next night, under the cover of darkness, he left Stuttgart, and travelled rapidly until he had passed the frontier of the Würtemberg dominions.

Schiller had now to encounter all the difficulties which beset a young and friendless author who is obliged to live by his writings. Mannheim, in the principality of Baden, was the place of his retreat, for *The Robbers* having been already acted there, he hoped he should at once find employment in writing for the theatre; but it was not until after long months of effort and disappointment that he obtained an office which brought him in a small, but certain income. Even then he was often sorely harassed by the want of money; he was too ignorant of practical matters to manage his resources well, and was sometimes compelled to draw upon his parents' slender income to free him from debt; at the same time he was not free from fear lest the Duke might pursue him even here, demand his restoration as a deserter, and consign him to prison.

At length, about the time when he received the parcel from Leipsig, the Duke of Weimar, that wise and good-prince, who delighted to encourage men of talent, wrote to Schiller, telling him how pleased he had been with his writings, and offering him the title of Hofrath (counsellor). He was thus relieved from the fear of arrest by becoming a subject of Weimar, and his prospects began to brighten. Still he was restless and unhappy. He had formed an attachment for Margaret Schwann, the book-merchant's daughter; but her father, although very friendly with

the young poet, discouraged his suit, as his path in life was so uncertain. While he was feeling very sad and hopeless, and longing restlessly for change, his thoughts turned to the unknown friends who had written to him from Leipsig so kindly, and he thought he would visit them. He found out Körner's address, and wrote to him, apologising for his long silence, and proposing to accept his invitation, telling him that the thought of their kindness had brought comfort to him in some of his darkest hours.

On receiving this letter, Körner at once wrote, sending the money necessary for the journey, and renewing the invitation more pressingly than before. Some correspondence followed, and Schiller made up his mind to quit Mannheim.

In March, 1785, he set out on his journey. The weather was bad, and the roads worse; and the coach was delayed two days on the road, not reaching Leipsig until the Sunday. This was a disappointment to Körner, as he could not go to meet him on that day; his father, the clergyman, was extremely strict in his views, and required his family to spend the whole of Sunday in his presence; he would have been shocked and distressed if his son had gone out, especially to meet a writer of plays, against whom, as a class, he had a strong prejudice. Körner was nearly thirty years old, and expected soon to have a home of his own; but he conformed to his father's wishes while under his roof, even when they appeared unreasonable. So the pleasure of meeting Schiller had to be left to Huber alone; but early the next morning Körner went to see him, and then called on Doris and Maria, to tell them Schiller was coming to visit them in the forenoon. They received the news with a flutter of excitement; delight at the thought of seeing the poet about whom they had thought so much was mingled with a kind of dread as the time approached, for they imagined that he must resemble one of the characters in his plays. Their surprise was great, therefore, when, instead of a 'Robber of the Bohemian Forest,' they beheld a gentle, bashful youth, fair and blue-eyed, who scarcely dared to look at *them*.

Schiller went to lodge at a little village called Gohlis, in the neighbourhood, and set to work at once upon his literary pursuits. He was engaged at this time upon *Don Carlos*, and he made arrangements with the principal bookseller of Leipsig, to whom his friends introduced him, for carrying on his magazine called *Thalia*.

Körner visited him every day, and they became deeply attached; the girls, too, sometimes met him in the Rosenthal, a park outside the walls of Leipsig, through which the road to Gohlis lay. Here the five friends would often walk on summer evenings, and enjoy delightful hours of conversation. It was Körner's great wish that as soon as they were married, Schiller should come and live with them, and to this Maria willingly agreed. Before Schiller left Mannheim, he had written saying how greatly he wished he could live with some one whose mind was congenial to his own, with whom he could converse without the effort

and interruption of going out of doors; he also wished to be relieved from the cares of housekeeping, to which he confessed that he was quite unequal. It cost him less trouble, he said, 'to execute a whole conspiracy, than to arrange his domestic matters for a week,' and 'he fell headlong out of his ideal world, if holes in his stocking reminded him of the world of reality.' To Maria's womanly nature there would be great pleasure in the thought that she could spare the poet these troubles in the future.

Körner had received an appointment under Government, which would call him to Dresden, and it was decided that as soon as they were married and settled there, Schiller should join them.

All this time Körner had never been able to ask his friend to enter his father's house. The old clergyman was immovable, though Huber's father, the Professor, received him gladly; and it was a great disappointment that they could not even ask him to the wedding, which took place about five months after Schiller's arrival.

On the morning of her wedding-day, Maria received a present which pleased her greatly; it was the *Song to Joy*, one of Schiller's most beautiful short poems, which he had written for the occasion.

The Körners were married in the beginning of August, and they immediately set out for their home in Dresden, taking Doris with them. Although the distance was only about sixty miles, the journey occupied two or three days, for the Saxon roads were so bad, that in some seasons they were impassable. Their friends took leave of them, as though they should never see them again; however, they reached Dresden safely, and there Maria found a nice house prepared for her reception in the Neustadt, not far from the Japanese Palace. They did not stay there, however, but went on to the village of Loschewitz, where Körner had purchased a vineyard with a small cottage, which was to be their summer residence.

Maria at once set to work to fit up a room for their expected guest. The accommodation in the *vigneron* was very limited, barely sufficient for the Körners and their sister. The winepress occupied the first floor, and two small parlours, with two bedrooms, equally small, completed the establishment. There was, however, a little chamber on the first floor adjoining the winepress which, with a little contrivance, they converted into a bedroom for their friend. Maria made it as inviting as she could with green silk curtains, an easy chair, and a writing table, and when Schiller came at the end of August, he was perfectly contented with the accommodation they had to offer him; and here, for the first time since as a boy he had left his father's house for the rigid routine of the Duke's school, he began to enjoy a peaceful and harmonious life in a congenial family.

There was an old ash tree in the garden, with a stone seat beneath it, and here the four friends sat at breakfast the morning after Schiller's arrival, enjoying the rich beauty of the scenery on the banks of the Elbe. As they were clinking their glasses in the German fashion, Maria

broke hers; she was not free from superstition, and looked upon the accident as an evil omen. Schiller, guessing her feeling, immediately threw his glass over the garden wall into the Elbe which flowed beyond, and persuaded Körner and Doris to do the same, saying, 'Our union is too beautiful for us to part singly.' The next day, when Maria was in the town, she purchased four small silver cups which would not break, and had their initials engraved upon them; and these they always used afterwards. When Schiller left their home for Weimar, he asked Maria to exchange cups with him; and she kept his with the S upon it till she was a very old woman, and then she gave it to Dr. Friedrich Förster, who, she knew, would value it for Schiller's sake and for her own. It must have been a great pleasure to the Körners in after years, when the name of Schiller was honoured above every other German name, to feel that they had helped, by thus providing him with a peaceful home, towards the development of his genius, while the pleasure which they derived from intercourse with one who was endowed, not only with brilliant gifts, but with a wise and genial spirit, and a warm, loving heart, was in itself an ample reward for the hospitality so freely offered.

Schiller's melancholy no longer troubled him while under their roof, and he contributed much to the enjoyment of their family circle. Sometimes he wrote short plays, which they used to perform in the evenings at home. In one of these the Consistorial Counsellor (to which dignity Körner had been advanced) figured as the hero, and created much amusement when it was acted upon Körner's birthday. For another festive occasion he tried his hand as a painter, and produced a series of puppet-show pictures, with explanations in poetry. One of these represented Körner as a school-boy in his father's chamber, and the reverend gentleman chastising him with a rod, because instead of reading pious works he had been caught devouring *The Robbers*. Another showed Körner sternly refusing to the tragic Muse the loan of a wig and gown, which she on her knees is imploring. This referred to Körner's decided refusal to lend these relics of his good old father to embellish the performance of *Cabale und Liebe*, at the Dresden Theatre. The old clergyman died soon after his son's marriage, and Schiller, finding these articles in a wardrobe, had begged the loan of them, which his friend very rightly refused. Madame Körner says he drew very badly, but that probably enhanced the amusement which was caused by these sketches.

There is a very amusing poem, describing his difficulties in writing upon a washing day; how he is carried away in fancy to the court of King Philip of Spain (he was writing *Don Carlos* then), and sees the young Princess Eboli, and is just imagining what she says, when the sound of a wet stocking thrown plump into the tub dispels all his poetic fancies, and he can write no more. This poem, which Mr. Carlyle says is the only comic poem of Schiller's which has appeared in print, was written as a letter to Madame Körner when

Schiller had been left in the house one washing day, while the others were out on some excursion.

Schiller lived with the Körners for two years, writing and studying with great diligence; he commenced the History of the Netherlands during this time, a subject which attracted his interest while he was seeking information for his *Don Carlos*. At the end of two years he accepted a pressing invitation from the Duke of Weimar to visit his court, where Goethe and other men of mark had been settled for some time, and Schiller, after much consideration, decided to take up his abode among them.

The Duke gave him an appointment with a salary which more than covered his modest wants, and in course of time he married, and had a happy home of his own. He never forgot the Körners, but kept up a regular correspondence with them, and they interchanged visits. The Körners hoped much for their children from intercourse with a mind like that of Schiller; but this was not to be, for the children were still quite young when, to the inexpressible grief of all his friends, his life on earth was terminated by a short illness. Schiller died in 1805, at the comparatively early age of forty-six.

(To be continued.)

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

IX.—RICHARD THE THIRD.

WITHOUT intending any disparagement to the various matters of interest connected with the *Henry VI.* series of plays, it must be confessed that there is a certain relief in turning from them to undoubted Shaksperian ground. Especially to us 'uncritical people,' who cannot be expected to feel much interest in disputed points of authorship and questions of style, it is pleasant to pass from the confusions of our last three plays to the clear definiteness of *Richard III.* Here we find, for the first time, one great character dominating all the others, giving the tone to the whole, one man who really *is* the play, everybody else being merely there to set him off. Not that these secondary people are made too faint to show their individualities—far from it; but they are artistically kept in the background, while the full light is thrown on the central figure of Richard himself. I need hardly remind any one how many of Shakspere's greatest works are arranged on this plan; not all, of course, but perhaps those which have taken deepest hold on the minds of men. This is the first we have had of this sort, and certainly we appreciate the concentrated interest after the disjointed style of *Henry VI.* Perhaps it is hardly fair to contrast this series

of patched up and altered plays with *Richard III.*, where Shakspere had free play, and could bring forward the living creations of his own brains, instead of galvanising the puppets of other folks. Rather, it may be, we should go back to the other Richard for a comparison, and if we do so, I think we shall find that everything here is more intense, more real, and much more dramatic than in *Richard II.* It may be that this subject lends itself better, that there is more action and interest in the history, but certainly this play is far more exciting even to read to oneself. The characters really act instead of talking all the time, so that they work up our interest and carry us along with them.

As before, Shakspere got his foundation for his historical play from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, in which Richard's history is taken from that written by Sir Thomas More. With one or two bold deviations, he has kept pretty close to his authority, and the conception of Richard's character exactly corresponds to the view of him presented in the *Chronicle*. Shakspere was not the first to put Richard's story on to the stage. In 1594 some one of name unknown published *The true Tragedie of Richard III.*, a curious production, in which Clarence's ghost comes crying out for blood! One or two passages may have helped Shakspere to an idea, as, for instance, one where King Richard raves in mad despair, and suddenly comes back to reason—something like his soliloquy in the famous tent scene. Also the line, 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' comes from this play; yet in most points the two dramas are as different as possible.

It does not do to read *Richard III.* as we read a novel. We lose half the effect if we do not at least try to fancy it on the stage, it is so essentially dramatic throughout. And yet, not being tied down by the actual limits of stage representation, we can indulge our fancy so far as to supply such background as the real historical scenes may be supposed to require. Take the opening scene, for example, and fill up the curt stage direction, 'London: a street,' with pointed roofs and tiny paned windows, deep shadowed eaves and overhanging stories; let an angle of tower show in the distance, with Edward IV.'s three-sunned banner waving from the summit, and then let Richard come down between the houses in the sunshine, and begin to tell us about 'the winter of our discontent.' At once we recognise the man who stabbed King Henry, as the same train of ideas which he expressed over the body is resumed now, his own bitterness against the fate which has made him deformed and unlovely, and his fierce determination to gain something in compensation. Shakspere has not quite left off yet that convenient but provoking plan of making his villains tell us how villainous they are going to be for the future, which is tiresome, because unnatural, and superfluous here, as we certainly do not credit Richard with being anything else, so he need not talk about it. So many scenes and passages in this play must needs be noticed, that to bring our talk on it within reasonable

limits, we must pause as little as possible on merely the story, which is, or ought to be, familiar to us all.

It brings before us Richard in three phases of fortune, ambitiously struggling, succeeding triumphantly, and falling in despair. He himself indicates the first object of his efforts, the removal of Clarence from his path, and now we see how this is being effected. As Clarence passes by to the Tower, we notice the perfect ease with which Richard assumes the part he chooses to play for the time, for the versatility of his powers is one of the most remarkable points about him. Here he plays the affectionate brother so naturally, so easily, that we might be as much deceived as 'simple plain Clarence,' if we did not know better, and if Richard did not drop the mask when left alone with a grim chuckle at his own hypocrisy. We must not overlook the hard, grim sort of humour which shows in his iron nature from time to time, elicited mostly by his supreme contempt for the people around him. He despises his enemies rather than hates them, and just sweeps them out of his way with a fiendish laugh at their weakness. Certainly, till Richmond appears, Richard has no opponent fit to cope with him, for Clarence, Hastings, &c., are easily befooled.

But now (Act i. sc. 2) comes Lady Anne to give us one of the most striking scenes of the whole play. Of course, to bring in Henry VI.'s corpse still bleeding, just before Edward IV.'s death, is to make very free with history; but this is a trifle to Shakspere, as we know. Lady Anne is at such a white heat of wrath and grief as she pours her lamentation over Henry's corpse, that we do not get much idea of her natural character, we only see an excitable and impulsive creature carried by her feelings beyond all bounds of moderation, curiously weak and strong by turns. How she faces Richard like a true Nevil, while her escort tremble and shrink! The whole dialogue demands to be read aloud to bring home the wonderful effect of Richard's soft, slippery persuasion coiling round Anne's fierce passion, till it makes one feel choked. It is like seeing some fair struggling creature in the folds of a snake; do what she will she cannot escape, for now we begin to see Richard's extraordinary powers. How many influences he brings to bear on her! His assumption of intense devotion to her, of repentance, and of pride which only she can bend, his subtle flattery, now of her beauty, now of her influence over him, all combine with his mingled audacity and deference to bewitch Anne. As if a spell were working on her, her passionate resistance melts away, while he redoubles his fawning and wiles.

> 'Look how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
> Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart:
> Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.'

Then, as she leaves him, we are electrified by the sudden change, expressed first in the curt orders to the bearers of the corpse, and then the outburst of savage triumph when he is alone over his success. For

once, Richard is astonished at himself, as if he had not known his own powers before, and was surprised to find how he could triumph, in spite of his bodily defects.

Now (Act i. sc. 3) we plunge into the confusion of the court, and may notice the difference between this and similar bits in *Henry VI.* Here we certainly know that plots and intrigues are on foot, but it is all intelligible, and kept subordinate to the main story. Queen Elizabeth, who now appears, is not a very interesting person, she passionately loves her children by both marriages, and tries to protect them as best she can, yet there is no real strength in her. It is not quite clear whether Richard is in a real fury or a pretended one, when he bursts storming into her presence; at all events, he means to gain the credit of great concern at Clarence's imprisonment. Does he not enjoy hurling his fierce taunts at the Queen and her people, especially when Rivers feebly interposes? There is a savage snarl in the 'She *may*, Lord Rivers? why, who knows not so?' and the scornful word play 'What, marry, may she? marry with a king.' And then the matchless impudence of the assertion, 'I am too childish-foolish for this world!'

It may be, as some of our critics say, all wrong to introduce Queen Margaret at this point, but surely her figure is very striking, coming in like a ghost of the past among the fierce combatants of the present. She presents an unmitigatedly painful picture of old age, all desolation, grief, and hatred, unrelieved by any softer touch, with nobody left to love, nothing even left to fight for, only the old fierce spirit blazing out in curses. All these smooth courtiers and upstarts shrink back from her tremendous invocations, while Richard, in the careless pride of a royal York, listens unmoved, sarcastically bidding Dorset learn Margaret's counsel. With his fiendish coolness he can take advantage of this awful apparition to pass off some of his pious hypocrisy on Buckingham and Hastings, even with the warrant for Clarence's execution lying in his pocket. When Richard is out of view for a little (Act i. sc. 4) this poor Clarence absorbs all our attention, less by his individuality than by the famous dream-description which everybody is supposed to know. I doubt whether any of Shakspere's actually supernatural scenes give one a feeling of greater horror than Clarence's ghastly visions, because they suggest so much. Every one has felt the horrible sensation of falling in a dream, and then the choking, the sudden changes, as one idea leads to another. Then the intense vividness of the sights under the sea, and worst of all to the guilty man, that 'shadow like an angel, with bright hair,' calling on the fiends to avenge his murder! It brings over one a sense of nightmare only to read it! Shakspere must have had awful dreams himself sometimes to know it all so frightfully well!

Clarence used to be utterly despicable in the other plays, but something better comes out in him here, his deep repentance and the touching

prayer for his guiltless wife and his poor children. Whether Shakspere meant to bring out Richard into stronger relief it is not possible to say, but it is curious that into all the other characters, however base they may be, he has thrown some redeeming point of love, or pity, or repentance, as here in Clarence. We may notice it again in Edward, Hastings, Buckingham, even in Richard's lowest tools, as the murderers whom he has to employ so often. The very men who come to slaughter Clarence have some reluctance to get over. Still I never can see the point of the long argument between him and them, which stops the action, and really leads to nothing, for all poor Clarence's eloquent pleadings fail before Richard's money.

We should pause for an instant over that first scene of the second act, King Edward's dying effort to compose the strifes and jealousies of his court, by making the rivals swear friendship! How terribly hollow all these protestations of friendship sound from Hastings, Buckingham, and all of them, when we know what is to follow so soon. Unconsciously, they are calling down their own doom in spite of Edward's solemn warning; especially in Buckingham's case, his feigned prayer prophecies his fate.

> 'When I have most need to employ a friend,
> And most assured that he is a friend,
> Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile
> Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
> When I am cold in love to you or yours.'

But the hypocrisy of the nobles is child's play to Richard's when he comes for his part in the matter. Notice the difference between his former roughness to the Queen and his silky deference to Edward; and then his professions, which absolutely take one's breath away in their audacity. He looks at us with such a solemn face, and yet we know he is secretly chuckling. Now that Clarence is dead, and Edward dying, Richard's next point is the ruin of the Queen and her friends; and how cleverly he turns everything that way, boldly flinging on them the guilt of Clarence's death, and using their natural consternation as a weapon against them. It is a relief to turn from him to Edward, in his passionate outburst of remorse, illogically angry with other people, yet bitterly conscious of his own fault, and full of the old brotherly feeling for Clarence, the 'poor soul' who had been so unjustly slain. These reminiscences of Edward's put both him and Clarence in quite a new light; there was more in both than we should have credited them with. Why should the scene between the old Duchess of York and her grandchildren (Act ii. sc. 2) be so stiff and cold? Even the entrance of Queen Elizabeth in the grief of her widowhood does not stir us out of indifference; the whole effect is of a scene made to order—a bit of padding, in short, till Richard reappears to bewilder and puzzle all these simpler minds. It suits him now to drop his brutality to Elizabeth; and just observe how he adapts his manner to

each of those whom he wishes to cajole. There is courteous condolence for his sister-in-law, respectful affection for his mother (though here he relieves his feelings by the mocking aside—

> 'And make me die a good old man!
> That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;')

professions of amity for Rivers, and a whole torrent of flattery expended on Buckingham. This personage now becomes important; and though he is overshadowed by Richard, we can see plainly the character of the man. He is evidently one of those who must be always foremost in their own estimation, and care less to be the visible leaders of an enterprise than to be able to consider themselves the moving spring. Buckingham is very active, very fussy, and delighted to fancy himself a second Warwick, to make and unmake kings. Of course he really was a great power at this time, what with his rank and wealth, and relationship to both York and Lancaster by his descent from Thomas of Woodstock, third son of Edward III. That he had also married Queen Elizabeth's sister is not alluded to. Certainly he is clever, but not clever enough to see how Richard manages him, and makes him do his work, by bribes and coaxing and flattery. It is fun to hear Richard professing to go 'like a child' by Buckingham's direction!

But now we do get to a real child, who flashes through the terrible play like a sunbeam—dear little Richard of York, chattering saucily away to mother and grandmother (Act ii. sc. 4). He is a bit of an 'enfant terrible,' picking up what is not meant for his ears in true child fashion, and not forgetting it either, objecting to being called an 'ill-weed,' and comically regretting his lost opportunity of paying his uncle out for his personal remarks. The pretty group of the old Duchess and Archbishop talking with the Queen and her merry little boy is rudely disturbed by the news of the seizure of Elizabeth's friends, which sends her flying back to sanctuary. Then, for the first and last time, the little king comes on the scene (Act iii. sc. 1), the boyish figure contrasting touchingly with all the surroundings; and we get a good notion of him, although we see so little of him. He shares with York the precocity of all that line of Plantagenets, but otherwise the character is quite different. Edward is a gentle, affectionate child, clinging to his relations, steadily refusing to believe harm of his absent uncles, longing for his mother and brother, poor little fellow! and yet moralising about Julius Cæsar, and firing up into innocent boyish ambition to 'die a soldier as I lived a king.' What a pretty scene it is between the two little brothers: Edward anxiously trying to keep York in order, and York not to be managed by him or anybody, but, audacious sprite that he is, coaxing Richard to give him his dagger, and making fun of him to his face. Would anybody but this baby Plantagenet venture to hint to the formidable Duke how

much he resembled the deformed jester of the period who carried about an ape for a companion? This is touching on Richard's very sorest point, and it clearly galls him, for he cannot believe it was the boy's own impudence, unprompted by his mother. How naturally the child owns to his fear of ghosts in the Tower! and Edward tries to play protecting elder brother, but his own gallant little heart is sad as he leads York away. Poor royal 'babes in the wood,' without even the kind robins to 'cover them with leaves!'

Surely Buckingham must see the fate hanging over them, yet he does not seem to realise it. Nor is he either quite prepared for Richard's determination to be quit of Hastings if he proves unmanageable, for notice how quickly Richard slips in a bribe to clench his ally's resolution, after startling him with the abrupt, 'Chop off his head, man!' in answer to his question about Hastings. Now, for a scene or two, this Lord Hastings comes forward out of the shadow, making a curious contrast to Richard at almost every point. There is very little of Shakspere's pure invention about this character, because he found Hastings ready drawn to his hand in Sir Thomas More's *Chronicle;* and we should judge that he was struck by the peculiar force of the description, as he has followed it so closely, carefully introducing all the little incidents relating to Hastings therein recorded. This is the historian's account of his character: 'This honourable man, a good knight and a gentle; of living somewhat dissolute; plain and open to his enemy, secret to his friend, easy to beguile, as he that of good heart and courage forestudieth no perils; a loving man, and passing well-beloved; very faithful, and trusty enough—trusting too much.' Could we better epitomise our impressions of Shakspere's faulty, loveable Hastings? and could we desire a better foil for Richard? The points of difference are worth careful comparison; the hypocrisy and ambition of the one are thrown into such relief by the transparent confidence and loyalty of the other. Of course Hastings is no sort of match for Richard, and one really wonders how the Chamberlain could expect to keep friends with the Protector after flatly refusing to help him to the crown—only Hastings has not a bit of penetration. All the incidents of sc. 2, Act iii. are taken accurately from the *Chronicle;* there we have Stanley's dream and proposed flight, Hastings's reasoning and boundless confidence, his talk with the pursuivant and the priest; even his mood of wild spirits on the fatal morning of his death. Perhaps this reality makes the scene so vivid. Hastings stands before us, the brilliant, prosperous Lord Chamberlain, full of life and power, laughing at Stanley, tossing his purse to the pursuivant; and all the time we feel the irony of the fate which is coming on him. 'He was never so full of good hope in his life, which self thing is oft seen a sign of change,' says the *Chronicle.* So, undaunted, Hastings rides to the Tower. The scene there (Act iii. sc. 4) is again one which must be thought of as acted; we must fancy the quiet consultation

among the nobles, Hastings so easy and careless, Richard coming in with his deadly smoothness, asking about the strawberries. By the way, the episcopal garden at Ely is still celebrated for strawberries; perhaps transferred from the garden at Holborn. Then fancy Richard coming back looking like a thundercloud, and bursting out into that well-prepared storm in which poor Hastings is consumed. 'If they have done this thing, my gracious lord——' '*If!*' 'Richard's *if* comes out like a flash of lightning; yes, and the thunder follows: the scene sweeps up to this as to a climax. With all Hastings's faults, there is something grandly unselfish in his first words, when he finds himself ruined, 'Woe, woe for England—not a bit for me!' One must love the man for saying that.

After murdering Hastings, there is no longer any possibility of hesitation for Richard and Buckingham, and we must be struck by the admirable skill with which they support each other in their projects, acting up to each other in the scene of imaginary danger and terror which imposes on the simple Mayor (Act iii. sc. 5). Isn't this personage though a little over-credulous and innocent? Perhaps Shakspere had no great opinion of civic ability. The queer stage direction of this scene, 'Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured,' is another touch borrowed from the *Chronicle*, which relates how the confederates resorted to this device to impress upon beholders the extremity of their terror of immediate attack,—rather a clumsy notion, I think.

Buckingham makes a capital tool for Richard at this crisis; he is delighted to work, feign, and speechify for him; and how cleverly Richard does manage him, inspiring him behind the scenes, knowing precisely how far his ability is to be depended on, and when he may be safely let alone. Buckingham is at his highest point in the next scene (Act iii. sc. 7), when the crown is offered to Richard. How proud he is of his oratory at the Guildhall! he cannot help dwelling on it; and Richard lets him run on, even while quivering with impatience to get Buckingham to the point. The Protector's short questions come out so sharply, as if he was longing to cut short the talk. 'Ah, and did they so? Would they not speak?' But still he manages to control himself. While he needs Buckingham he can keep his Plantagenet pride in the background, and can accept his cousin's advice as if he had not originated it himself; but just wait till he wants him no longer! Now, Buckingham really enjoys himself, acting his part brilliantly: imposing on the citizens, speechifying finely, representing the patriot orator in great style, and carrying the whole thing through successfully. But Richard! could craft and hypocrisy rise higher than in his reply? The affectation of unwillingness, the assumption of annoyance at the proposal as jarring on a sense of undesert, and a fine reluctance to injure his little nephew; it is all so well put on that we stand aghast at his audacity. And then the demure and sighing, 'Well,

call them again,' which prefaces his acceptance of the crown. He may well laugh behind his prayer-book while the citizens salute him as King.

It is curious that the scenes among the women should be so lifeless. This next one (Act iv. sc. 1), in spite of being meant to represent the working of strong feelings on the part of all the ladies, old and young, is certainly tame, saving for poor Queen Elizabeth's pathetic address to the Tower which holds her babies, an outbreak of tender motherliness, which comes strangely across the general hardness of the play. Nobody has time to think of her sorrows, however, for we have now (Act iv. sc. 2) before us the stately procession of the new sovereign's coronation, King Richard in the height of his triumph. It always seems to me as if a sort of change comes over Richard from this point: his acuteness and foresight seem blunted, his daring degenerates into recklessness, while a suspicious irritability ruffles his temper, formerly so wonderfully controlled. This last point begins to show as he tries Buckingham about the death of the little princes. Even Richard would rather not put his murderous intentions into words, and he is annoyed with Buckingham for not meeting him half way, for the successful usurper is no longer inclined to coax any one into following his will. That Buckingham should venture to pause to think, now seems to Richard so unfitting that he instantly resolves to dispense with his ally's assistance for the future.

But that ally, as we have seen, in no sense considers himself a tool, and is clearly startled at this new proposition. What answer he would finally have given is left doubtful; but it looks as if he would sacrifice the children for the earldom of Hereford, if Richard was not in such a hurry to show him how little he cares for his support. Surely it is a piece of recklessness to fling him off with such supreme contempt. What a splendid scene it is between them when the proud Buckingham cannot even get a hearing from the usurper! No words of scorn could bite more than Richard's careless inattention, absorbing himself in his meditation upon Richmond, letting Buckingham ask and ask, and then brushing him off like a wasp—

> 'Tut, tut, thou troublest me,
> I am not in the vein!'

Can we not fancy the intolerable look with which he says it? Can he possibly expect Buckingham to stand this sort of thing, or does he think himself safe to disregard anything his late friend can do? There appears in this dialogue for the first time some traces of a dim foreboding on Richard's part, a faint superstitious feeling, as he recalls Henry VI.'s prophecy about Richmond, and links it with the saying of the 'bard of Ireland.' The dreamy mood is but a passing one, but it prepares the way for the famous tent scene to come hereafter.

How quickly the figures which formerly surrounded Richard disappear now! The old play presented the murder of the little princes on the

stage; but Shakspere prefers to give us merely the description of the crime, with the picture of the beautiful boys lying asleep unconscious of their fate. There is a startling contrast between the remorseful feelings of the instruments of the murder and the absolute indifference of the originator of it. It is all very well for Deighton and Forrest to weep over the children's corpses. Richard is quite above anything of that sort. Anne's death is so quietly slipped over that we are left uncertain whether she is put out of the way, or merely dies of disgust at her husband and herself.

Just at this point (Act iv. sc. 4) reappears that awful apparition, Queen Margaret, coming to gloat over her enemies' misfortunes, trying vainly to comfort therewith her own desolation, as fierce, as hard, and as unpitying as ever. These three despairing women, Margaret, Elizabeth, and the old Duchess of York form a strange lamenting chorus, not unimpressive; but the general effect of the scene is very monotonous and strained. And what must we say of that curious dialogue between Elizabeth and Richard which follows, with the queer catching style of repartee? One cannot fancy anybody, least of all a despairing mother, talking on in that fashion, yet, setting the form of the thing aside, there is something fine in the notion of the helpless woman turning on Richard with such desperate frankness, flinging aside his arguments, fearlessly pressing home her wrongs and his crimes, past, present, and future. True, she ends by yielding to him, in spite of having consented to Richmond's marriage with Princess Elizabeth, for, out of her fits of excitement, she is but a weak woman, and indeed, poor soul, she has had fearful experience of what Richard is capable of if his will is resisted.

Certainly Richard's temper is not what it was, as we see when he gets the news of Buckingham's rebellion and Richmond's landing, for he snaps at everybody from Stanley downwards, and cannot even give his orders clearly,—as if his iron nerves were beginning to shake.

One short glimpse we get of Buckingham (Act v. sc. 1), between the failure of his enterprise and his death, when his honest recognition of the justice of his fate a little disposes us to forgive some of his misdeeds. Another short scene brings before us Richard's new rival, the destined avenger of all the former victims. Of course, a character which is only introduced in the fifth act has but little space to develop, and Richmond does not produce much effect on our minds, beyond a general sense of brightness and hopeful determination, which enhances the gloom round the falling Richard. There is a curious contrast between the mothers of the two men as we hear of them just before the battle of Bosworth, noble old Margaret Somerset 'praying continually' for her son's good, and the broken-hearted Duchess of York, crushed with grief, bidding Richard take into the battle with him her 'most heavy curse.'

And now we must fancy the two armies on Bosworth Field. Oh,

for the uncritical notions of our ancestors, who could see the tents of the two leaders put close together, without feeling any difficulty, so that the contrast between the two men could be marked at every point! I have heard it is still sometimes so played in Germany; and certainly we lose much of the signification of the whole scene, when the entire stage has to be given up to Richard. Fortunately our mental theatre can take in both, and the wide landscape of undulating fields off which the sunset lights are dying away. We can fancy Richmond in front of his tent, planning hopefully for the morrow, in spite of his small force, bidding a kindly good-night to his friends, and then sinking quietly to sleep, with a prayer on his lips. Then on the other side comes the usurper, the terrible 'White Boar,' gloomy and changed, unable to resist the depression which lies on him, not caring to speak to a creature, only flinging his brief orders from time to time to his silent attendants. So we feel that his mental state is prepared for the terrible visions which come when he is alone, when the watchfires are dying down, and not a human voice is heard to drown the accusing tones from the spirit world. Slowly, one by one, the awful, dim forms rise round him, faint, yet distinct, with clear, far-off voices, every age represented among the victims of Richard's ambition. There is the bright youth Edward of Lancaster, the aged King Henry, Rivers and his friends, the strong men cut off in their prime, the drooping girl-form of Anne; worst of all, the innocent children from the unknown grave under the Tower stairs, all gathering into a fearful group, each one recalling a crime, and crying for vengeance till the repeated refrain 'Despair and die,' rings like the tolling of a knell, while the blessings on Richmond breathe out like the distant notes of a flute, mingling gently with his quiet sleep. *He* still slumbers on when the ghostly voices have died into silence; but the cessation of the fearful words breaks through Richard's dream. Though he is not fully conscious, he leaps up. In the instant of waking he seems to pass from the thought of his victim's presence to the realisation of their curses; he is, in feeling, on the field of battle, defeated, wounded, struggling for life. We must all have experienced this swift succession of ideas in a dream, changes of condition as rapid as thought, which make so much impression on us, that it requires some moments of waking consciousness to make it clear to us what and where we really are. So is it here with Richard; but there is a great deal more in his soliloquy than this. Something has broken through his boasted strength of mind, which for so long kept scruples and compunctions at bay; the long-stifled conscience suddenly reasserts itself, and the man stands appalled. It is not repentance that he feels, hardly even remorse—simply horror, as if his eyes were suddenly opened to a sight of terror. Then, too, he feels for the first time his utter isolation. After priding himself on dispensing with 'this word love, which greybeards call divine,' after trampling down all links of blood, all ties of friend-

ship, he, even he, is brought to utter that intensest cry of agony and despair—

> 'There is no creature loves me,
> And if I die, no soul shall pity me.'

Up to this point Richard's character always seems to me wonderfully clever, perfectly consistent, but much more like a fiend than a man, lacking some touch of natural feeling to appear in the light of a human being at all. It is true that only while his nerves are unstrung does he let us see that he has any other feelings than ambition for himself and indifference to other people; but in this hour of despair we see that he has a man's capacity for remorse, and a man's craving for affection. In short, he is a human being, not an impossible monster. He cannot shake off the effect of his night visions, even when daylight has returned and the call to action is rousing him, for we notice as he harangues his officers, that he is still arguing down his own feelings:

> 'Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
> Conscience is but a word that cowards use.'

He struggles to lash himself up to resolution, but only the courage of despair comes to his aid. Like Macbeth in similar circumstances, nothing remains to him but the wild ferocity of an animal at bay; and although everything goes against him, and he is betrayed on all sides, he goes boldly to meet his fate, scorning to fly, and falls at last, not unworthily of the gallant race of York. Then all is clear for peace and happiness with Richmond and Elizabeth.

So ends the great play which sweeps us on so fast, and absorbs us in the one character till we have neither eyes nor thought for anything else. Of course it is not perfect; the woman scenes are provoking in parts, and sometimes, especially in reading the play, we may feel as if it wants relief, and keeps us too much on a strain. There is no change to fun, except Richard's own grim humour, which is a very different thing; neither is there any play of the softer feelings, nor any indulgence of Shakespere's poetic fancy; but still it was written to be acted, and I greatly doubt if anybody after seeing it well acted ever troubled himself to wish it changed. When one comes to think of it, of course the metre in which it is written is monotonous; these regular five-measure lines, no longer rhyming, but with a pause at the end of each, become wearisome whenever they are not inspirited by the energy of the characters. Shakspere is not quite untrammelled yet; he is still following other people's models, Marlowe especially. Yet as the play stands, one may question whether a more flowing measure would have suited so well with the fierce tone of the whole? There is a sort of hard clang about this, which seems to agree exactly with Richard's harsh voice and Margaret's wild invective. That other parts might have been improved by a change of metre, I do not attempt to deny.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

THE CHILDREN OF MISSIONARIES.

BY J. FREWEN MOOR.

THERE are many persons who think that Missionaries to foreign lands ought to be unmarried men: and it is indisputable that there are some parts of the vast field of Missions in which the priest or deacon who is free from all domestic cares is more fitted for his work than a married man could possibly be.

A good Missionary must be eminently a man prepared like S. Timothy (2 Tim. ii. 3) 'to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;' and he ought not to be entangled 'with the affairs of this life.' 'He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord,' and is able to 'attend upon the Lord without distraction' (1 Cor. vii. 32 and 35). Such a man, therefore, being without incumbrance, is the best fitted for the forefront of the spiritual battle with the heathen races. Let such men be the pioneers of the great army of Missionaries.

Moreover, in some parts of India in which housekeeping is exceedingly expensive, in many wide districts of Africa where the climate is deadly, or where the necessaries of civilised life are out of reach, and (it may be) in many other portions of the world to which we have sent ordained messengers with the glad tidings of salvation, the unmarried Missionary has greatly the advantage over the man with a wife and family.

This was well known, deeply felt, and ably stated by the late Bishop Douglas of Bombay, who, in his forcible letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on Missionary work in India (page 52) said, after allusion to the question of comparative expense in maintaining married or unmarried Missionaries:—

'The work of Missions in India pre-eminently is a work of war, and a Missionary should be in the condition of a soldier, and be ready . . . . to start at short notice and go anywhere without impediments, and do what war requires. We need soldiers who have no ties but those which bind them to the work of the Church, and who are steeped in that spirit of ready obedience, which, when it hears "go," "goeth," and when it hears "come," "cometh." But in the case of one who is married there are other ties and obligations. Whatever his devotion, a conflict of duties must often of necessity arise, and a conflict in which the work of God must give way to those nearer and more imperative calls, which family life by God's ordinances imposes. Thus it will happen that a Missionary is compelled to retire while yet his own personal powers are unenfeebled; and a knowledge of foreign languages, which only years and hard labour can give, combined with an experience which is positively invaluable, must bow to the exigencies of a husband's or a father's position, and to a conscience which, seeking no excuse for retirement, yet cannot be regardless of duties from which once the man might have been free, but which, when assumed, become strong and binding on him.'

Yet, true as all this is, there are many parts of the world to which we send our Missionaries, for which the married man is better than the single on various accounts. Take, as an instance, one of the secluded out-harbours of Newfoundland, or a dreary settlement on the chilly coast of Labrador. In such places as these pre-eminently the Missionary, cut off from companions of his own rank in life, and from all educated persons, and surrounded by illiterate fishermen and their families, needs the solacing and elevating companionship of a wife, as well as all the other help which a cultivated lady can give in visiting sick women, attending to the instruction of girls, holding 'Mothers' Meetings,' and the like. Or think of the Rio Pongo Mission, the English possessions in other parts of Africa, wherein barbarian heathenism is just beginning to give way before the advancing banner of the Cross; or those wide districts in India in which the heathen boasts of his civilisation as being far more ancient than ours, and yet knows not the power of the blessed Gospel in curbing the natural passions of man; knows not (in fact) the blessings of that true civilisation which springs from the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and binds men together as brethren and fellow-citizens in the Church of the Redeemer. In these cases what power for good is the example of Christian family life. The Missionary speaks of, and preaches about, the manifest *present* blessings of Christianity, as well as the glorious prospect which it opens out for the future, and he points with thankful satisfaction to his own household—wife, children, servants—and shows the unnumbered and untold benefits which exist with them, and on account of them, such as the heathen in his heathenism cannot have. The wife and family thus become to the Missionary helpers in his evangelistic work, proclaimers with him of the immeasurable blessings of Christianity—in fact, actual preachers of the Gospel.

But even supposing it were not so, it would surely be very undesirable to put needless hindrances in the way of the marriage of Missionaries, as long as celibacy is not enjoined upon our clergy at home. To raise a fresh obstacle to men who might be willing to become Missionaries, would be very undesirable, now that the field of Missionary labour is so wide, the ripening harvest so plenteous, and the labourers so few.

But, further, if the rule of celibacy were made by our Missionary Societies to-morrow, and henceforth rigidly enforced, there would still be the children of our present Missionaries to be thought about, as well as the orphans of many who are entered into their rest. Missionaries' children there must be, and they must be objects of special heart-engrossing care to their parents on account of the difficulties in the way of their education.

Many of our clergy at home find it difficult to provide suitable education for their children: the difficulty is far greater for Missionaries.

The Missionary's stipend is small, and in some cases variable and

uncertain, depending upon the fluctuating circumstances of those to whom he ministers. Good education of a high standard is expensive in the Colonies, and in heathen lands it is altogether out of reach. Moreover, deadly climate in some cases, in others the terrible surroundings of heathenism, make it imperative on Missionaries to send away their children for education. But how can they do this? Where can they send them? How can they pay for the journey, outfit, and education? These difficulties have, in some instances, so overwhelmed the Missionary, that he has been constrained to abandon his special calling, and to turn to work of a secular nature which might bring him in higher remuneration, and so enable him to afford proper education for his children. Much as we must regret such a step, we ought rather to pity than to blame the man who has taken it under the pressure of circumstances.

But cannot something more be done than has yet been effected to help Missionaries towards a good sound education for their children, and thus indirectly to aid in a very useful and practical way the work of Missions?

Something *has been done* towards this end by both of our great Missionary Societies; something *is being done*, and an attempt is now being made to do a good deal more.

The Church Missionary Society in its year of jubilee, a few years ago, raised a special fund by which a Home was established for the children of its Missionaries. This 'Home' (at present situated at Highbury Grove, and known by the name of 'The Church Missionaries' Children's Home) is supported now by the general funds of the Society to which it belongs. It accommodates between eighty and ninety children of both sexes, the girls being retained to the age of sixteen, and the boys to fourteen years old. It has the character of a domestic more than of a scholastic establishment, the members of each family—brothers and sisters—being allowed free intercourse with one another at certain times of the day; and the arrangements of the house being free from the usual stiffness of school life: while, at the same time, high-class secular education and sound religious training are by no means neglected. It is, indeed, just what it was established for and what it professes to be—a 'Home' for the children of the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society; and as such it is doubtless a source of vast comfort to many an earnest man who is working away in some far distant land to spread the saving knowledge of salvation through Christ: a weight of care has been removed from him by the satisfactory assurance that his little ones are at home, safe under the fostering care of the Society which has sent him forth with the commission of the Church.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts has adopted a different plan for the families of its Missionaries. It has no home for their reception; but it makes allowances towards the educa-

tion of the children between the ages of eight and sixteen, of those of its Missionaries who are working in the far East, thus helping towards the cost of education at schools to be selected by the parents.

Both these plans have their own particular recommendations. The Church Missionary Society's plan affords, in a certain sense, more relief to the parents; but the Propagation Society's plan puts a more liberal education in the way of the children, or at least it prevents any narrowness of mind which may possibly be engendered by children associating only with those of exactly their own class and circumstances in life.

For both plans, however, something supplemental is needed: and that it has been attempted to supply by means of the *Missionaries' Children Education Fund.*

This fund was set on foot in the year 1877 by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It is intended chiefly for the purpose of helping fatherless children of its own Missionaries who have been called to rest, to obtain good education; but its work (as will be shown) has extended somewhat beyond this original design, and may, if it receives adequate support, extend still further; although, of course, it will always strictly belong to the Society of which it is an offshoot.

Those persons—an ever-increasing number, it is to be hoped—who take interest in Foreign Missions, may remember to have read in the life of good Bishop Feild, and elsewhere, of one who was lost in the boiling surge of a rock-bound coast on a stormy night while endeavouring to return to his little sea-side parsonage, after administering the last consolations of religion to a dying woman in a fisherman's hut on a barren shore. That good man had without hesitation obeyed the summons which had reached him, deeming it a call from God; and that summons proved to be in truth a call from God to him higher than he thought it—a call to enter into rest, free henceforth from all earthly toils, sorrows, and cares. But wife and little ones were left to struggle on, dependent upon the charity of friends.

In another case, somewhat similar, a Deacon Missionary in one of the poorest dioceses in the world was drowned while passing in an open boat from one island to another in the performance of his ministerial duties. He had exhausted his slender private means in the expenses of church building and furnishing at his principal Mission station. He left a wife and two little boys of tender age almost penniless.

As another instance may be mentioned the sad story of a man of superior talent, as well as of great zeal and energy, who, after arduous and effectual toil for many years as warden of an important college within about eight degrees of the equator, died at sea on his way home to regain, as he and his friends had hoped, his lost strength and health. He was spoken about by his bishop as 'a very active friend

of the society, and successful head of one of its most important institutions in this diocese.' He left a widow and ten children, for whom but a very trifling provision had been made, on account of his early death.

Amongst the Missionaries sent out to Burmah in the hope of winning over to the truth as it is in Jesus some of the disciples of Gautama the Buddah, was one who, having been trained in the village school of one of the most devoted friends of Foreign Missions, expressed to his clergyman, at the early age of eighteen, an earnest desire to be a Missionary. The clergyman, far from wishing to damp the zeal of his favourite schoolboy (who at that time had just finished his apprenticeship as pupil-teacher at another school), thought it well to test the sincerity of the boy's wish. It might be only an emotion, which might pass away, he considered. So he advised the lad to wait for two years, and then report his feelings in the matter. For that time he became assistant in a school of considerable size and importance. At the end of that period of probation he wrote to the clergyman again, to say that his mind had never changed, but that there was about him a deepened and ever deepening desire to be employed as a Missionary to the heathen. That clergyman (whose name must not be mentioned here) has been for many years a most zealous promoter of the Missionary cause in many ways. He instructed his young friend in Latin and Greek, prepared him for the Missionary college at S. Augustine's, Canterbury, paid for his collegiate course, supporting him entirely there at his own expense, and had the gratification (no slight one) of seeing him come out from college with the highest commendation of the warden and the best promise for the future. The young Augustinian was ordained, and sent to Burmah in 1873, 'to commence a new Mission station at Tounghoo, among the Karens, who, intermixed with the Burmese and Shans, inhabited the mountain fastnesses up the frontier of China.' This was a very important Missionary station, the town of Tounghoo having 100,000 inhabitants; but the young Missionary 'proved himself well worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the bishop selecting him for a mission of so much delicacy and difficulty.'* He had married a young wife, who sank under the depressing effects of the damp, hot climate, leaving two little boys behind her. The good young Missionary seemed unable to bear up under the heavy blow sent upon him, while he was overwhelmed with hard work and deep anxiety for those—Burmese, Karens, and English—amongst whom he laboured, the climate also telling upon his constitution, which was far from strong. He was called to rest in about two years after he commenced work there, leaving the two little orphans behind him. But the Father of the fatherless careth for them.

The deadly climate of tropical Africa has earned for one of our colonial dioceses the unenviable title of 'the white man's grave.' A

* *Historical Sketches*, Missionary Series, No. III. pp. 18, 19.

good Missionary, who had worked there for several years after previous wearing labour in the West Indies, at length succumbed, a few years ago, to the effect of the unhealthy heat, and left a family behind him, for whom he had been unable to secure more than a very slender provision. In this case there was a very intelligent boy of about ten years old, whom the widowed mother was very anxious to remove from heathen influences, as well as from the pestilential climate in which she had been content to remain herself, undertaking for her support the superintendence of an educational establishment.

In an equatorial diocese farther east there was a hardworking Missionary, who, after sixteen years of incessant labour under a burning sun, was called to rest; his widow soon followed him, leaving four children in a state of utter destitution.

In all these cases (except the first-named, which was met by contributions raised privately) the 'Missionaries' Children Education Fund' has afforded substantial aid, and as its work becomes more known, and it receives more support from friends of Missions, it will be able to do more.

By grants for the fatherless little ones their schooling (in some instances) at excellent day-schools has been paid for. For some of the above-named cases entirely free education, and in other cases education on greatly reduced terms, has been obtained through the operation of the fund, which has made grants towards the outfit and casual expenses of the boys for whom the kind offers of principals of schools have been accepted.

Through the agency of the fund there has been established a kind of free registration of schools for Missionaries' children in want of good and cheap education. The benefit accruing from this part of the work is open to both societies, although the fund itself was established by, and belongs to, the Propagation Society.

Another very useful and important part of the work of the secretary of this fund, is the securing homes in the holidays for the children of Missionaries. In this there has been a notable success. About thirty of both clergy and laity, in various positions in society, and in many different parts of England and Wales, have most willingly and cheerfully opened their houses to receive little strangers into their family circles, giving them in some cases more even than 'food and raiment,' namely, an overflowing portion of quasi-parental love, arising out of true and deep love for that Master in whose direct service the parents of those children are employed. It is hoped and believed that an untold amount of good is being effected by this means; for not only are both the children and their parents hereby greatly benefited, but there is a very telling advertisement of Missionary work by this plan. The children are known, in the different places in which they are located, as children of men who have given up home comforts, hazarded their lives, and even entrusted their dear children to others, in order that

they may themselves go and preach the everlasting Gospel of the Redeemer in lands beyond the sea. To every one who sees these children the stinging question is suggested—'What am *I* doing to convert the heathen?' or, 'How much of self-denial is there in *me* to help on this work of God?' In fact, by this means the self-sacrifice of Missionaries is openly published to all observers.

These homes for the holidays are not confined to the children of Missionaries of the Propagation Society; in fact, they have hitherto been more wanted for, and have been more used by, boys and girls from the Church Missionaries' Children's Home than for any others. In some instances the secretary of this fund has been enabled also to provide with vacation homes, Missionary students and other young men preparing for the sacred ministry, securing for them also at the same time excellent training in parish-work. Fatherless children of poor clergy whose work was in England, Wales, or Ireland, have also not been overlooked in this part of the scheme. These are some of the *indirect* ways in which the Missionaries' Children Education Fund is doing good.

It may occur to some readers of this statement to ask—'In what way can *I* render any assistance to this useful fund?'

In reply, it is obvious that money contributions are greatly needed. If every reader of *The Monthly Packet* would send only one shilling a year (in stamps or otherwise) to the secretary, free education would be easily secured by that means for *at least twelve* children, at exceedingly good schools, on the reduced terms liberally offered in them for the children of Missionaries. And it is believed that the presence of Missionaries' children in those schools would bring its blessing on the schools and on those who conduct them.

It is humbly suggested that persons who are oppressed with other urgent claims and who therefore cannot well give more, should give *at least* their annual shilling, sending it anonymously in stamps to the secretary without expecting an acknowledgment.

There must be many even of the youngest readers who can do much more than this by some little regularly-practised act of self-denial, the discipline of which would be of real benefit to themselves.

Donations and subscriptions to the 'Missionaries' Children Education Fund' are received at the office of S.P.G., 19, Delahay Street, Westminster, S.W. Also sums of any amount (in stamps or otherwise), however small, may be sent to the Rev. J. Frewen Moor, Vicar of Ampfield, near Romsey, who will gladly impart any further information which may be desired, and who is thankful for offers of educational help and holiday homes; also for supplies of good clothing suitable for children of Missionaries. These should be sent (carriage paid) to Chandler's Ford Station, on the South Western Railway.

NIGHT AND DAY.

BY A RUSSIAN.

At the end of November, 1865, just before the railway was opened between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, I had to leave St. Petersburg, after having spent there, and in the neighbourhood, six most pleasant months.

I am a Russian by birth; but at my father's death, my mother—who is English—took me to her native country to be brought up. I was then but a very little girl; but during the ten years that I had lived in England, I had become thoroughly English in all my ideas. I felt so proud to be the possessor of a passport, and to have 'British subject' written on it. My pleasant visit was, however, drawing to a close; I had to part with very dear relations and great friends; and although I longed to return to my mother, yet I dreaded the hour of parting.

There is nothing to me so sad, so depressing, as wishing each other 'good-bye.' The word in itself is very beautiful, 'God be with you;' but what does not rest with this word 'good-bye!' Friends may part never to see each other again—or never on that same footing. Sickness, sorrow, and even death, comes so often after 'good-bye.' And how lightly it is spoken—and how rarely with the thought of its meaning!

I was to return to England by the overland route, all navigation having ceased in the Gulf of Finland. I was to go *vid* Warsaw, and not the shorter route by Königsberg along the coast, as that way would be too dangerous during the present time of year—the roads being often under water, too deep to venture across. An old Frenchman, M. Fourger, was to be my travelling companion or escort; he had to leave St. Petersburg at the same time, and he promised to took after me as if I had been his own daughter; and I am sure he fully kept his word.

The journey was not to exceed four days and nights, and I rather looked forward with pleasure to this—to me—novel mode of travelling by diligence. My uncle, at whose house I was staying, had gone most kindly to secure me a good place, and he came back with a glowing description of the comfortable way the sledge diligence was arranged.

'Vera, dear, you need not be alarmed as to the cold, for I saw plenty of fur rugs; you will more likely be smothered in bear-skins,' said my uncle. And they all joked me at my fears about the cold.

Just before going away, M. Fourger turned to me, and said, 'You had better give me your *passeport*, mademoiselle; I suppose you have had it duly signed, and so on? and I conclude you have your *billet de conger?*' And the more I looked surprised, the more he questioned me; and finally, he asked me whether my name had been published

in the two principal papers as intending leaving St. Petersburg and Russia.

I continued to stare in utter amazement—first at him, and then at my uncle; the latter, to my surprise, looked much annoyed—indeed, he almost looked cross. 'No, monsieur, I have done nothing, for I knew not of all these necessary formalities; and I have my passport safely locked up in my desk,' answered I, now fairly alarmed. M. Fourger was quite scandalised that an officer in the Russian army should have been so strangely careless as to forget to carry out all that Government enforces. M. Fourger feared it would be almost too late, and that I should have to lose my 10*l.* ticket for the diligence.

'Do not be afraid, Verinka,' said my uncle; 'it is through my thoughtlessness. I am to blame, and therefore I must somehow get you all right through this business. Give me your passport, my child, and do not look so alarmed; trust me—it will be all right!'

And with these words, and my dear little green morocco case in his hand, he left the house. Hour after hour he remained away, and only towards evening did he return, holding, however, in triumph, the green case and another paper. He had done everything; he had had my name inserted among the lists of those intending leaving St. Petersburg; he had the *billet de conger*, and there only remained for me to sign my passport in the presence of some official. I should have to go to an office, and there sign it, after I had answered satisfactorily some few questions put to me, and then the *billet* would be signed by the official. This *billet* costs three roubles, or ten shillings.

The next day I had to accompany my uncle to this rather dreadful office. Once I alarmed my uncle, as well as myself, for I answered the truth to the question, 'Where were you born?'—that I had been born in St. Petersburg! And I, of course understanding all their remarks and doubts how I could be English, and how I came by the English passport, and with my Russian name, felt very nervous. But my passport was there all correct, and in due time they allowed me to sign the *billet de conger*; and then, to my joy, I saw it countersigned by them as well. I paid my fee, and left the office with a light heart, in spite of the number of fibs.

My last day with my dear aunt and uncle, and in that dear, beautiful St. Petersburg, had come, and the morning passed but too quickly and then came the hour, the moment, that I had to leave. The servant came to announce that the sledges were at the door—each little sledge with its driver and one horse; M. Fourger in one, and I in the other. Farewells were said, and the last embrace given and received; and then I had to hurry off to the hall, from where M. Fourger had already for the second time been calling me. In spite of my tears, in spite of the intense sadness that I felt, I could not help smiling when I saw the extraordinary appearance of my travelling companion. He looked like a huge mountain, and the wonder was how he moved in it, or with

it all; naturally a very fat man, and now encased in two great coats—*such* great coats!—and over it all the *schuba* or fur cloak, which was wrapped round and round by a *koschack*, or a kind of worsted scarf, that first went round the neck under the fur collar, and then across the chest and round the waist.

It had suddenly become very cold; the thermometer had fallen several degrees below zero, according to Réaumur. My fur cloak, the *schuba*, was wrapped round me; and jumping into the sledge, and having been well covered up with rugs, we started.

Good-bye, good-bye, friends, relations—and you, beautiful city!

Immediately on starting, Samucha, my uncle's coachman, a trusty old man, who had been in our family for years, and known me from the time I had been born, told me we should have to cross the Neva on the ice; for although it had not been safe this morning, he, on inquiring, found the ice would bear light sledges now.

I cannot tell if it be generally known that there is but *one* stone bridge over the Neva; this bridge was a great distance from the station and from my uncle's house. All the other bridges are bridges of boats. These latter must all be removed as soon as it begins to freeze, because otherwise they would be too much injured, or more probably totally destroyed. As soon as the river is well frozen over, the ice is cut away in places to receive these boats again with their bridges. At the breaking up of the ice in spring, this same trouble and inconvenience is incurred; for the breaking up and the floating down of the large masses of ice from the Ladoga Lake is far more dangerous to these slight bridges. Many Russians I have heard express their surprise that the Government should not erect a few good stone bridges, instead of having this unceasing expense; and also on account of the extreme inconvenience caused by it, to most of the inhabitants. Besides this, so many a murder takes place at night on the lonely frozen river; and as the victim, after having been robbed, is pushed into one of the endless holes cut for procuring water, all trace of the murder is for ever lost. I am, however, happy to say that the good Emperor has increased the number of sentinels from two to six at each crossing. As to policemen, or *gens d'armes*, there are but a very few.

(*To be continued.*)

Spider Subjects.

GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

Autumn and Bog Oak are so excellent that we know not how to choose between them, but decide for the first, as more complete. Inez and Turk, good; President fair; Teign does not seem to know much about the matter.

This Psalm is generally supposed to have been written at the time of the overthrow of Sennacherib's host in the reign of Hezekiah (Is. xxxvi. and xxxvii.). Some, however, attribute it to the reign of Jehoshaphat, on the occasion of the discomfiture of the children of Ammon and Moab, who 'came up to fight against Israel' (2 Chron. xx. 10—29), when we are expressly told of the singers who were appointed 'that they should praise the beauty of holiness,' and how, after witnessing the fight in which their enemies, as it were, defeated themselves, and, it might be said, 'were broken' as ships 'with an east wind,' 'they came to Jerusalem with psalteries and harps and trumpets unto the House of the Lord,' and as they approached the city, might well have burst out into the exultant strain, 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.' However this may be, the Psalm is undoubtedly a song of triumph on the occasion of some great and miraculous overthrow of an enemy. Canon Perowne points out that there are many verbal coincidences between it and the prophecies of Isaiah concerning the overthrow of the Assyrians, and that similar figures are common to both, and certainly the scene of that great disaster before the very walls of Jerusalem would lead naturally to the prominence of the city itself in the patriotic outburst of praise for its deliverance.

The Psalm falls into three strophes. I. v. 1—3 A.V. (1 v. 2, P.V.), an ascription of praise to God. II. v. 4—8, A.V., a poetical description of the enemy's defeat. III. v. 9—14, A.V., the thanksgiving of the delivered.

The city occupies throughout a central place. In the first strophe 'Jehovah'* is praised in the 'city of our God,' where 'He hath made Himself known as a high tower,'* and the city is a 'joy of the whole earth,' because 'it is the city of the great King.' (There is some doubt about the expression 'sides of the north,' '*on* the sides of the north,' A.V., the city itself lying on the southern slope of the tableland; it might refer to the Temple, being on the north, or to the first view of the Assyrians being the northern one, or Mount Zion may itself have been a peak, now levelled, on the north side of the Temple mount.)

Strophe II.—The enemy appears, 'the kings,' probably tributary to Assyria, who 'assembled' (were confederated together) 'under Sennacherib,' 'they passed by together,' 'marched in order of battle,' and

* Canon Perowne's translation.

immediately follows their mysterious overthrow, no hand of man concerned, but

> 'They, even they saw it, immediately they were amazed;
> They were terrified, they were utterly confounded:
> Trembling seized upon them there,
> Pangs as upon a woman in travail:
> (They were broken as) with an east wind, which breaketh the ships of Tarshish.' *

The wind—an image of the irresistible power of God (as Jer. xviii. 17): a ship, the very figure employed by Isaiah (xxxiii. 21—23) in his prophecy of the Assyrian invasion. And so, 'as we have heard, so have we seen.' 'We have heard with our ears and our fathers have declared unto us the noble works that Thou didst in their days,' but now they are manifest before our eyes.

Strophe III.—The delivered 'think of' (A.V.) God's loving kindness 'in the midst of His Temple'—the mother city and the smaller towns and villages—'daughters of Judah' rejoice together. The besieging host is gone, and the triumphant people may now 'compass' their beautiful city, 'tell her towers,' 'mark her bulwarks,' and 'consider her palaces'—not to take pride in this material splendour, but that they 'may tell it to the generations following' that

> '. . . such is God, our God, for ever and ever,
> He will be our guide unto death.'*

And from generation to generation does this Psalm tell it, with ever wider and wider meaning, for even as we try to understand it literally the words are too great and too exultant to be confined to an earthly city or a temporal foe, and we are led to consider further meanings—allegorical, spiritual, typical, which make up the four-fold interpretation of Scripture, of which Dr. Neale, quoting from an old author, gives, as an example, our very subject. 'In like manner Jerusalem is understood *historically* of that earthly city whither pilgrims journey; *allegorically*, of the Church Militant; *tropologically*, of every faithful soul; *anagogically*, of the celestial Jerusalem which is our country.'

The title of the Psalm in the A. Version runs thus:—'The ornaments and privileges of the Church,' and we see in it the Church Militant under the figure of the 'city of God,' 'the joy of the whole earth.' The 'kings of the earth are gathered and gone by together,' but for this city 'God upholdeth the same for ever.' One foe in one generation, one in another, may fight and set themselves in armed array before her walls, but, 'like as we have heard, so *shall* we see if only we wait for Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple,' as (the Whit Sunday † use of this Psalm reminds us) the Apostles waited in Jerusalem for 'the promise of the Father,' until 'suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind,' ‡ the wind which was to break the power of the heathen world.

But there is yet another battle; against each individual soul do the hosts come up,

> 'Principalities and powers
> Mustering their unseen array;'

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* Canon Perowne's translation.

† This was also the Psalm appointed in the Temple worship for the second day of the week, 'because on the second day of creation the Lord divided His works and reigned over them.'—DR. EDERSHEIM, *The Temple*.

‡ Gregorian antiphon for this Psalm on Whit Sunday.

until hearts almost faint at the conflict, but for their help; that they may still 'be strong and very courageous,' this, their song of triumph, has been written long ago, when 'holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' only to burst out fully when it finds its last fulfilment in the New Jerusalem. And yet again in constant meditation ponder the glories of the Heavenly Jerusalem, go round about marking all her bulwarks, the power, wisdom, and love of God; 'consider her palaces,' those many mansions in our Father's house, that ye 'may teach those that come after,' those who lag behind in the spiritual race, those who are young and unlearned, and need to be taught something of the glory and beauty of Sion.

And so to what is still the object of hope (*quid speres, anagogia*), when 'he that overcometh shall inherit all things.' 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' 'And there came unto me one of the seven angels,' and 'shewed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God; and I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.'

AUTUMN.

THE HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF ICELAND.

Iceland is best done by Nightingale; Marsh Mallow is most interesting; Grizel, very good, rather too long. We wish we had room. Meg's is a very good paper; the Muffin-Man fair.

Iceland was first discovered by Naddohr, a famous Norwegian pirate, who, on his return from a predatory expedition to the Faroe Islands, about 860, was overtaken by a tempest, and was driven upon the coast of this island. He could discover no traces of any human habitation, and he left the island immediately. A few years later a Swede, named Gardar Svarfarson, circumnavigated Iceland, and he even spent the winter there; but he evidently did not find it an agreeable habitation, for he returned to Norway the following spring. Floki, another celebrated Norwegian pirate, also attempted to make a settlement upon the island, and during two seasons he explored a considerable part of the southern and western coasts; but he came to the conclusion that Iceland was no desirable dwelling-place, as his crops failed and his cattle died, and he left the island, bequeathing to it the name by which it has ever since been known. The origin of a permanent settlement in Iceland is to be traced to the fact of the disturbances in Norway during the reign of Harold Harfagra. This king endeavoured to establish a feudal monarchy, and, as in those early times, it was alone the *free* possession of land which conferred social and political distinction, the proud Norsemen resented their privileges being taken away from them, and they resolved to escape from the tyranny of Harold. The spot chosen by the noblest, the most cultivated, and the most peaceably-disposed of the Norwegians, in which to found a free country, beyond the reach of the oppressor, was the newly-discovered Iceland. The Icelanders regard 874 A.D. as the date of the occupation of the island, for this was the year in which the first detachment of Norwegians reached Iceland, under the command of one of the discontented subjects, named Ingolf. On approaching the coast of

Iceland he threw into the sea the door of his former home in Norway; the spot upon which it was cast, where now stands the capital, Reikiavik, he fixed upon as his dwelling-place. After this body of colonists under Ingolf had quitted Norway, those who followed did not, as a rule, go forth under a single chieftain, but in most cases, a family, or a chief with his retainers, or even a few members of a family, would arrive in the island. The *Landnamabok* describes with minuteness the arrival of the different settlers, and from this book we find that the majority of the immigrants were Norwegians, although there were not wanting among them many Swedes and Goths. Harold did not at first oppose this immigration of his subjects, but when he found that so many were leaving the country, he perceived that matters were becoming serious, and he imposed a tax of four ounces of fine silver on all those who should quit Norway to settle in Iceland. For sixty years this stream of immigration continued, and each band of colonists selected a portion of the island on which to reside, whence it happened that very large tracts of indefinite extent became the nominal property of individual chiefs. This, however, as the number of inhabitants increased, was found to be so great an inconvenience (the later settlers declaring that those who had preceded them had taken an unfair share of land) that, probably by King Harold's advice, it was decreed that each man and woman should only possess a fixed area of land. The most curious fact concerning the settlement of Iceland is that political organisation had its origin, not in the giving away or letting of land to other settlers, or in any form of land tenure, but in the Godòrò or temple system. It arose in this way:—Every chief of note probably erected a 'Hof,' or temple, on his own land; and, from the very first, a certain congregation, consisting of the family retainers and servants of the founder (who, in most cases, would be priest as well as chieftain), attended this temple. The neighbouring landowners, who were not wealthy enough to erect a temple of their own, and those also who arrived later, in whatever way they had obtained land, would resort to these services. It is evident that it was the *possession* of a temple which conferred honour and dignity—probably owing to the income arising out of the temple dues. The temple appears to have been the private property of the founder, hence it could be alienated, bought, sold, given away, or bequeathed.

NIGHTINGALE.

The Muffin-Man and Cape Jessamine sent good answers on the names of the parts of a house.

THE CATS AND RATS AGAIN.

'If 6 cats kill 6 rats in 6 minutes, how many will be needed to kill 100 rats in 50 minutes?'

This is a good example of a phenomenon that often occurs in working problems in double proportion; the answer looks all right at first, but, when we come to test it, we find that, owing to peculiar circumstances in the case, the solution is either impossible or else indefinite, and needing further data. The 'peculiar circumstance' here is that fractional cats or rats are excluded from consideration, and in consequence of this the solution is, as we shall see, indefinite.

The solution, by the ordinary rules of Double Proportion, is as follows:—

$$\left.\begin{matrix} 6 \text{ rats} & : & 100 \text{ rats} \\ 50 \text{ min.} & : & 6 \text{ min.} \end{matrix}\right\} :: 6 \text{ cats} : \text{ans.}$$

$$\therefore \text{ans.} = \frac{100 \cdot 6 \cdot 6}{6 \cdot 50} = 12$$

But when we come to trace the history of this sanguinary scene through all its horrid details, we find that at the end of 48 minutes 96 rats are dead, and that there remain 4 live rats and 2 minutes to kill them in: the question is, can this be done?

Now there are at least *four* different ways in which the original feat, of 6 cats killing 6 rats in 6 minutes, may be achieved. For the sake of clearness let us tabulate them:—

A. All 6 cats are needed to kill a rat; and this they do in one minute, the other rats standing meekly by, waiting for their turn.

B. 3 cats are needed to kill a rat, and they do it in 2 minutes.

C. 2 cats are needed, and do it in 3 minutes.

D. Each cat kills a rat all by itself, and takes 6 minutes to do it.

In cases A and B it is clear that the 12 cats (who are assumed to come quite fresh from their 48 minutes of slaughter) can finish the affair in the required time; but, in case C, it can only be done by supposing that 2 cats could kill two-thirds of a rat in 2 minutes; and in case D, by supposing that a cat could kill one-third of a rat in 2 minutes. Neither supposition is warranted by the data; nor could the fractional rats (even if endowed with equal vitality) be fairly assigned to the different cats. For my part, if I were a cat in case D, and did not find my claws in good working order, I should certainly prefer to have my one-third-rat cut off from the tail end.

In cases C and D, then, it is clear that we must provide extra cat-power. In case C *less* than 2 extra cats would be of no use. If 2 were supplied, and if they began killing their 4 rats at the beginning of the time, they would finish them in 12 minutes, and have 36 minutes to spare, during which they might weep, like Alexander, because there were not 12 more rats to kill. In case D, one extra cat would suffice; it would kill its 4 rats in 24 minutes, and have 24 minutes to spare, during which it could have killed another 4. But in neither case could any use be made of the last 2 minutes, except to half-kill rats—a barbarity we need not take into consideration.

To sum up our results. If the 6 cats kill the 6 rats by method A or B, the answer is '12;' if by method C, '14;' if by method D, '13.'

This, then, is an instance of a solution made 'indefinite' by the circumstances of the case. If an instance of the 'impossible' be desired, take the following:—'If a cat can kill a rat in a minute, how many would be needed to kill it in the thousandth part of a second?' The *mathematical* answer, of course, is '60,000,' and no doubt less than this would *not* suffice; but would 60,000 suffice? I doubt it very much. I fancy that at least 50,000 of the cats would never even see the rat, or have any idea of what was going on.

Or take this:—'If a cat can kill a rat in a minute, how long would it be killing 60,000 rats?' Ah, how long, indeed! My private opinion is, that the rats would kill the cat. LEWIS CARROLL.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Analyse and criticise Gray's poem on the distant prospect of Eton College.

By what curious names are certain Sessions of Parliament distinguished, and why?

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

It is clearly impossible to carry on the Handwriting Society at its present unwieldy size. The packets are not forwarded properly, rules are not attended to, and many are apparently lost, so that the numbers of votes cannot be counted. The members are requested, as this month's exercise, to send to Arachne their votes for the person whom they recollect as the best writer. For the future, Arachne will select fifty of the members, whose *nom de plume* she will give next time, requesting the others to form a society of their own apart.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Vertumnus has received and despatched on their travels the packets of dried autumn leaves representing the November subject. Some of these are arranged with remarkable taste. One or two members have written excellent essays on the causes of the change of colour and fall of leaves. Other papers are fairly done. Some are more poetical than botanical. One admirable treatise is extracted bodily, though not without acknowledgment, from *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. The definitions and illustrations of botanical terms are again, for the most part, worthy of all commendation, *K. L. C.* being here, as in other departments, *facile princeps*. One member has withdrawn, but the vacancy was immediately filled up.

Botanical terms for description and illustration: *Crenate, serrate*, toothed; connate, perfoliate (leaves). Describe the different parts of a compound flower.

Notices to Correspondents.

An accident unfortunately prevents the putting in Lady Margaret.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

Vanitas Vanitatum—

'One heart heavy, one heart light,
Half in day and half in night
The world for ever goes.'

Can any reader give me the rest of a poem by Lady Nairne, of which I only remember these lines?—

'Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie,
Thinking gin she were a wife.'

Miss C. A. Veasey, Bridge House, Huntingdon.

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

M. M., Dublin.—The hymn for S. John's Day—

'There lies a little lonely isle,'

is from *Verses for Holy Seasons*, edited by Dr. Hook in 1845. They

are by C. F. H., supposed by some to have been Miss Humphrey, afterwards Mrs. Alexander; but I am told they are the initials of Mrs. Hernaman. This beautiful little volume, edited by Rivington, is now out of print. It was greatly in advance of its day.—*E. M., Clifton.*

S. A. B.—Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.*

Mar begs to inform *Adosa* that the quotation wanted is from Tennyson's *Maud*, Part II., IV., and is correctly thus:—

> '*Ah!* Christ, that it were possible
> For one short hour to see
> The *souls* we love, that they might tell us
> What and where they be.'

Miss Burke Wood, Moreton Hall, Chirk, Shropshire, wants to borrow a copy of *Pillars of the House.*

CHARITIES.

A Home where a crippled boy of thirteen could be taught a trade.—*Miss B. Walter, Berengrave, Rainham, Kent.*

A home or school where a half-witted boy of six and a half can be received for a small payment, say 10*l.* per annum.—*Miss M. C. Partridge, Horsenden House, Princes Risborough, Bucks.*

Can any one tell me of a school or home in which a boy, ten years old, of weak intellect, can be received for moderate payment?—*E. T., Lyndon Villa, Werter Road, Putney.*

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly contribute a few stamps towards establishing a small convalescent home for women and children at Folkestone, who will be, if possible, admitted free? It is particularly intended for the benefit of S. Michael's parish, Paddington. If help is given it is hoped that the home may be opened under the charge of a deaconess in the course of the summer. Address—*Miss R. B. Walker, Elm Hall, Wanstead, Essex.*

ANSWERS.

M. S.—Is recommended the Hospital for the county and city of Cork. Inquire of *Miss Jamison, County Hospital, Cork.*

K. W.—*Mrs. Harker's Christmas* (Skeffington), *Tales for Youth and Childhood* (Mozley and Smith), *Little Maids* (S.P.C.K.), *Froggy's Little Brother, Little Meg's Children.*

C. A. V.—*Meditations on the Collects* have not been published separately.

Bonnechose's *History of France*, page 499, contains as underneath:—'The people of Paris, inflamed by the hostile attitude of the Court and by the energy of the Assembly, were eager to follow up their first advantages, and demanded arms: the Committee of the Electors, sitting at the Hôtel de Ville, organised the National Guard, which it extended to forty-eight thousand men, and to which, upon the motion of La Fayette, it gave the tricoloured cockade (this cockade, united to white, the ancient colour of France, red and blue, the colours of the city of Paris).'—*W. C. D.*

C. M. C.—'Ulric.' It is not published separately.

M. A. W.—The *Notes on the Revelation*, by the late Canon Ashwell, have never been re-published.

E. C.—The Paradise of the Christian Soul is published by Masters. The lines asked for by *Vixen*, beginning

> 'And do the hours fly fast or slow,
> And are ye sad or gay?'

are by Miss Muloch, in a book called, *Christian's Mistake.—Teila.*

The one asked for by *Arley Bristol*, is correctly as follows:—

> 'For ah! the Master is so fair,
> His smile so sweet to banish'd men,
> That they *who meet it unaware*,
> Can never rest on earth again,'

and is found in *Ezekiel and Other Poems*, in one called 'The desire to depart,' fourth verse.—*Kate E. Daly.*

I wish to join a combined French Essay and Italian Translation Society. Can any one tell me of one, or be willing to become members if one could be commenced? Address—*Miss Caroline Birley, Clifton Hall, near Preston, Lancashire.*

Church History Society. For the special object of furthering the study of Early Church History. For particulars send stamped envelope to *E. Grueber*, 20, *Granville Park, Lewisham, S. E.*

F. M. R. may obtain the rules of a half-yearly, half-hourly Reading Society by applying to *Miss M. B. Cooban, The Heywoods, Teignmouth, South Devon.* The next term begins February 16th.—*E. B.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Daisy Chain Cot, F. C. T., 9*s.*; Two Little Jacobites, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Crèche, 149, *Cannon Street Road, E.—The Lady Superintendent* offers her sincere thanks for the following donations:—M. T., York, 3*s.*; E. B. H., York, 1*s.*; J. M. S., 2*s.*; M. A. G., 2*s.*; L., 6*d.*; M. P., 1*s.*

'*Wait, he is sure to come!*'—*Mrs. Bromfield* thankfully acknowledges for the Lake Neepigon Mission—J. B. W., 10*s.*; A. M. B. W., 10*s.*; A Great Sufferer, 1*s.* Total sum, 219*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.*

QUESTIONS.

Can any one tell me where I shall find the old fairy tale of the 'Princess and the Cobbler's Wife?'—*C. H. B.*

An account of an artist named A. Coorde, who lived about 1703.—*Queen.*

L. W. would be glad of information respecting the following passage, heard in a sermon:—'Many centuries ago, an aged monk in his cell was troubled with doubts and uncertainties; while reading his Latin Bible he lighted suddenly on Pilate's question, "*Quid est veritas?*" Thoughts chased each other through his mind; he prayed, he pondered, he looked at the words, and we can imagine how in his loneliness he would gaze at the letters, alter their order, then replace them, till at last in one of these shifting movements he got the answer with the very same letters, "*vir est.*"' I did not quite catch the answer, but it began with '*vir*,' and implied 'the man that is before you.' Can any one supply the omission, and say who was the monk?

The letters of Pilate's question, 'What is truth?'—'*Quid est veritas?*'—when transposed form the best answer, '*Vir qui adest*'—'It is the man before you.'—From the *Youth's Companion.*

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1880.

MAUNDAY THURSDAY.

'I am the Bread of Life. Bread corn is bruised. I am the vine, ye are the branches. Whoso eateth my Flesh and drinketh my Blood hath eternal life.'

THE golden ears of waving corn
Which crown the fertile plains,
Are crushed and mangled ere they form
The bread which life sustains:
So Thou who camest down from Heaven
Our Living Bread to be,
Didst give Thy Body to be bruised
Upon the accursèd tree.

The luscious grapes in clusters rich
Of gold or purple hue,
Draw from the branch its vital power,
What must its strength renew?
The knife must pierce the tender shoot,
Sap flow from each rent vein,
And from its prunings doth the vine
Fresh life and health regain.

Oh mystic vine. Sole living tree,
Thy branches bend with fruit,
Since through each vein unceasing flow
Sap from Thy deathless root.
The spear hath pierced Thy sacred heart,
Thy life-blood hath been shed,
And life divine in every branch
With life divine is fed.

Oh Host who art Thyself the feast,
My heart is faint and sad,
Bring forth for me the ruddy wine,
Which makes Thy children glad.
With heavenly bread my soul sustain,
My fainting strength renew,
That I with strong and gladsome steps,
Life's journey may pursue.

And since Thou didst lay down Thy life
To live henceforth in me,
Oh may I keep myself in death,
Dear Lord, for love of Thee.
That nought in me may ere impede
The tide of Life Divine,
Which from my union, Lord, with Thee,
Flows through Thy heart to mine.

No longer mine the hopes and aims
Which in my bosom glow,
No longer mine, the love, the hate,
For self no more I know.
I yield myself to be indwelt
And fashioned, Lord, by Thee,
To live and move in Thee alone,
Who hast so lovèd me.

E. W.

MARY STANDING BY THE CROSS.

'There *stood* by the Cross of Jesus, His mother, and His mother's sister.'

I.

O MOTHER, standing by the Cross,
Through all that agony of loss;
Standing—not sinking—strong to bear
The anguish laid upon thee there;
Though through thy heart 'mid Nature's awe,
Pierces the sword old Simeon saw.

II.

Thou wouldst not sink in deathly trance,
And lose one dying word or glance;
Oft have we seen thy pictured swoon,
As round thee darkened that dread noon;
Yet higher love and deeper woe
It was that kept thee standing so.

III.

True type of souls that fear not still
To suffer all their Father's will;
Possessed in patience—who, like thee
Lift their sad eyes—the Cross to see?
Nay, more—the Christ, who died thereon,
In all such hearts who makes His throne.

F. S. H.

'*The Scriptures say she stood.*' Answer attributed to the Curé of Ober-Ammergau, when urged to have the Virgin represented fainting in the *Passion Play*.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXII.

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

1569—1571.

Pius V. could not but view Queen Elizabeth with detestation. His predecessor, Pius IV., had dealt gently with her, and tried to obtain of her to send clergy to the Council of Trent; but as they would not have been received on equal terms, and would only have been called on to receive sentence, she had refused. Still no strong measures had been taken against her, and those of her subjects who still clung to the Papal authority, and the old rites, only obtained them in private, and went to Church on Sundays, according to the law so stringently enforced: but the captivity of Queen Mary filled up the measure. There was no question in the Pope's mind but that the heretic, illegitimate usurper was oppressing the Catholic, rightful heiress, and as soon as the commission of inquiry began to sit, Pius called upon the Auditor Riario to commence proceedings against Elizabeth in the Papal Court, and summoned the Kings of Spain and France to take up arms for the release of the captive Mary, declaring that he was ready to give all the treasures of Rome, to the very last crucifix, in her cause.

The King of France had too much employment at home, besides that Catherine de Medici was likely to do nothing in Mary's cause; and the King of Spain was very unwilling to enter on a war with England, viewing that country as the balance of France, and aware that no other could be so dangerous to his American possessions.

However, the knowledge that twelve exiles, chiefly Roman Catholic Bishops and beneficed clergy, were being examined at Rome, greatly excited the gentlemen in the north, who still held the old faith, and many of whom had been fascinated by Mary when holding her little court at Bolton Castle. A banner was worked like that which had

been used in the Pilgrimage of Grace, bearing the Chalice and the Five Wounds; but the ostensible purpose of the conspirators was only Mary's liberation and restoration to her Scottish throne. Some, no doubt, would have deemed this enough, but in the present state of things, it was dangerous.

The Earl of Sussex, who was governor of the north, hearing of secret meetings, sent for the two brothers-in-law, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, to explain themselves; but they made such plausible excuses that he was satisfied, and sent them home.

The Court took alarm, and ordered Sussex and Scrope to come and give an account of the state of the north, but before the order reached them, all was in a flame. It is not quite clear whether the first spark was lighted by the zeal of some loyal gentlemen who proposed to apprehend Northumberland, or whether he only fancied they were about to do so. At any rate, on a midnight panic, on the 14th of October, 1569, he started from his bed at Topcliffe, and fled to Brancepeth, where Westmoreland then was; while his wife made her way to Tutbury in the disguise of a nurse, hoping to obtain admittance, change clothes with the queen, and set her free. This, however, failed; but the banner was set up at Brancepeth, and Northumberland's kin of Percys, Westmorelands, Nevils, the Tempests, Nortons, Marguarfields, even Egremont Ratcliffe, Sussex's own brother, came flocking in with all their retainers, and many a northern statesman and peasant besides who grieved for the old days of the great abbeys. Leonard Dacre had been expected to join them, but did not, owing to some private jealousy of Norfolk, and there were also vain hopes of help from Spain.

The numbers were so great that on the 16th of October the insurgents marched into Durham; where Northumberland burnt the English Bible and Prayer-book, set up a crucifix, and caused Mass to be celebrated, 6,000 people being present; many of them delighted to see the old ceremonial restored.

Five hundred horsemen were told off to surprise Tutbury, and set Queen Mary free; but long before they could get there, Lord Shrewsbury had had notice, and carried her off to Coventry. They tried to seize Newcastle, but were unable; and Sussex with the royal banner was at York.

However, after a siege of ten days, they took Barnard Castle, and they also fortified Hartlepool, where they hoped to receive help from the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, but in vain. Bands of them overran the country, and made expeditions up to the gates of York; where Sussex, having only 5,000 men, could not come out to fight, though the Queen was getting very angry at the delay, and beginning to suspect his loyalty.

Like a sturdy old soldier, he bided his time, in spite of outcries from the Queen, who was in a terrible fright, and sent Sir Ralph Sadler to York, nominally as paymaster to the troops, but really to act as a spy

upon Sussex. Happily, Sir Ralph was an honest man, and explained the unavoidable delay, which after all was doing no good to the rebels, since they obtained no help from Scotland or the Low Countries; and as neither of the two Earls had much money to dispose of, they were without supplies, and their forces were melting away. Moreover, the southward counties viewed them as rebels, and many of the Catholic gentry joined the royal standard,

At the end of a month, Leicester's brother, the Earl of Warwick, brought 12,000 men, and Sussex marched out with him. The Earls made no stand; they fell back on Hexham, but their forces were melting fast away, and again they retreated to Naworth Castle.

Then with five hundred horse, they dashed across the border, and were met and protected by the Scotts of Buccleuch, and the Kerrs of Ferniehurst. With these Westmoreland remained, but Northumberland took shelter in Harlaw, which belonged to the Armstrongs.

Sussex called on Moray not to let them escape, and he commanded the ports to be watched, while he made such offers of gold to one of the Armstrongs—Hector of Hadow, that he delivered up Northumberland. This particular kind of treachery was esteemed so hateful that the Borderers swore that they longed to have Hector's head and eat it. However, Northumberland was not given up to the Queen, but kept a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, while Moray negotiated for exchanging him for the Queen, whom the Scots wanted to have in their own hands, and execute.

The Countess, as well as Lord and Lady Westmoreland, and Egremont Ratcliffe, escaped to the Continent; and then came terrible vengeance—Sussex laid the country under martial law; and severe as was his chastisement, the Queen, who had been frightened into the ferocity of her race, urged on his hands.

In two days, the 4th and 5th of January, 1570, sixty-six persons were hung in Durham alone; gibbets studded the country. In some places, every fifth man was put to death, and the numbers were so large that trial by jury could only be allowed to the gentlemen.

Old Christopher Norton, of Norton Conyers, and all his sons, who had borne the banner into Durham, there suffered. These are the heroes of Wordsworth's beautiful poem of the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' which however is unfortunately not founded on fact. At last, Elizabeth published a pardon, but made conformity its condition.

The treaty for the exchange of Northumberland for Mary was in hand; Moray was urged on to obtain his sister and put her to death, by Knox, who signed one of his letters about it, 'John Knox with his one foot in the grave.'

Another of the parties was even nearer to the grave than he. On the 23rd of February, 1570, as the Regent Moray was riding in state through Linlithgow, a shot was fired from the balcony of a house, and, passing through the body of the regent, killed a horse beside him.

Moray was able to walk as far as the palace, and the surgeons at first gave hopes of his life, but he began to sink, and died at nightfall. He behaved with firmness and devotion. It was known that his murderer was a Hamilton. The house whence the shot had been fired belonged to the Archbishop, the assassin had been seen galloping towards Hamilton, and the balcony had evidently been prepared before, for there was a feather-bed on the floor and a black cloth hung up behind.

When told that his mercy had been his ruin, the dying man said he could not repent of anything good that he had done. He was but forty years old, and in those evil times his household seems to have been purely and modestly ordered. To some he is a hero of the Reformation and a stainless gentleman; to others he is an arch plotter of the blackest and foulest ingratitude and treachery, shielding his own crimes at the expense of others—a recreant priest and a most accomplished villain.

The last view is probably nearest to the truth. The only excuse for him is, so far, that his Orders had been imposed on him without vocation as the means of provision for him, whose very existence was a token of his father's license. It does seem probable that his hatred of the Church was the outcome of all this horrible corruption, and that he was religious after the exaggerated pattern of Calvinism taught by Knox. But that religion had twisted the denunciations in the Old Testament into authorisation for every imaginable atrocity in falsehood and murder against the enemies of the faith. 'And if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?'

His murderer was indeed a Hamilton—Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh—and a piteous tale is told to account for his vengeance, namely, that the retainers of Moray had turned his young wife and her babe out of her house in the depth of a winter's night, and she had been found in the morning a raving maniac, with the child dead in her arms.

But Bothwellhaugh certainly had a living wife at the time of the murder; and it is more likely that the deed was done with the general consent of the family, whose chief, the Duke of Châtelherault, Moray had imprisoned. Moreover, whether as guardian to his nephew or as a Stuart himself, Moray was the chief obstacle to Châtelherault's hoped-for reversion of the crown.

It was two days after Moray's death, on the 25th of February, 1570, that Pius V. signed the bull excommunicating Elizabeth. On the witness of the twelve English exiles, she had been convicted of calling herself head of the Church, imprisoning canonical Bishops, accepting a new worship, and communicating in heretical fashion, also of imposing an oath contrary to the rights of the Holy See. The judges had taken some months to decide, and when the bull was prepared, the Pope still delayed to sign it till he should learn the result of the Rising in the North; but when he heard of its failure and of the

terrible executions by which it was followed, he doubted no longer, and signed the bull.

The next thing was to get it published in England; and for this purpose several copies were sent to the Duke of Alva, who forwarded them to the Spanish ambassador, Don Guerran de Espes. On the 15th of May the bull of excommunication was found fastened to the door of the palace of the Bishop of London. Search was made through the courts of law, and a fellow copy was found in the chambers of a student of Lincoln's Inn. Though torture was never legal in England, it was practised at times during this century, and the student confessed that he had received it from a gentleman of Southwark named Felton. This person was a man of property and well educated, and an enthusiastic Roman Catholic, whose wife had been one of Queen Mary's ladies. He was arrested, and boldly confessed that he had set up the bull; but nothing would make him give up the name of any other person, nor say how it reached him. He was tried, and sentenced to a traitor's death. He went to it as to a martyrdom; and in order to show himself in love and charity with all men, and though he would only call Elizabeth the pretender, he declared that he bore her no malice, begged her pardon if he had offended her, and sent her by the Earl of Sussex, who attended his execution, a diamond ring worth 500*l*.

Elizabeth was at heart much grieved at thus being cut off from reconciliation with Rome. She made light of it to those of her court who only despised it, but she knew the harm it would do to her relations with her Roman Catholic subjects and with foreign powers; and she obtained the intercession of the Emperor Maximilian, always a peace-lover, that she might be relieved from it. But the Pope replied by asking whether Elizabeth considered the sentence valid or invalid. If valid, why did she not submit; if invalid, why should she care about it? He despised her threats of personal vengeance, welcomed English exiles warmly, and declared himself ready and willing to shed his blood in the cause for which they suffered. The excommunication did in truth invite the attacks of foreign sovereigns, and rendered the oath of allegiance no longer binding on the consciences of her Roman Catholic subjects. In point of fact, many, whose preference was for the doctrine and ritual rather than for papal dominion, remained just as faithful to the queen as before; but there were others who held themselves released from all obligations, and it was necessary to watch them all with double vigilance.

Leonard Dacre, one of the family of Dacre of Gilsland, had been strongly suspected of intending to join in the Rising of the North, though, as soon as he saw how things were going, he had joined Sussex's standard, and shown much apparent zeal; but he was detected in correspondence with Mary's partisans. The Hamiltons, with the Earls of Argyle and Huntly, had, on Moray's murder, taken the

Government of Scotland in Mary's name, and had been admitted into Edinburgh Castle by Kirkaldy of Grange, while the Scotts and Kerrs made a raid across the Border. Orders were sent from the Council to arrest Leonard Dacre on a charge of high treason; and upon this he set up his banner, and soon had 3,000 English Borderers round it, and sent a defiance from Naworth Castle to Lord Hunsdon, who thought it prudent to decline it, and marched to join Lord Scrope at Carlisle. Dacre, however, followed him, and charged him vigorously on the banks of the Chelt; but though they gave what Hunsdon called 'the prowdest charge he ever saw,' he defeated them totally. Leonard Dacre escaped into Scotland, and thence to Flanders, and Hunsdon put down the insurrection, with less harshness than had been shown by Sussex.

Then Sussex and Scrope crossed the Border, and made a terrible wasting of Scotland, but they tried to confine their ravages to the possessions of the Queen's party, so that Sussex wrote from Dumfries, 'I have not left a stone house to an ill neighbour within twenty miles of this town.'

The King's party had decided on appointing as Lieutenant-Governor Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, and with him negotiations were begun at Stirling by Sussex; and he was acknowledged as actual Governor, in a strange, dubious way by Elizabeth, who neither owned King nor Queen as reigning in Scotland, but could dictate to Lennox, who was a subject of her own, and husband to her first cousin. His election was a blow to the Hamilton family. To the Queen, after her son, they had been direct heirs, being descended from Mary, daughter of James I. of Scotland, while Lennox descended from Walter, son to Robert III. But to the little king personally, his paternal grandfather and uncle were direct heirs, and it was then an open question whether this rule applied to the crown as well as to private property. This threw the family more strongly than ever into the Queen's party. The chief members of the family were the Duke of Châtelherault, his second son, Lord Claude Hamilton, since the elder, the Earl of Arran, was imbecile, and his brother John, Archbishop of S. Andrews, who was then in Dumbarton Castle, the stronghold that Queen Mary valued most as the port where succours from France or Spain could be admitted, and it was under the charge of the trusty Lord Flemyng.

This place, Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill—that same retainer of Lennox's who had given the account of Mary's visit to Darnley at Glasgow—undertook to seize, under the guidance of a man named Robertson, who had once been a warder there, and had been accustomed to steal out at night to visit his friends in the town. Standing on an exceedingly steep black rock, cleft in twain at the top, and with every ledge occupied with strong fortifications, the place seemed entirely secure; but when at one at night, with a hundred chosen men, Crawford came to the spot, Robertson showed them a place where he was able to

climb, drive in a cramp of iron, and fasten a rope ladder to it, which the others fastened below and ascended, with their hackbuts slung to their backs; Robertson going on to another ledge, letting down another ladder, and so on, all the men holding by one rope in the dark. Morning light began all too soon for them, and what was worse, the third man from the top was seized with an epileptic fit, and clung convulsively to the ladder. Crawford caused him to be fast bound to it. Then the ladder was turned round, and the others climbed past him. The ladder ended twenty feet from the foot-ledge; but here Crawford grasped a young ash-tree, and swung himself up, thence sending down ropes for the others. They climbed the wall, which was here little guarded, because it was thought inaccessible, and were only seen when descending within. It was the highest part of the fortress; they had only to turn the cannon round, and all the castle below was at their mercy. Only four of the garrison were killed. Lord Flemyng slid down such a path as Crawford had descended by, and gained the port, whence he escaped to France. His wife and all within were received to mercy, except Archbishop Hamilton, who was sent off under guard to Stirling, and there put to death, as having been concerned in the murder of Moray.

The Parliament was convened at Stirling this summer of 1571, and the little King, a solemn child of five, was brought to its opening. The furniture was not in the most perfect state, and as the child sat in his chair at the head of the board, he pointed with his finger at a rent in the cloth covering of the table, and gravely observed, 'There is ane hole in this Parliament.'

The words were taken as prophetic, for five days later a sudden raid was made by three hundred horse of the Queen's party, chiefly Border horse, who broke into the town of Stirling by night, crying out for vengeance for the Archbishop. The King was safe in the castle, but Lennox and Morton were seized and dragged off as prisoners. It would have been a most successful attack if the Borderers had been able to resist ransacking the stables for the horses belonging to the nobles of the Parliament. This gave time to the Earl of Mar to collect his men, rally the burghers, and attack them, so that they were forced to abandon their captives and make off; but Captain Calder, who had charge of Lennox, fired a parting shot, which mortally wounded the Regent. He was able to ride back to his lodgings, but died soon after. His last words were of 'his poor wife, Meg'—the Lady Margaret Douglas—with whom, thirty years before, he had made a love-match at the court of Henry VIII. One son was left, who was married to Lord Shrewsbury's daughter, and died early, leaving one child, Arabella Stewart.

After this, the Earl of Mar, the King's faithful guardian, was Regent, and the boy was put in charge of George Buchanan, the most elegant Latin scholar in Europe, but the author of the savage libel

against his mother. Reports came to Mary that the child had been taught to lisp foul and opprobrious epithets respecting her, and in her grief at this, she had a sharp fit of illness.

Elizabeth's pity was excited; she sent her two physicians, and some friendly letters passed. Elizabeth even entered into negotiations for restoring Mary under good English care, and with little James given up to herself both as a hostage and to be educated in England. This, considering that he was likely to be king there, was far from a bad proposal; and, in spite of the difference of religion, his mother might rejoice in his deliverance from extreme Calvinism and utter contempt for her.

So the Bishop of Ross came to London as a sort of ambassador for her, but the Earl of Morton came on the other hand from the Scots, and made it clear that nothing would induce them to yield their little crowned King, or receive their Queen; and the matter was broken off again. But as the plague had broken out in the Tower, Norfolk was allowed to repair to his own estates, after making, on his knees, the strongest professions of loyalty, and promises to abstain from future plots. Mary was meantime at Sheffield Castle, under the care of Lord Shrewsbury.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER XII.

I HAVE had a letter this morning which I think may bring an opening for Lucy Vivian as a governess for young children. A lady, the widow of an officer, requires some one who will be a companion for herself as well as an instructress for her two children, a girl of eight, a boy of seven. Refinement and good manners essential. My cousin, who writes to me, assures me that Mrs. Duval is all that is charming in disposition, taste, &c.; in fact she has everything in herself that can be desired, though but little out of herself, for she has very little money, and few relations or friends. The salary offered is 25*l.*—a lady's maid would receive as much; yet it may be well for Lucy to make a beginning. Her youth must for some time be an obstacle to a higher salary, under any circumstances. It struck me, as I read the note, how important refinement and good manners may often prove, even in a mercantile point of view. Jane Wilson has been working with Lucy, and is cleverer, but she is just so far wanting in these respects, that it would have been impossible for me to suggest her undertaking the situation offered.

Yet Miss Boyce who happened to call this morning, could not at

all understand me when I said to her that I could not have proposed Jane. 'She was a very good girl,' she said, 'much cleverer than Lucy, and would teach infinitely better.'

'I think she might,' I answered; 'but teaching is not the whole of education.'

'Three parts of it,' was the reply, 'in a case like the present, where there is a mother to take care of morals and manners.'

'But then you must remember,' I said, 'that it is not merely a question of lessons, but of companionship. Jane Wilson is so wanting in little points of good breeding; I don't think she would keep her situation as companion more than three months.'

'You are so fastidious—foolishly fastidious, begging your pardon,' answered Miss Boyce. 'One would think people were always looking out for matters of offence. I really can't see anything to find fault with in Jane Wilson. You know you asked me the other day to give her a little help in syntax and analysis, and she has had an hour's lesson from me twice a week for the last three weeks, and really I have been extremely pleased with her.'

Mrs. Malcolm happened to come in just as Miss Boyce said this, and an appeal was made to her to confirm the good opinion of Jane Wilson's powers.

'Quite a clever girl! There is no doubt of that,' was the answer. 'But her intonation, her abruptness, her fashion of rushing into a room and knocking down everything which comes in her way! My dear friend,' and she turned to me, 'how have you been able to endure such *gaucherie?*'

'I have not endured it,' I said. 'Ever since she has been under me, I have been trying to mend it. But we require time. If you had seen Jane at her first lesson, I think you would own that something has been done for her, though it may be very little.'

'And a good deal more remains undone,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'The way in which she fidgets with her hands is enough to send one into a nervous fever.'

'I don't understand what you mean,' exclaimed Miss Boyce. 'I have never noticed anything peculiar about Jane.'

'Nothing peculiar,' replied Mrs. Malcolm, 'because half the world will do the same. But then that half is born to be the torment of the other half.'

Miss Boyce looked utterly bewildered, and I was afraid the observation might seem personal, for she is far from perfect herself as regards these small points of manners and habits.

'Are you not a little severe?' I said. 'Fastidious persons are annoyed by *tricks*, but a great many don't think of them.'

'A very great many!' exclaimed Miss Boyce. 'In fact I never before heard any person notice them, and it seems to me extremely absurd that they should do so.'

'I dare say I may be fussy,' replied Mrs. Malcolm; 'I had a very particular governess; she was constantly repeating her injunctions, "Keep your hands still," and "Be gracious, my dear, be gracious." I can fancy I hear her now. At the time of course I thought it all very useless, but I have learnt differently since.'

'But,' persisted Miss Boyce, 'what can such trifles be worth when compared with the great qualities which are really estimable in a character?'

'Did I say that they were worth anything in comparison?' inquired Mrs. Malcolm; 'I am not aware that I did.'

The tone was ironical, and I again interposed.

'You seemed to imply that they were of value,' I said, 'and so I suppose they are.'

'Yes, possibly; in frivolous, fashionable society!' exclaimed Miss Boyce.

'And in other society surely,' I replied. 'Tricks and awkwardness are small matters in themselves, but if they annoy other persons, they cease to be small.'

'Have the other persons a right to be annoyed?' asked Miss Boyce.

'They can't help being so,' replied Mrs. Malcolm. 'You might just as well tell a man with an ear for music not to shrink when he hears a note out of tune, as tell me not to feel uncomfortable when I see a person before me whose hands are in perpetual motion—playing with a chain, rubbing the fingers together, stroking the hair. I have often moved my chair to get out of the way and forget it. It is to me just as if the same things were done to myself.'

'But it is so exaggerated, so extraordinary! It seems so tyrannical (I don't mean any offence),' exclaimed Miss Boyce—'to suppose that one is not to have the free use of one's own hands for one's own comfort! It seems preposterous.'

'Only that you must not use your own hands to steal with,' I said; 'so you will allow there is some limit to this personal freedom.'

'Yes, of course, of course, some limit. But to suppose that a clever girl is not fitted to take a situation as governess because she has such very slight infirmities—if they are infirmities—appears to me to pass the bounds of common sense.'

'You would scarcely say so,' I said, 'if you had had any experience of cases in which such infirmities, as we will call them, had caused the loss of a situation.'

'They might do so in one case,' replied Miss Boyce; 'but there are fifty others in which they would be considered of no consequence.'

'Nevertheless,' I said, 'there will always be positions in which good manners and refinement of tone will be of as much value, even in a mercantile point of view, as intellectual acquirements; and I confess I should be very sorry if I thought the day would ever come in England when they would not be so.'

'The day is coming, and that rapidly,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'High-schools and local examinations—which confound all ranks and classes in a common herd, and drag girls, willingly or unwillingly, into publicity—will soon do away with any appreciation of these little niceties of manner and tone.'

'Perhaps so,' I said. 'Perhaps also there may be a reaction before long. But at any rate I am resolved to do my little possible, whilst time and opportunity are given me, to prevent their being done away with.'

'By converting Jane Wilson into what may *par excellence* be termed a lady?' inquired Mrs. Malcolm. 'You will be worthy of a statue in the market-place if you do.'

'I will prevent her from being unladylike if I can,' I said.

'But how? What is amiss? What do you want to change in her?' asked Miss Boyce.

'Tricks in the first place!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'She must have quiet hands and quiet feet.'

'And quiet movements,' I continued. 'She must learn to open and close a door gently.'

'Not very difficult,' observed Miss Boyce.

'More difficult for Jane Wilson than you think for,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'she has rushed all her life. The whole family rush.'

'They are so clever—so energetic,' exclaimed Miss Boyce.

'Yes,' I said, 'they are; and one must take natural temperament into account. It is not every one who can walk through life to minuet time.'

'And it would be very stupid and disagreeable if every one could,' said Miss Boyce.

'Very!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, 'I speak feelingly, because when I am not lazy, I like to go quickly myself; but Jane Wilson seems to rouse a whirlwind by her movements.'

'Then there are little rules of good breeding which she has to be reminded of,' I said. 'She never understood till she worked with me, and so gave me a right to find fault with her, that it was not allowable to stir the fire in another person's house without permission. I know people who would have been really offended if she had accepted a position as governess, and then, in the innocence of her heart, taken the small liberty. So again I have seen her look at the address of a letter which I have asked her to put into the post—a mere trifle—but not well bred, and very likely to annoy persons. Then she had at first a total absence of deference of tone in speaking to persons older than herself. I was afraid to chill her by being stiff, and did not know what to do until one day, if you remember,' and I turned to Mrs. Malcolm, 'you came in when we were at lessons, and began a conversation with the two girls, and this gave me the opportunity I needed.'

'Oh, yes! I remember,' replied Mrs. Malcolm; 'I never was more struck with the difference between your pupils. Dear little ignorant Lucy Vivian, with her pretty deferential ways, getting up directly and offering one a chair, and modulating her voice to a tone which showed that she recognised the distance between sixty and sixteen; and quick shrewd Jane Wilson, looking at first annoyed at the interruption, and then, when I spoke to her, brightening up and answering as if I had been a merry companion with whom she was preparing to go for a walk. I said to myself when I went out of the room, that she was intolerable.'

'No, no,' I exclaimed; 'If you had heard how pleasantly she took my observations when you were gone, you would never use such a harsh word. You would respect her heartily.'

'Perhaps so; but she would not be the less intolerable. I would recommend her to my friends, and give her the highest character, but I would never have her in the house myself.'

'I think she would scarcely wish to go to you,' said Miss Boyce. 'Your views of education and hers would be totally at variance.'

'Surely not quite that,' I said. 'You know we must always take Mrs. Malcolm's words *cum grano*. She does not quite mean what she says. She really likes Jane Wilson, and is a very good friend to her.'

'I like her up to a certain point—at a distance; but it is the case of Hans Andersen's ugly duck. Don't let her be a governess in my family.'

'You might go further and fare worse,' I said. 'Besides, I live in the hope of smoothing down these little roughnesses. Jane is essentially humble, and that is the first step towards improvement, because she does not resent being told of her defects.'

'You must have immense moral courage,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I detest the defects, and complain of them unmercifully; but as for attempting to correct them, I would as soon try to correct the course of a cannon ball. People are so intensely sensitive upon such subjects, and so soon get angry; and then it always seems as if one set oneself up, and thought oneself faultless, which I am quite sure I don't.'

'But you do criticise rather severely,' said Miss Boyce, in her sharpest tones.

'Oh yes, in a cowardly way, when there is no one here to be offended. But my good friend, Mrs. Blair, attacks the enemy in front, and it is that which surprises me. She repeats to me now and then things which she has said to these young people, which I should meditate upon for an hour in anguish of spirit, and then decide that as "discretion is the better part of valour," they had better be left unspoken.'

'I am responsible, in a certain sense, for the young people, and you are not,' I replied. 'That makes all the difference. They hear what

I say because they have voluntarily put themselves under me, and I take courage in speaking to them because I have so fully in my mind that their future well-being depends on it.'

'And do you never feel like Simon Stylites on his column,' inquired Mrs. Malcolm, 'raised high above the rest of the world, and at liberty to look down upon them? It is that sort of position which I object to. It is so untrue.'

'I don't think about it,' I said. 'Speaking comes in the shape of duty, and I do it; and half the warnings and injunctions one gives to others are the result of the knowledge and experience of one's own deficencies. I never tell Jane Wilson to keep her hands quiet without thinking what I am doing with my own.'

'Such trifles!' murmured Miss Boyce.

'Yes, trifles apparently,' I said. 'But I suspect there must really be some principle underlying them, or we should scarcely be so sensitive about them as we all—more or less—are. Stirring the fire without leave, for instance, is an interference with what may possibly be the wishes of the master or mistress of the house, and so it argues indifference to their feelings, and becomes a liberty.'

'I had a fidgety old aunt,' said Miss Boyce, 'who was quite angry if any one asked her to ring the bell without apologising for giving her the trouble.'

'Beau Brummell and the Prince Regent!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'Every one knows the story. Brummell laid a wager that he would tell the prince to ring the bell. When they were next together, Brummell said, "Wales, ring the bell," and the bell was rung. "Order Mr. Brummell's carriage," was the direction given to the servant who answered the bell, and Brummell was never afterwards admitted to the prince's intimacy.'

'But then it was the question of a prince,' observed Miss Boyce, 'and he was not asked, but ordered.'

'Is not every individual man, woman, or child,' I said, 'a prince in one sense, as having certain privileges and rights, and a certain position, either natural or acquired, which demands consideration? It is the recognition of this which seems to me to be at the root of all which is called good-breeding. Your old aunt, Miss Boyce, was not necessarily fidgety; she only felt, I imagine, that her age and position required deference.'

'But,' exclaimed Miss Boyce, 'I cannot see how it is possible for people in the present day to have time for all these petty considerations. There is so much to be done in the world.'

'The more haste the worse speed, perhaps,' observed Mrs. Malcolm.

'But surely,' I said, 'the question is not one of time, but of habit and self-discipline. Constant thought for others would, I fancy, soon render the actions resulting from it almost unconscious. And the same principle would be invaluable in other and more important

affairs. It involves putting oneself in another's place—understanding what another feels.'

'Which some people can do readily and some people can't,' said Miss Boyce. 'Natural disposition has often more to do with such matters than education, and therefore I don't think we have any right to judge each other in reference to them.'

'Partly, no doubt it is a matter of natural disposition,' I said. 'But is not this same disposition a subject for training and discipline? Are we all to go through life with the strong characteristics born with us, unmodified?'

'Whether we are or are not to do so, one fact is certain, that for the most part we do,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'I am convinced that I am very little altered from what I was when I was a child; yet I have had discipline and teaching all my life of one kind and another.'

Miss Boyce murmured a satisfied 'Certainly, certainly, we can't alter natural character.'

'Not alter, but train and direct,' I said.

'But now, just confess,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, 'can you give tact by art to any persons who have not tact by nature?'

'I can give them the knowledge that they are deficient in it,' I said, 'and I can point out the cause of the deficiency, which for the most part is self-engrossment—a different thing from selfishness, and I suspect even more common.'

'I don't see your distinction,' said Miss Boyce. 'Self is self always, in whatever form it is exhibited.'

'Selfishness is active, self-engrossment passive,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'I own that.'

'And as an instance of what I mean,' I continued, 'there are many persons who would not be at all selfish in action—who would, indeed, deny themselves and make great sacrifices for others—yet who will be so self-engrossed, or, in other words, have so little tact, that in the very act of conferring a favour they create a sense of oppressive obligation.'

'No doubt we should all be the better and happier for putting large *I* under an extinguisher,' said Mrs. Malcolm. '*À propos* to which, I wonder whether you remember a peculiarity in President Lincoln's inaugural address at the time of the American war. I remember hearing it noticed at the time, that *I* was only repeated three times in it, and I said to myself, that is a really great man; and so he proved himself.'

'Are you quite sure of that story?' asked Miss Boyce, incredulously.

'Not at all quite sure—I would not go into a witness-box and swear to it; but I have repeated it so often, that I fully believe it to be true.'

'*Se non é vero é ben trovato*,' I said. 'It fits President Lincoln, and

I suspect would suit any really great man. It is the *I* which is the canker-worm of greatness.'

'Then it is fortunate for Lucy Vivian that she will never be great,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Well-bred though she is in manner, she is a perfect trial in conversation. It is "My mamma thinks so," and "My aunt feels so," and "My bird sings," or "My dog barks," till I am inclined to run away from her.'

'Yes, she is egotistical,' I replied. 'Partly it is the effect of the circumscribed circle in which she moves.'

'And therefore it would be much better if she could be moved out of it and have her ideas enlarged,' said Miss Boyce.

'Do you mean by high-school life and local examinations?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'They would do a good deal for her,' was the reply. 'They would take her out of herself and give her something to think about. I was myself quite struck with the pettiness of her conversation the other day when she came to my house to meet Jane Wilson, after my analysis lesson was over. She really had nothing to say for herself, whereas Jane was full of interest in the subjects we had been studying.'

'But Jane Wilson is just as bad in her way,' observed Mrs. Malcolm. 'It is with her "My lesson," "My study," "The history I have been reading," just as with Lucy Vivian it is "My parrot" and "My pet dog."'

'What these young people have to learn,' I said, 'and what indeed I suppose we all have to learn, is sympathy; the power of putting ourselves in the place of the persons we are conversing with, and understanding what it is which will be interesting to them.'

'But in many cases we ourselves may be interesting—what is to be done then?' asked Miss Boyce.

'Of course,' I said, 'there may be occasions, and often will be, when to talk of oneself or one's own concerns is the best and kindest thing one can do; but observation would soon teach one to discover whether the *I* was a desirable subject to introduce.'

'A cynical friend of mine once remarked,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'that the rules for conversation were the same as the rules for whist—always follow your partner's lead, and don't trump your partner's trick.'

'*À propos* to trumping a trick,' I said, 'Lucy Vivian and Jane Wilson half-amused and half-provoked me the other day. They began telling ghost stories, and neither listened to the other; each was bent upon bringing herself forward and capping the story with something equally or, if possible, more wonderful. I was obliged to say at last, "Please let us have a little pause between;" and I intend to make the circumstance a text on which to preach a sermon to them when next they come to read with me.'

'You will do them an invaluable service if you can cure them of the egoism,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'it is one of the things which tires me inexpressibly in conversation—I dare say because, *au fond*, I am anxious to say something myself; but, anyhow, it torments me so that I can scarcely find pleasure in the anecdotes or stories, even when they are really amusing.'

'But conversation can scarcely be natural when so much attention is paid to what one may say, or what one may not say,' observed Miss Boyce.

'Is that quite a sound objection?' I asked. 'Might not the same difficulty be raised with regard to actions? Social life would be unendurable if we did not at every turn consider what will or will not be pleasant to others.'

'You are better than I am,' was the reply. 'I don't find myself considering in this way, though I hope I am not particularly disagreeable.'

'Action is a matter of habit,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'You consider without knowing it, just as you avoid obstacles in a road without being aware of it. But I confess I think my good friend here is a little straitlaced with regard to conversation.'

'And yet,' I replied, 'we all own that we are sometimes annoyed by it. Miss Boyce dislikes Lucy Vivian's frivolity; I dislike equally the way in which both the young people cap the stories they tell, each trying to seize upon the conversation for herself; and you'—I turned to Mrs. Malcolm—'have a general objection to the large *I*. What is to be done if we are not to give them some rules by which to make themselves agreeable?'

'Cultivate their minds, and they must be agreeable,' said Miss Boyce.

'Give them good principles, and they will be unselfish, and therefore agreeable, naturally,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yet persons of high intellectual attainments are not always agreeable,' I said; 'and as for good principles, their application in society must greatly depend upon the having a quick perception of the occasions which call them forth, and if these are not pointed out to young people I don't think they are likely to discover them.'

'Yet that may not prevent their acting upon them unconsciously,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'It is so in other cases. M. Jourdain talked prose all his life without knowing it, and I hope I myself, as a rule, speak grammatically—though I should unquestionably fail if Miss Boyce were to examine me in syntax and analysis.'

'We must turn to practical illustrations,' I replied, 'if we wish to settle the point. Lucy Vivian is a thoroughly good girl, you will both allow that; but is she agreeable?'

'No!' exclaimed Miss Boyce; whilst Mrs. Malcolm uttered more gently, 'She might be more so.'

'And Jane Wilson is intellectual, and is daily becoming more so,' I continued; 'is she agreeable?'

'Yes, when I have her to myself to give her a lesson,' said Miss Boyce.

'No,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, emphatically; 'because she carries her lessons with her wherever she goes.'

'And will continue to do so,' I said, 'just as Lucy Vivian will continue to chatter about her home, unless some one will take the trouble to check her.'

'Which *some one* will be yourself,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I don't know any one else who has sufficient moral courage.'

'I don't undertake anything but lessons in syntax and analysis,' murmured Miss Boyce, in a frightened tone; 'manners do not come within my province.'

A slight smile curled Mrs. Malcolm's lips as she added 'I am sure they don't come within mine!'

'No doubt,' I said, 'it is very unpleasant; and one cannot always explain that many of the little defects which jar upon one are those which one is conscious of having had to struggle against oneself; but, as I said before, it is the effect which these defects may have upon the after-career of these young people which makes me anxious, and therefore gives me courage to speak of them.'

'I don't see how any good is to be done generally in such matters,' said Miss Boyce. 'One can't attempt to improve the whole world.'

'And in trying to do too much one may end in doing harm,' observed Mrs. Malcolm. 'At least, that is the excuse I make for myself when I feel I am a moral coward.'

'Granted. There are risks in everything which involves amendment and progress. But nevertheless I should like—yes, I should dearly like—to see some plan of education for private governesses adopted, in which these social proprieties of conversation, courteousness, and deference should be as much attended to as mathematics and political economy. The system which the educational world is pursuing at present is not likely to further such an idea.'

'You think that we shall soon have no choice but between intellectual bears and refined dunces,' said Miss Boyce, ironically.

'But the dunces are not refined,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'That seems to be the difficulty in Mrs. Blair's mind.'

'It is not refinement exactly,' I said, 'which is wanting. Lucy Vivian is refined in manner and in feeling, and Jane Wilson is not very much the contrary; but what they both want is the perception that every person in the world has a distinct place, with a distinct claim attached to it, and that, according to Christian principle, this place and claim of our neighbour ought to be recognised and attended to before our own.'

'Unselfishness, in fact,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Unselfishness as a foundation,' I said, 'but not that alone. You know,' I added—and I turned to Miss Boyce—'what a difficulty the proverbial *touchiness* of governesses creates in families. That, I think, arises in a great degree from a mistaken view of their position and their claims.'

'They are touchy because they are neglected,' said Miss Boyce.

'But not always. What I mean is the quickness to take offence—to imagine neglect where none is intended; a certain standing upon their dignity.'

'They are in a very awkward position,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'No doubt, if we look at them simply as ladies associating with their equals; but the moment you recognise the fact of an external difference caused by circumstances, everything falls into place. It is simply a question which shall go out of the room first. All can't go together.'

'You will never make them accept that distinction willingly,' said Miss Boyce; 'especially when they are clever, cultivated women such as are being trained now in high-schools and colleges.'

'Clever, but not cultivated,' I said; 'that seems to me to be the truer statement of the case. A perfectly cultivated person recognises distinctions of social position as a part of good breeding. When a lady makes her curtsey to the Queen, and kisses her Majesty's hand, she is not humiliated by the act; she does but recognise the difference of position which God has appointed; and as I said before, every man and woman living is so far king or queen, as that he or she has a place in the world which others are called upon to acknowledge. I except of course the cases in which natural position is forfeited by some grave misdemeanour. A poor woman living in her cottage is the mistress of her cottage, and when you enter it you are bound to pay her the respect due to her as mistress. A person socially your inferior may be a guest in your house, and you are bound to show her the attention due to a guest.'

'Then parents are bound to recognise the position of the governess?' was Miss Boyce's quick reply.

'Undoubtedly; but it must be the true position. As two ladies, the mother and the governess no doubt meet on an equality; it must be so always. The Queen herself can be no more a lady than her Maid of Honour; but that does not interfere with her claim of rank.'

'The difficult matter is to determine the precise line between true and false claims,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I confess my sympathy always goes with the governess, because she has the most to bear.'

'But don't you think,' I said, 'that a true recognition on either side must help to make the life more easy? By which I mean that if the governess can fit into her right place, she is not so likely to give offence or to take offence.'

'What is the right place?' asked Miss Boyce.

'A secondary place,' I said; 'not because she is less a lady than the mistress of the house, but simply because the latter is mistress.'

'Most governesses do feel themselves placed in a secondary position,' said Miss Boyce.

'But,' I said, 'is it not a mistaken view of social etiquette which sometimes makes them fret in consequence? We must all constantly be placed in positions in which we are for the time being secondary. I am plain Mrs. Blair. If Lady So-and-So were here, and we were going out of the room at the same time, I should give place to her, and not feel that I was humiliated, but only that I was (as I should hope) well-bred.'

'But if Lady So-and-So were to give herself airs, and treat you *de haut en bas*, you would not tolerate it?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'I should think she was ill-bred, and did not know any better,' I said. 'It would not, I hope, induce me to be ill-bred also.'

'It is all very well to talk,' said Miss Boyce; 'but you have never had the trial of being a governess.'

'No,' I replied, 'and therefore I always own that I am scarcely the person to talk about such matters. But I have learnt in my journey through life that as taking a liberty incurs the penalty of stiffness, if not of incivility, so showing respect is rewarded by freedom. As regards the lower classes, for instance, there are some persons with whom one can be on the most friendly, and even familiar, terms; and others whom one is obliged to keep at arm's length. The former know their own place; the latter don't know it. And, on the other hand, let a lady go into a poor cottage, and recognise by her manner and tone the fact that the mistress of the cottage is really the mistress, and she will be welcomed cordially; let her take liberties and interfere, and she will be answered probably with rudeness.'

'Governesses learn their own place too often by bitter experience,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Just think how badly they are often treated even by the servants of a house.'

'And yet,' I said, 'I heard a remark the other day from a young friend of my own, who had been a governess in several families, and was essentially a lady, which made me think it possible that the rudeness of servants which some governesses complain of, may not be entirely unavoidable. My young friend when talking of her different trials, casually observed that she had never had the least difficulty with the servants; they had always been respectful. I could not help thinking to myself, "Of course, you are so thoroughly a lady in look, and tone, and manner, that no one could be wanting in respect to you." And this is not a solitary example. A similar remark came to me soon after from another quarter. It is the underbred, pretentious people — whatever may be their profession — whom servants as a

rule dislike. I know no class who have a keener insight into what is well-bred than the servants in a rightly-ordered private family.'

'You don't seem to allow that the heads of the family can ever be in fault,' said Miss Boyce.

'Yes, indeed I can,' was my reply. 'Vulgarity and ill-breeding are to be found everywhere, in every class. All I say is, that if governesses are perfectly well-bred themselves they will not give the same opportunity to vulgar people to be rude. And as I can hope to influence my incipient young governesses—Lucy Vivian and Jane Wilson, for instance—and can not hope to reform the vulgar world, I think more about the former than I do about the latter.'

'And you hope then to induce these two girls to accept the disagreeables of their position cheerfully?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'I hope to make them so well-bred themselves that they will not excite the ill-breeding of the persons, of whatever class, whom they may have to deal with,' I replied. 'And I would begin by curing them of tricks and *gaucheries*, and giving them certain conversational rules which may prevent them from being bores.'

'Then don't forget to instruct them in the art of listening patiently,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Dear little chattering Lucy will find it difficult.'

'Yes,' I said; 'I had to bring myself forward as an example to her the other day. An acquaintance of mine took me for a drive some years ago, and declared afterwards that I was a most delightful companion. She had talked incessantly, and I had said, "Yes," and "No," and asked a few questions in the right place; so I gained my reputation very easily. I tried to show Lucy that she might do the same. She was amused, and, I think, profited by the illustration; for since then she has given me more of the "brilliant flashes of silence" which I believe Sydney Smith once admired in Lord Macaulay.'

'But silence is a great trial too,' said Miss Boyce. 'There are some dreadfully dull girls who have nothing to say.'

'Silence is a greater trial than chatter,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'but it is not quite so fatiguing. I remember once having a visit from three strangers; they came to see me, I scarcely know why. They sat before me and stared. I spoke, but they only answered in monosyllables; I went on talking, and still no reply. By degrees I became so nervous that I found myself talking nonsense; it was something about a fog which I was saying, but the words had really no consecutive meaning, and I grew more and more bewildered. At last the three strangers rose and departed. What they thought of me I cannot imagine; but certainly I have never forgotten them.'

'But how can you make girls talk?' asked Miss Boyce.

'Something may be done,' I said, 'by teaching them to ask questions connected with the subject which has been introduced; carrying out, in fact, the rule of whist—that you should follow your partner's lead.'

'A most arduous undertaking,' sighed Miss Boyce, 'and surely not strictly a part of education.'

'It is there we differ,' I said. 'I look upon education as embracing all these social requirements.'

'And therefore you hate high-schools and women's colleges,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I hate them too, but upon different grounds.'

'Pardon me,' was my reply; 'I don't hate them. Up to a certain point, and under certain restrictions, I approve of them. But when you come to the question of education for the position of a private governess, I hold them to be utterly inadequate; for the simple reason that they give no definite training for the work to be undertaken.'

'And what would you have, then?' asked Miss Boyce impatiently; 'I have never yet been able to make out.'

'I would have what I see no prospect at present of obtaining,' was my reply. 'Not one college, but several houses, each capable of receiving a small number of girls—young women, in fact, forming a family; and under the charge of a lady who should be a woman of the world in the best sense of the expression. They should pursue their studies as opportunity offered by means of lectures and examinations, or in whatever way might be thought best; but they should in no way be brought into competition with young men, nor be called upon to undertake the same course of study.'

'You would not give them separate rooms for study?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'I would give them nothing which should be inconsistent with the habits of a private family; and I would make them observe all the rules of a family, and be under the same restrictions, and subject to the same criticisms and suggestions which a wise mother might deem necessary for her daughter. Occasionally I would let them see something of the outer world by inviting friends to the house; and more rarely I would take them out. In fact, I would endeavour, as much as possible, to train them for the social intercourse which must form an essential part of an English lady's life.'

'And whom would you get to be at the head of these private families, for of course there must be many?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'I don't know. I have never tried to form any definite plan, because I have never seen any opportunity for putting the idea into practice. It is merely a vague suggestion—a dream of what might be.'

'And what would be the studies of the members of your private family? How would their intellectual capacity be tested?' asked Miss Boyce.

'Please don't frighten me by such very difficult questions,' I said; 'I don't think I should take the Oxford and Cambridge standard of requirement, because it seems to me narrow.'

'But deep and certain,' said Miss Boyce.

'Yes; only not quite fitted for the class whom I suppose my trained private governesses to undertake. A wider acquaintance with Continental history and literature, and a certain knowledge of art, would seem to me desirable. But indeed I have never thought the subject out. I am quite open to corrections and suggestions.'

'And about the examinations?' persisted Miss Boyce.

'I don't think I should always have university professors. I question much whether they are the persons best fitted to judge what is needful for the education of girls of the upper classes. And there are so many women—ladies—who would make valuable governesses, and yet who would never have the nerve to go through a university examination. In fact, I should leave these questions to be answered by circumstances. If any one wished to go in for a university certificate, I should say yes, by all means; but if there was no wish, I should not make it a *sine quâ non*.'

'Then your private governesses would stand on an inferior intellectual level,' said Miss Boyce.

'A different level. If you choose to call it inferior I will not dispute the term.'

'Utopian!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes, Utopian, but not therefore absolutely impractical; and I venture to prophesy that any person who lives twenty years longer will find that a reaction has set in as regards the value set upon intellectual attainments, and will acknowledge that if they are not carefully balanced by strict, definite, religious principle, and refined manners, they are a source of evil rather than of good to society.'

'And girls like poor little Lucy Vivian and Jane Wilson, what are they to do until these private training families are established?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'They must do as best they can,' was my reply. 'This is a transition period, and therefore one of difficulty. I shall recommend Jane Wilson to work with a view to passing the Women's examination. She is, unfortunately, too old to go in for that of the Senior Girls. I hope I am not venturing too far in asking Miss Boyce to assist her?'

'Then you think she had better go into the school line?' said Miss Boyce.

'Yes, she is wanting in accomplishments, and she has just that deficiency of tone which may, in spite of my efforts, make her disagreeable in a private family who are at all fastidious, but which will not be felt in a school. I believe she will make her way in the world well, for she has really high principles and good abilities.'

'And Lucy?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'I hope she will accept the position offered her now. She is not likely, whilst so young, to get anything better, and it will be an introduction to persons who will be able to help her by and by. She will never make her way by herself, but, as time goes on, the refinement

which is natural to her will, with her good principles, attract and gain friends; and her little accomplishments of French conversation and music will be appreciated, whilst her trustworthiness will be invaluable.'

'And is this all the prospect for the education of children of the upper classes?' exclaimed Miss Boyce. 'I pity them!'

'It is all which many persons can afford to pay for their very young children,' I replied; 'and it is this which has to be considered. As for Lucy herself, her prospects are small now, I grant. Twenty years hence she may find herself in a situation worth a hundred a year, simply because she has the manner of a lady, with the high principles of a Christian woman.'

'But she must not chatter,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Certainly not,' I replied, laughing. 'She must not chatter, and she must put an extinguisher over the large *I*.'

'Incapable!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'I said she was so from the beginning.'

'But more capable now than she was a year ago,' I said, 'thanks to you and other friends who have bestowed time and thought upon her. She will teach her little pupils accurately, and will win their affections by her gentleness; and her sense of duty will, I think, make her firm with them. She will also be a kind and useful companion to my friend's friend, and will be too much of a lady in feelings to be touchy, or take offence, and too good-natured to be unwilling to give help in small ways. So I think she will do very well for the next three years. I mean to make her put by 5*l*. out of the 25*l*. That will be one of the conditions I shall make with her when the situation is offered her. Three years hence she may ask 35*l*. instead of 25*l*.; and let her go on a little longer, she may have 45*l*., or even 50*l*.'

'And shall you still make her put by her money?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'Unquestionably, if I can. I have a hold upon her, because I have been the means of starting her in her professional career.'

'A very poor career!' sighed Miss Boyce.

'Very poor!' I said, 'but better than nothing. I leave it to others to form plans for providing for needy ladies, who can do nothing for themselves. All I can attempt is to turn the incapables into capables of a certain degree. The needs of the present moment are urgent, and my own term of life is rapidly drawing to its close. I can be Utopian in my dreams, and plans, and theories; but when it comes to action, I must take the materials immediately before me, and simply do the best I can with them, leaving it to God to point out what further steps are desirable for the attainment of our great object, the comfortable maintenance of every lady who is called upon to work for her own livelihood.'

'Always remembering,' said Miss Boyce, 'that it is a crying shame

when fathers leave their daughters without provision and without education.'

'An opinion which I devoutly echo,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'And I also,' was my reply; 'only there are some fathers who can't help themselves, and in judging them we will be merciful.'

(*To be continued.*)

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART I.—HOME LIFE.

'A little more than kin, and less than kind.'

CHAPTER VI.

VIRGINIA.

'A sense of mystery her spirit daunted.'

THE vicar of Elderthwaite was Mr. Seyton's youngest brother. There had been one between them, the father of the Ruth mentioned in the last chapter, but he had married well, and died early, leaving this one girl, who lived with her grandmother, and paid occasional visits to Elderthwaite.

James Seyton had been the wildest of the three, and had taken orders to pay his debts by means of the family living, the revenues of which he had never fully enjoyed. He had never married, and his life—though just kept in bounds by the times in which he lived, so that he did not get tipsy in the Seyton Arms, nor openly scandalise a parish with so low a standard of right as Elderthwaite—was a thoroughly self-indulgent one. He read the service once on Sundays, and administered the Communion three times a year, while the delay and neglect of funerals, marriages, and Baptisms were the scandal of every parish round. He rarely visited his flock; and yet the vicar was not wholly an unpopular man. He was good-natured, and though he drank freely and sometimes swore loudly, he had a certain amount of secular intercourse with his parishioners of a not unneighbourly kind. The pressure of poverty made Mr. Seyton a hard landlord, and between oppression and neglect the inhabitants of the picturesque tumbledown village were a bad lot, and neither squire nor parson did much to make them better. But their vicar now and then did put before the worst offenders the consequences of an evil life in language plain enough to reach their understanding; and he had a word and a laugh for most of them.

Mr. Lester was frequently heard to inveigh against Parson Seyton's shortcomings, and seriously, as well he might, regretted the state of Elderthwaite parish; but Mr. Seyton doctored all his horses and dogs when they were ill, and was 'after all, an old neighbour and a gentleman. He taught Cherry to catch rats, and took him out otter hunting, and there was the oddest friendship between them, which Cherry, when a boy, had once exemplified in the following manner.

The Bishop had paid an unexpected visit at Oakby, and Cheriton following in the wake while his father and Mr. Ellesmere were showing off their new schools, heard him express his intention of going on to Elderthwaite; upon which Cherry ran full speed across the fields, found Parson Seyton shooting rabbits, decidedly in shooting costume, gave him timely warning, and, with his own hands so tidied, dusted and furbished up the wretched old Church, that its vicar, entering into the spirit of the thing, fell to with a will, astonished the lazy blind old sexton, and produced such a result as might pass muster in a necessarily lenient north country diocese.

Cherry then diffidently produced one of his father's white ties which he had put in his pocket, 'thinking you mightn't have one clean,' and as the old vicar, with a shout of laughter, arrayed himself in it, he said—

'Ay, ay, my lad, between this and the glass of port I'll give his lordship (he won't better that in any parish), we'll push through.'

And so they did.

Parson Seyton was a man, if an erring one; but the mischief with his young nephews was that they seemed to have no force or energy even for being naughty, and as they grew up their scrapes were all those of idle self-indulgence, save when the hereditary passion for gambling broke out in Dick, the eldest of the two, as had been the case lately, causing his removal from the tutor with whom he had been placed. Like their father, they had not strong health, and they had little taste for field sports, and none for books; they lay in bed half the day, lounged about the stables, and quarrelled with each other. But then their father had nothing to do, read little but the paper, and drank a great deal more wine than was good for him.

Their uncle had conferred on them in his time the inestimable advantage of one or two good thrashings, and had scant patience with a kind of evil to which his burly figure, jolly red face, and hearty reckless temper had never been inclined.

Virginia had thought a good deal about her uncle, and was not unprepared to find him very far removed from the clerical ideal to which she was accustomed. Perhaps the notion of bringing a little enlightenment to so 'old-fashioned' a place was neither absent nor unwelcome, as she thought of offering to teach the choir, and wondered who was feminine head of the parish.

'I daresay Uncle James has some nice old housekeeper,' she thought,

'who trots after the poor people, and takes them jelly, and perhaps teaches the children sewing. There must be a great many people here who remember mamma. I hope they'll like me. It will be a much more real thing trying to be helpful here, than at Littleton where there were six people for each bit of work.'

Virginia, finding that her brothers did not appear, began to revive her childish recollections by going over the house. It was very large and rambling, with long unused passages, with all the rooms shut up. Windows overgrown with interlacing ivy, panels from which the paint dropped at a touch, queer little turret chambers, with rickety staircases leading up to them, seemed hardly objectionable to Virginia, who liked the romance of the old forlorn house, and had not yet tried living in it. Yet it was not romantic, for Elderthwaite was not ruinous, only very dirty and out of repair; and perhaps the untidy housemaid, whom Virginia encountered, was really more in accordance with its condition than the white lady or armed spectre that she gaily thought ought to walk those lonely passages. Her own young smiling face, and warm ruby-coloured dress, was in more startling contrast than either. So apparently thought her brother Dick as he ran up against her on the stairs.

'Hallo, Virginia!' he exclaimed in astonished accents. 'What are you doing up here?'

'Trying to remember my way about. Don't we keep any ghosts, Dick? I'm sure they would find these dark corners exactly suited to them.'

'Better ask old Kitty; she'll tell you all about them. Good-bye, I'm off,' and Dick clattered down stairs, rather to Virginia's disappointment, for she had thought the night before that his delicate handsome face was more prepossessing than the pale stout one of Harry who now joined her.

'Where is Dick going?' she asked.

'Don't know, I'm sure,' said Harry. 'Do you want to know all the old stories?'

'Yes! can you tell me?'

'Do you see that room there?' said Harry, with eyes that twinkled like his aunt's; 'old grandfather Seyton was an old rip, you know, if ever there was one, and he and his friends used to make such a row you heard them over at Oakby. *His* brother was parson then, and bless you! Uncle Jem's a Bishop to him. Well, he'd got a dozen men dining here, and they all got as drunk as owls, dead drunk every one of them, and the servants put them to bed, up in this gallery. One of them was in the room next grandfather's, that room there, and he was found dead the next morning. Fact, I assure you.'

'What a horrid story!' said Virginia, looking shocked.

'I'll tell you another. Grandfather and his brother played awfully high, that's how the avenue was cut down; and when they could get

no one else they played with each other, and one night they quarrelled and seized each other by the throats, and they both would have been strangled, only grandmamma rushed in in her nightgown screaming, and parted them; but the parson had the marks on his throat for ever.'

'Harry! you naughty boy!' exclaimed Virginia, laughing. 'You are inventing all these frightful stories. I don't believe them.'

'They're as true as gospel,' said Harry, looking at her bright, incredulous eyes. 'There's another about the parson—how he came through the park at sunrise. That's not a pretty story to tell you, though.'

'I had much rather hear something about the parson, as you call him, nowadays. Come down stairs, it's so cold here, and answer all my questions.'

'Oh, the parson's a jolly old card,' said Harry, following her. 'He's just mad with Dick because he won't hunt. *He's* been in at the death at every meet round, and don't he swear when any one rides over the dogs, that's all.'

Virginia began to think Elderthwaite must be very old-fashioned indeed.

'Doesn't Dick like hunting?' she said.

'No, Dick takes after the governor. It's cards that'll send him to the devil, and the first Seyton he'll be that's not worth having, says Uncle James.'

Harry talked in a low solemn voice, with the same odd twinkle in his eyes, and it was very difficult to say whether it was wicked mischief, or a sort of shameless *naïveté*, that made him so communicative.

Virginia still strongly suspected him of a desire to astonish her; but his last speech gave her a strange new pang, and she turned away to safer subjects.

'I suppose the Lester boys are friends of yours?'

'Well, that's as may be. We're such a bad lot, you see, that Bob's never allowed to come here. There was a row once, and old Lester, a humbugging chap, just interfered. Jack's such a confounded prig he wouldn't touch us with a pair of tongs.'

'And Cheriton, of course, is too old for you.'

'Cherry! oh, he isn't a bad fellow. I go over to Oakby sometimes when he's there. But it's a slow place, and old Lester keeps them very tight. And then he's always humbugging after his schools and things. Writing to my father about the state of the village. As if it was his affair!' said Harry, in a tone of virtuous indignation.

'Doesn't papa approve of education?' said Virginia.

'Bless you, he don't trouble his head about it. Why should he? Teach a lot of poaching vagabonds to read and write!'

'But Uncle James—'

'Oh, Uncle James,' said Harry, with a spice of mimicry, 'he likes his glass of grog, and his ferrets too well to put himself out of the way. By Jove, here's Aunt Julia, I shall be off before I'm asked what has become of Dick.'

Virginia sat still where he had left her. She only half believed him, and strange to say there was something so comical in his manner that she was rather attracted by its cool sauciness. But she was frightened and perplexed. What sort of a world was this into which she had come? Those stories, even if true, happened a long time ago; Harry must be in joke about Dick, and everything was different nowadays.

It was true. The golden age, if such an expression can be permitted, of Seyton wickedness had passed away; and these were smaller times, times of neglect, mismanagement, and low poor living, the dreary dregs of a cup long since drained. Nobody could quote Mr. Seyton as a monster of wickedness, because he dawdled away his time over his sherry, and knew no excitement but an occasional game of cards at not very high stakes. There was many another youth in Westmoreland who gambled and played billiards in low company like Dick, and some ladies perhaps who found all their excitement in the memory of other times, and troubled themselves as little over any question of conscience as Miss Seyton.

But it was not all at once that this absence of all that makes life worth living could be apparent, aud Virginia found her first confirmation of Harry's words as she walked through the village on Christmas morning, and noted the wild untidy look of the people, and the wretched state of their houses, and observed the sullen look of their faces as her father passed. Dick did not appear at all; Harry audibly 'supposed the governor was going to Church because Virginia was there,' and certainly Church-going did not appear to be a fashion of the village.

Neither her childish recollections, nor Harry's remarks, had prepared her, as they came into the small ivy-grown Church, for broken floors, cracked windows, and damp fustiness; still less for the very scantiest of congregations, and a rustling silence where responses should have been. Her uncle read the service rapidly, with the broad northern accent now strange to her ears. The old clerk trotted about whenever his services were not required, and did a little sweeping. Her uncle paused as he began the Litany, and called to him in a loud and cheerful voice to shut the door. Virginia peeped out between the faded green-baize curtains that, hanging round the great square pew represented to her every Church principle she had been taught to condemn; and found her view obstructed by a large cobweb. Harry poked at the spider, and Virginia recalling her own attention from her despairing visions of having no better Church than this, perceived that her father was leaning idly back in his corner. All her standards

of right and wrong seemed confused and shocked, so much so that, at the moment, she hardly distinguished the pain of finding herself left alone after the sermon, and seeing her father turn away; from her horror at her uncle's dirty surplice, and the dreary degradation of the whole place. When the parson came after her after service, and loudly told her she was the prettiest lass he'd seen for long enough, kissing her under the Church porch, she still felt as if the typical bad parish priest of her imagination had come to life, and behold he was her own uncle!

Since this comprehensible form of evil was so plain to her eyes, what terrible secrets might not lurk behind it. Virginia felt as if she would never be light-hearted again.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRE AND SNOW.

'A northern Christmas, such as painters love.

. . . . . .

Red sun, blue sky, white snow, and pearled ice,
Keen ringing air which sets the blood on fire.'

CHRISTMAS, is no doubt, theoretically, the right season for relations who have been long parted to meet, and there was an ideal appropriateness in the long absent heir appearing at Oakby for the first time on Christmas Day. But practically, it would have been better for Alvar if he had come home at any other time of the year. In the first place the frost continued with unabated severity, and precluded every out-door amusement but skating; in which Alvar of course had no skill, and which he did not seem at all willing to learn. Besides, the season brought an amount of local and parish business which Mr. Lester attended to vigorously in person; but the existence of which Alvar never seemed to realise. His grandmother's charities he understood, and was rather amused at seeing the old women come to fetch their blankets and cloaks; but what could he have to do with any of these people? Tenants' dinners and choir-suppers might form a good opportunity for introducing him to his neighbours; and Cheriton, who was the life and soul of such festivities, tried to put him forward; but he only made magnificent silent bows, and comported himself much as his brother Jack had done when in an access of gruff shyness and democratic ardour, he had called the Christmas feasts 'relics of feudalism,' and had shown his advanced notions of the union of classes by never speaking a word to any one.

Between the new comer and his father, there was an impassable distance. Alvar never failed in courtesy; but Cheriton's quick eyes soon perceived that he resented deeply the long neglect; saw too that the sight of him was a pain and distress to his father, sharpened his temper, and produced constant rubs; though he was careful to do every-

thing that the proper introduction of his son demanded of him. A grand ball was organised in his honour, and also a stiff and ponderous dinner-party at which Alvar was to be introduced to the county magnates. Special invitations were also sent to him by their various neighbours, and he created quite an excitement in the dull country neighbourhood. Mr. Lester only half liked being congratulated on his son's charming foreign manners; but still, as a novelty, Alvar had great attractions, and in society never seemed shy or at a loss. Mr. Lester's brother-in-law, Judge Cheriton, invited the stranger to pay him a visit when the season had a little advanced and to let him see a little London society; for which attention Mr. Lester, who hated London, was very grateful, as Alvar's grandfather had Spanish friends there, and it would have been too intolerable for the heir of Oakby to have appeared there under auspices, which, however distinguished, Mr. Lester thought suitable only to a political refugee or a music master. He had, when he had ceased to pay for Alvar's English tutor, made him an allowance which had been magnificent in Spain, and greatly added to Alvar's consideration there, and he now increased this to what he considered a sufficient sum for his eldest son's dignity. In short he did everything but overcome his personal distaste to him, he never willingly spoke to him, and the very sight of him was an irritation to him. He got less too than usual of Cheriton's company, their walks, and talks, and consultations were curtailed by Alvar's requirements. Indeed Cherry was pulled in many different directions, and he ended by sacrificing all the reading that was to have been got through during the vacation. For the home life was very difficult, and the more they saw of the stranger the less they liked him.

'He's not of our sort,' said Bob, as if that settled the matter, not perceiving that, his slowness to receive impressions, and difficulty in accommodating himself to a new life, might spring as much from his Lester blood as from his Spanish breeding.

'He might *try* and *look* like an Englishman,' growled Jack.

'When you go to Spain, we shall see you in a *sombrero* dancing under the orange trees to a pair of castanets,' retorted Cheriton. '*We* should all be so ready at foreign languages and so accommodating, shouldn't we?'

Alvar's individuality was not to be ignored, though unfortunately it was very distasteful to his kindred. He was so dignified, so terribly polite they were half afraid of him, and as the awe wore off, they wanted to quarrel with him. He announced that he loved riding, and seemed to know something of horses, he played billiards much too well to be a pleasant opponent to his father, he sang much too quaintly and prettily for his family to appreciate, and he played the guitar! Even Cheriton wished it had been a fiddle. He hated going to walk, smoked incessantly, and was indifferent to every one except Cheriton, to whom he deferred in everything. Poor Cheriton! 'Among the blind, the

one-eyed is king,' and his sentiments were amazingly liberal for Oakby; but he was very young and deeply attached to his home and his surroundings, too tender-hearted not to be touched at Alvar's preference, imaginative enough to realise his position, and yet repelled and put out of countenance by his peculiarities. To be tenderly addressed as 'my brother,' 'mi caro,' 'mi Cheri*ton*,' 'Cherito mio,' to be deferred to on all occasions, and even told in the hearing of Jack and Bob 'that his eyes when he laughed were the colour of the Mediterranean on a sunny day,' was, as he said, 'so out-facing, that it made him feel a perfect fool,' especially when his brothers echoed it at every turn.

Yet he put up with it. It was so hard on the poor fellow if no one was kind to him! So hard, he added to himself, to be an unloved and unloving son.

Perhaps, after all, Alvar's essential strangeness prevented Cheriton from feeling himself put aside.

Cheriton was very popular at school and at college. He had strong intellectual ambitions, and though of less powerful mind than Jack, had attained to much graceful scholarship and possessed much command of language. He hoped to take honours, to go to the bar, and distinguish himself there under his uncle, Judge Cheriton's, auspices. He had too a further and a sweeter hope, hitherto confided to no one.

But it was a certain 'genius for loving' that really distinguished him from his fellows—really made him every one's friend. He did not seek out his poorer neighbours so much from a sense of duty, as because his heart went out to every one belonging to Oakby, nay, every animal, every bit of ground—nothing was a trouble that conduced to the welfare of the place. This loving-kindness was a natural gift; but Cheriton made good use of it. He had high principles, and deep within his soul, struggling with the temptations of this ardent nature, were the pure aspirations and the capability of fervent piety which have made saints—responsibilities with which he was born.

But all this fire and force did not make tolerance easy; he was full of instinctive prejudices, and perhaps his greatest aids in his dealings with his new brother were his joyous unchecked spirits and the keen sense of the ludicrous that enabled him to laugh at himself as well as at other people.

Some little time after Alvar's arrival there was a deep fall of snow, and while the pond was being swept for skating, the young Lesters, with Harry Seyton and the children from the rectory, who had come up for the purpose, proceeded to erect a snow man of gigantic proportions in front of the house.

'What a fright you have made of him,' said Cheriton, coming up with Alvar as they finished; 'he has no nose and no expression."

'Well, come and do his nose, then; it keeps on coming off,' said Nettie, who was standing on a bench to put the finishing touches.

Cherry was nothing loath, and was soon engaged in moulding the snowy countenance with the skill of long practice, while Alvar, with his great crimson-lined cloak wrapped about him, stood looking on.

'Give him a good *lumpy* nose, that won't melt," said Cherry. 'There, he's lovely! Got an old pipe for him?'

As he spoke, a great snow-ball came stinging against his face, and in a moment, to the astonishment of Alvar, the whole party set on Cherry, and a wild bout of snow-balling ensued.

'No, no, that's not fair! I can't fight you all,' shouted Cherry; 'and you've got all your snow-balls ready made. Give me the girls, and then—Come on.'

'Oh, yes, yes; we'll be on Cherry's side,' cried Nettie.

It was a picturesque scene enough—the pale blue sky overhead, the dazzling snow under foot, the little girls in their scarlet cloaks or petticoats, their long hair flying as they darted in and out, the great boys struggling, wrestling, knocking each other about with small mercy. No one threw a snowball at Alvar; perhaps they had forgotten him, as he stood silently watching them as if they were a troop of Berserkers, till the contest terminated in a tremendous struggle between Cheriton and Jack, who were, of course, much the biggest of the party.

Cherry was getting decidedly the worst of it, and either tripped in the rough snow or was thrown down into it by Jack, when suddenly Alvar threw off his cloak, stepped forward, and seizing Jack by the shoulders, pulled him backwards with sudden irresistible force.

'By Jove!' was all that Jack could utter.

'What on earth did you do that for?' ejaculated Cherry as soon as he gained his breath and his feet.

'He might have hurt you, my brother,' said Alvar, who looked flushed, and for once excited. 'And besides, I am stronger than either of you. I could struggle with you both.'

'Hurt me? Suppose he had?' said Cherry, disdainfully. 'But Jack —Jack, I do believe you're getting too many for me at last.'

'That is what you call athletics,' said Alvar, who looked unusually bright.

'Yes; wrestling is a regular north country game, and the fellows about here have taught us all the tricks of it. Come, Jack, let us show him a bout.'

The two brothers pulled off their coats, and set to with a will; and after a long struggle, and with considerable difficulty, Cheriton succeeded in throwing Jack.

'There, I've done it once more!' he said, breathlessly, 'and I don't suppose I shall ever do it again. You're getting much stronger than I am, and of course you're heavier.'

'Let me try to throw you down,' said Alvar eagerly.

'Nay, Jack may have first turn; but it's fair to tell you, there's a great deal of knack in it.'

Alvar, however, was man instead of boy; he was quite as tall as Jack, and however he might have learnt to exercise his muscles, his grasp was like steel; and though Jack's superior skill triumphed in the end, Alvar rose up cool and smiling, and Jack panted out, in half-unwilling admiration—

'You'd beat us all with a little training.'

'Ah yes; that is because I am an Englishman,' said Alvar complacently. 'But I bear no malice, Jack. It is in sport.'

'Of course,' said Jack. 'Now, Cherry, you try.'

'It's hardly fair in a biting frost,' said Cherry; 'nobody can have any wind. However, here's for the honour of Westmoreland.'

The younger ones gathered round in an admiring circle, and Cheriton, who did not like to be beaten, put forth all the strength and skill of which he was master. But he was the more slightly made, and had met his match, and to the extreme chagrin of his brothers and Nettie, sustained an entire defeat.

'Well, I never thought you would throw *him*,' said Jack, in a tone of deep disappointment.

'Ah,' said Alvar, 'they always called me the strong Englishman.'

'Papa was the strongest man in Westmoreland,' said Nettie.

'Then,' said Alvar, 'so far I have proved myself his son, and your brother. I would not skate with you, for I should look like a fool; but I knew you could not easily throw me down, since that is your sport. But, my brother, I have hurt you.'

'No,' said Cheriton, getting up, 'only knocked all the wind out of me, and made *me* look like a fool! Never mind, we shall understand each other all the better. Come up stairs, and we will show you some of the cups and things we have won in boat races and athletics.'

This was a clever stroke of Cheriton's; he wanted to make Alvar free of the premises, and had not yet found a good excuse. So, leaving the younger ones to finish their snow-balling, he and Jack conducted Alvar up to the top of the house, where, at the end of the passage where they slept, was a curious low room, with a long, low window, looking west, above the west window of the drawing room, and occupying nearly one side of the room, almost like the windows of the hand-loom weavers in the West Riding.

There was a low seat underneath, broad enough to lie on, but furnished with very dilapidated cushions. There was a turning-lathe in the room, and a cupboard for guns, and sundry cases of stuffed birds, one table covered with tools, glue-pots, and messes of all descriptions, and another, it is but justice to add, supplied with ink, pens, and paper, and various formidable-looking books, for here the boys did their reading. There was a great old-fashioned grate with a blazing fire in it, and very incongruous ornaments above it—a stuffed dormouse, Nettie's

property—she maintained a footing in the room by favour—various pipes, two china dogs, white, with brown spots on them, presented to Cherry in infancy by his nurse, and a wooden owl carved by their cousin Rupert. On one side of the room were arranged on a sort of sideboard the cups and tankards which were the trophies of the brothers' prowess, and these were now each pointed out to Alvar and the circumstances of their acquisition described. Cheriton's were fewer in proportion, and chiefly for leaping and hurdle-racing; and Jack explained that Cherry's forte was cricket, and that, since he had once knocked himself up at school by a tremendous flat race, their father had greatly objected to his going in training.

'Oh, it's not that,' said Cherry; 'he would not care now; but I really haven't time. I must grind pretty hard from now to midsummer.'

'There is one thing I have read of,' said Alvar, 'in English newspapers. It is a race of boats on the Thames between Oxford and Cambridge.'

'Oh, yes, you must go and see it. That's Jack's ambition—to be one of the crew.'

'Ah, but you see there is no river at R——, and that's so unlucky,' said Jack seriously.

And so what with explanations and questions the ice melted a little. Alvar looked smiling and beneficent; he did not seem at all ashamed of his own ignorance; and Jack evidently regarded him with a new respect.

Cheriton also contrived that the Seytons, with the vicar of Oakby, Mr. Ellesmere and his wife, should be asked to dinner; and as the vicar had some general conversation, some information about Spain was elicited from Alvar, who, moreover, was pleased to find himself in ladies' society, and was evidently at ease in it; while Virginia, in exchange for the pleasant talk that seemed to come out of her old life, could tell Cheriton that her cousin Ruth was coming to stay with her, and could confide in him that home was still a little strange.

'Well, strangers *are* strange,' said Cherry. '*We* are shaking down, but the number of tempers lost in the process might be advertised for "as of no value except to the owners," if to them. Only the home-made article, you understand——'

'Dear me,' said Virginia, 'I should as soon think of losing my temper with the Cid. Aren't you afraid of him?'

Cheriton made an irresistibly ludicrous face.

'Don't tell,' he said, 'but I think we are; and yet, you know, we think "yon soothern chap," as old Bates called him, must be "a bit of a softy" after all.'

'Oh, Cherry, that is how you talked yourself when we were children,' exclaimed Virginia, impulsively. 'Do you know I *feel* I *was* born here, when I hear the broad Westmoreland. I never forgot it.'

'Nay, I'm glad you don't say I talk so now,' said Cherry. 'They

tell me at Oxford that my tongue always betrays me when I am excited. But here comes Alvar; now make him fall in love with Westmoreland. Alvar, Miss Seyton *has* been abroad, so *she* is not quite a benighted savage.'

'My brother Cheriton is not a savage,' said Alvar, smiling, as Cherry moved away. 'He is the kindest and most beautiful person I have ever seen.'

'Yes, he is very kind. But I hope, Mr. Lester, that you do not think us *all* savages, with that one exception.'

'In future I can never think so,' said Alvar, with a bow. 'These boys are savage certainly—very savage, but I do not care.'

'It is strange, is it not,' said Virginia, rather timidly, 'to have to make acquaintance with one's own father?'

'Of my father I say nothing,' said Alvar, with a sudden air of hauteur, that made the impulsive Virginia blush, and feel as if she had taken a liberty with him, till he added, with a smile, 'Miss Seyton, too, I hear, is a stranger.'

'Yes, I have been away ever since I was a little girl, and—and I had forgotten my relations.'

'I have not known mine,' said Alvar; 'Cheriton wrote to me once a little letter. I have it now, and since then I have loved him. I do not know the rest, and they wish I was not here.'

'But don't you think,' said Virginia, earnestly, 'that we—that you will soon feel more at home with them?'

'Oh, I do not know,' said Alvar, with a shrug. 'It is cold, and I am so dull that I could die. They understand nothing. And in Spain I was the chief; I could do what I wished. Here I must follow and obey. My name even is different. I do not know "Mr. Lester." I am "Don Alvar." Will you not call me so?'

'But that would be so very strange to me,' said Virginia, parrying this request. 'Every one will call you Mr. Lester. How tall Nettie is grown. Do you not think her very pretty?'

'Oh, she is pink, and white, and blue, and yellow; but she is like a little boy. There is not in her eyes the attraction, the coquetry, which I admire,' said Alvar, pointing his remark with a glance at his companion's lucid, beaming, interested eyes, in which however there was little conscious coquetry.

'I am sorry to hear you admire coquettes,' was too obvious an answer to be resisted.

'Nay, it is the privilege of beauty,' said Alvar.

Virginia, like many impulsive people, was apt to recollect with a cold chill conversations by which at the time she had been entirely carried away. But on looking back at this one she liked it. Alvar's dignity and grace of manner made his trifling compliments both flattering and respectful. His feelings, too, she thought, were evidently deep and tender; and how she pitied him for his solitary condition!

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY OF REST.

'Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar.'

On the third Sunday morning after Alvar's arrival Mr. Lester came down as usual at the sound of the gong, and as he glanced round the dining-room missed his two elder sons.

Prayers were over and breakfast had begun before Alvar entered.

'Ah pardon,' he said, bowing to his grandmother; 'I did not know it was late.'

'I make a point of being punctual on Sunday,' said Mr. Lester, in a tone of incipient displeasure.

'Cheriton is late too,' said Alvar.

'No,' said Jack, 'he's gone to Church.'

'Ah, then *we* do not go to-day,' said Alvar, with an air of relief so comical that even the solemn Jack could hardly stand it.

'Oh yes, we do,' he said, 'this is extra.'

'Cheriton,' said Mr. Lester, 'is very attentive to his religious duties.'

'I suppose he'll have breakfast at the Vicarage,' said Nettie, as Alvar raised his eyebrows and gave a little shrug.

It was a gesture habitual to him, and was not intended to express contempt either for religion or for Cheriton, but only a want of comprehension of the affair; but it annoyed Mr. Lester and called his attention to the fact that Alvar had appeared in a black velvet coat of a peculiar foreign cut, the sight of which he disliked on a week-day, and considered intolerable when it was contrasted with the spruce neatness of the rest of the party. He could not very well attack Alvar on the subject, but he sharply reproved Bob for cutting hunches of bread when no one wanted them, and found fault with the coffee. And then, apparently *à propos* of nothing, he began to make a little speech about the importance of example in a country place, and the influence of trifles.

'And I can assure *every one* present,' he concluded emphatically, 'that there is no need to look far for an example of the evil effects of neglect in these particulars.'

'Elderthwaite?' whispered Nettie to Jack.

'Ay,' said Mr. Lester, 'young people should show respect to Sunday morning. It is what in my father's house was always insisted on. Your grandfather, too, used to say that he liked his dogs even to know Sunday.'

'It is strange to me,' said Alvar coolly.

'It will be well that you should give yourself the pains to become accustomed to it,' said his father curtly.

It was the first time that the stately stranger had been addressed in

such a tone, and he looked up with a flash of the eye that startled the younger ones.

'Sir, it is by your will I am a stranger here,' he said, with evident displeasure.

'Stranger or no, my regulations must be respected,' said Mr. Lester, his colour rising.

Alvar rose from his seat and proved his claim at any rate to the family temper by bowing to his grandmother and marching out of the room.

'Highty tighty!' said the grandmother. 'Here's a spirt of temper for you!'

'Intolerable insolence!' exclaimed Mr. Lester. 'Under my roof he must submit to what I please to say to him.'

'It's just what I told ye, Gerald; a foreigner's ways are what we cannot do with,' said Mrs. Lester.

'Of course,' blurted out Jack, with the laudable desire of mending matters; 'of course he is a foreigner. How can you expect him to be any thing else? And father never said it was his coat.'

'His coat?' said Mr. Lester. 'It is his temper to which I object. When he came I told him that I expected Sunday to be observed in my house, and he agreed.'

'But he did not understand that you thought that coat improper on Sunday,' said Jack with persevering justice.

'I am not in the habit of being obscure,' said Mr. Lester, as he rose from the table, while Jack thought he would give Alvar a little good advice.

Cherry was too soft; he was equally impartial and would be more plain spoken. But as he approached the library he heard an ominous tinkling, and entering, beheld Alvar, still in the objectionable coat, beginning to play on the still more objectionable guitar, an air which Jack did not think sounded like a hymn tune.

Jack really intended to mend matters, but his manner was unfortunate, and in the tone he would have used to a disobedient fag he remarked, as he stood bolt upright beside his brother—

'I say, Alvar, I think you'd better not play on that thing this morning.'

'There is no reason for you to tell me what to do,' said Alvar, quietly.

'It's not, you know,' said Jack, 'that *I* think there's any harm in it. *My* views are very liberal. I only think it's a frivolous and unmanly sort of instrument; but the governor won't like it, and there'll be no end of a row.'

'You have not a musical soul,' said Alvar, loftily, for he had had time to cool down somewhat.

'*Certainly* not,' said the liberal Jack, with unnecessary energy and a tone of disgust; 'but that's not the question. It's not the custom

here to play *that sort of thing on a thing like that* on a Sunday morning. Ask Cherry.'

'Would it vex my brother?' asked Alvar.

'If you mean Cheriton, it certainly would. He hates a row.'

'A row?' said the puzzled Alvar, 'that is a noise—my guitar?'

'Oh, hang it! no, a quarrel,' began Jack, when suddenly——

'Sir, I consider this an act of defiance; I beg I may see that instrument put away at once,' and Mr. Lester's voice took the threatening sound that made his anger always appear so much worse than it really was. 'I will have the proprieties of my house observed, and no example of this kind set to your younger brothers.'

Alvar had taken Jack's interference with cool contempt, but now he started up with a look of such passion as fairly subdued Jack into a hasty—

'Oh come, come, I say, now—don't!'

Alvar controlled himself suddenly and entirely.

'Sir, I obey my father's commands. I will say good morning,' and taking up his guitar went up to his own room, from which he did not emerge at Church time, and as no one ventured to call him they set off without him. Among themselves they might quarrel and make it up again many times a day, but Alvar's feelings were evidently more serious.

It was occasionally Cheriton's practice to sing in the choir, more for the popularity of his example than for his voice, which was indifferent. Alvar had been greatly puzzled at his doing so, and had then told him that 'in that white robe he looked like the picture of an angel,' a remark which so discomfited Cherry that he had further perplexed his unlucky brother by saying—

'*Pray* don't say such a thing to the others, I should never hear the last of it. You'd better say I look like an ass at once.'

He did not therefore see anything of his family till he met them after the service, when Jack attacked him.

'What induced you to go out this morning? Everything has gone utterly wrong, and I shouldn't wonder if we should find Alvar gone back to Spain.'

'Why, what's the matter?'

'Alvar came down late in that ridiculous coat and then played the guitar. And if ever you saw a fellow in a passion! He likes his own way.'

'Was father angry?'

'I should just think so. I don't expect they'll speak.'

This was a pleasant prospect. Cheriton saw that his father's brow was cloudy, and as he went up stairs his grandmother called him into her room.

'Cheriton,' she said, mysteriously, as she sat down and untied her bonnet, 'Jack has told you of your brother's behaviour, and it's my

belief there's a clue to it, and I hope you'll take warning, for I sometimes think ye've a hankering after that way yourself.'

'What way, grandmamma? I never play the guitar on a Sunday morning.'

'Nay, but there's more behind. It's well known how Sunday is profaned in Popish countries. I've heard they keep the shops open in France. Your brother has been brought up among Papists, and it would be a sad thing for your father's son to give all this property into the hands of the priests.'

'Dear me, granny, what a frightful suggestion. But I'm sure Alvar has no Romish sympathies. He has no turn for anything of the kind, and I should think the Roman Church was very unattractive in Spain.'

'Ay, but they're very deep.'

'Well,' said Cherry, 'if Alvar is a Jesuit in disguise, as you say, and rather a dissipated person, as my father seems to think, and has such an appalling temper as Jack describes, we're in a bad way. I think I'll go and see for myself.'

When Cherry entered Alvar's room he found this alarming compound of qualities sitting by the fire looking forlorn and lonely.

'Why, Alvar, what's all this about?'

'Ah, my brother,' said Alvar, 'you were absent and all has been wrong. My father is offended with me. I know not why. He insulted me.'

'Oh, nonsense! we never talk about being insulted. My father's a little hasty, but he means nothing by it. What did you do that annoyed him?'

'I played my guitar, and Jack scolded me. No one shall do so but you.'

'I daresay Jack made an ass of himself—he often does; but he is a thorough good fellow at bottom. You know we do get up in our best clothes on Sunday.'

'I can do that,' said Alvar, 'but your Sunday I do not understand. You tell me I may not play at cards or at billiards; you do not dance nor go to the theatre. What good does it do? I would go to Church, though it is tiresome, and I shudder at the singing. It is a mark, doubtless, of my father's politics; but at home—well, I can smoke, if that is better?'

Driven back to first principles, Cheriton hardly knew what to say. 'Of course,' he answered. 'I have often heard the matter discussed, and I don't pretend to say that at Oxford the best of us are as particular as we might be. But in a country place like this, carelessness would do infinite harm. And, on the whole, I shouldn't like the rule to be otherwise.'

Alvar sighed, and made no answer.

'But,' continued Cherry, 'I think no one has a right to impose rules

on you. I wouldn't bring out the guitar in the morning—it looks rather odd, you know—nor wear that coat. But we're not so very strict; there are always newspapers about, and novels, and, as you say, you can smoke or talk, or play the piano—I'm sure no one would know what the tune was—or write letters. Really, it might be worse, you know.'

Perhaps Cherry's coaxing voice and eyes were more effectual than his arguments; any way, Alvar said, 'Well, I will offer my hand to my father, if he will take it.'

'Oh, no; pray don't make a scene about it. There's the gong. Put on your other coat, and come down. We *do* eat our dinner on Sunday, and I'm awfully hungry.'

Whether Mr. Lester accepted the coat as a flag of truce, or whether he did not wish to provoke a contest with an unknown adversary, nothing more was said; but Alvar's evil star was in the ascendant, and he was destined to run counter to his family in a more unpardonable way.

He had no sympathy whatever with the love for animals, which was perhaps the softest side of his rough kindred. All the English Lesters were imbued with that devotion to live creatures which is ingrain with some natures. No trouble was too great to take for them. Bob and Nettie got up in the morning and went out in all weathers to feed their ferrets, or their jackdaws, or whatever pet was young, sick, or troublesome. Cheriton's great St. Bernard, Rolla, ranked somewhere very near Jack in his affections, and had been taught, trained, beaten, and petted, till he loved his master with untiring devotion. Mrs. Lester had her chickens and turkeys, Mr. Lester his prize cattle and his horses, some of the latter old and well-tried friends. It must be admitted that Oakby was a trying place for people devoid of this sentiment. Every one had a dog, more or less valuable, and jackdaws and magpies have their drawbacks as members of a family. Alvar openly said that he had never seen anybody make pets of dumb animals, and that he could not understand doing so; and though he took no notice of them, Rolla and an old pointer of Mr. Lester's, called Rose, had already been thrashed for growling at him.

On this particular Sunday afternoon, the bright cold weather clouded over and promised a thaw. Alvar preferred dulness to the weather out-of-doors, and Cheriton accompanied his father on the Sunday stroll, which included all the beasts on the premises, and generally ended in visits to the old keeper and coachman, who thought it the height of religious advantage to hear the squire read a chapter.

Mr. Lester was aware that he had been impatient with his son, and that Alvar could not be expected to be imbued with an instinctive knowledge of those forms of religion with which his father had been inspired by his young brilliant wife, when 'Fanny' had taught him

to restore his Church and build his schools in a fuller fashion than had satisfied his father, and made him believe that his position demanded of himself and his family a personal participation in all good works—some control of them he naturally desired. He was, as Mr. Ellesmere said, with a little shrug, when forced to yield a point, 'a model squire,' conscientious and open-handed, but unpersuadable. Perhaps the clear-eyed, wide-souled Fanny might have allowed more readily for the necessary changes of twenty years. Certainly she would better have appreciated a new-comer's difficulties; while poor Mr. Lester felt that Fanny's ideal was invaded, and not by Fanny's son. It spoilt his walk with Cheriton, and made him reply sharply to the latter's attempts at agreeable conversation. Cheriton at length left him at the old gamekeeper's, and while Mr. Lester's irritable accents were softened into kindly inquiries for the old father, now pensioned off, he chatted to the son, at present in command, who had been taking care of a terrier puppy for him.

Finding that Buffer, so called from his prevailing colour, was looking strong and lively, Cheriton thought it would be as well to accustom him to society, and took him back to the house. He could not help wondering what would become of Alvar when he was left alone at Oakby. Another fortnight would hardly be sufficient to give him any comfortable, independent habits; how could he endure such deadly dulness as the life there would bring him? That fortnight would be lively enough, and there would be his cousin, Rupert Lester, for an additional companion, and another Miss Seyton, more attractive than Virginia, for an occasional excitement. If Alvar was so fascinating a person to young ladies, would he—would she——? An indefinite haze of questions pervaded Cheriton's mind, and as he reckoned over the county beauties whom he could introduce to Alvar, and whom he would surely admire more than just the one particular beauty who had first occurred to his thoughts, he reached the house. He found his brothers and Nettie alone in the library, Alvar sitting apart in the window, and looking out at the stormy sky.

'Hallo,' said Jack, 'so you have brought Buffer up. Well, he has grown a nice little chap.'

'Yes, I thought it was time he should begin his education. Nice head, hasn't he? He is just like old Peggy.'

'Yes, he'll be a very good dog some day.'

'Set him down,' said Bob; 'let's have a look at him.'

'Little darling!' said Nettie, enthusiastically.

Buffer was duly examined, and then, as Cherry turned to the fire to warm himself, observing that it was colder than ever, began to play about the room, while they entered on a discussion of the merits of all his relations up to their dim recollection of his great-grandmother.

Buffer made himself much at home, poked about the room, and at last crossed over to Alvar, who had sat on, unheeding his entrance.

Buffer gave his trousers a gentle pull. Alvar shook him off. Here was another tiresome little beast; then, just as Cherry crossed over to the window in search of him, he made a dart at Alvar's foot and bit it sharply. Alvar sprang up with a few vehement Spanish words, gave the little dog a rough kick, and then dashed it away from him with a gesture of fierce annoyance. Buffer uttered a howl of pain.

'I say, that's too rough,' exclaimed Cherry, snatching up the puppy, which cried and moaned.

'But it bit me!' said Alvar, angrily.

'I believe you have killed him,' said Cheriton.

'You cruel coward,' cried Nettie, bursting into a storm of tears.

Alvar stood facing all the four, their blue eyes flashing scorn and indignation, but, angry as they were, they were too practical to waste time in reproaches. Jack brought a light, and Bob, whose skill in such matters equalled his literary incapacity, felt Buffer's limbs scientifically.

'No ribs broken,' he said; 'he's bruised though, poor little beggar! Ah! he has put his shoulder out. Now, Cherry, if your hand's going to shake, give him to Jack. I'll pull it in again.'

'I can hold him steady,' said Alvar, in a low voice.

'No, thank you,' said Cherry, curtly, as Jack put a hand to steady his hold, and the operation was performed amid piteous shrieks from Buffer. Alvar had the sense to watch them in silence. What had he done? A kick and a blow to any domestic animal was common enough in Spain. And now he had roused all this righteous indignation, and, far worse, offended Cherry, and seen his distress at the little animal's suffering, and at its cause. Buffer was no sooner laid in Nettie's arms to be cossetted and comforted, than he seized Cherry's hand.

'Ah, my brother! I did not know the little dog was yours. I would not touch him——'

'What difference does that make?' said Cherry, shaking him off and walking away.

'I shall keep *my* dog out of his way,' said Bob, contemptuously.

'I suppose Spaniards are savages,' said Jack, in a tone of deadly indignation.

'He'd better play a thousand guitars than hurt a poor little innocent puppy!' said Nettie, half sobbing.

Alvar stood looking mournfully before him; his anger had died out; he looked almost ready to cry with perplexity.

Cheriton turned round. 'I won't have a fuss made,' he said. 'Take Buffer up stairs to my room, and don't say a word to any one. It can't be helped.'

'I know *who* I shall never say a word to,' said Nettie; but she obeyed, followed by Jack and Bob. Alvar detained Cheriton.

'Oh, my brother, forgive me. I would have broken my own arm

sooner than see your eyes look at me thus. It is with us a word and a blow. I will never strike any little beast again—never.'

He looked so wretched that Cheriton answered reluctantly, 'I don't mean to say any more about it.'

'But you are angry still?'

'No, I'm not angry. I suppose you feel differently. I hate to see anything suffer.'

'And I to see you suffer, my brother.'

'I? nonsense! I tell you that's nothing to do with it. There, let it drop. I shall say no more.'

He escaped, unable further to satisfy his brother, and went up stairs, where Buffer had been put to bed comfortably.

'Did you ever know such a nasty trick in your life?' said Jack, as they left the twins to watch the invalid's slumbers.

'Oh!' said Cherry, turning into his room, 'it's all hopeless and miserable. We shall never come to any good—never!'

'Oh, come, come now, Cherry,' said Jack, for once assuming the office of consoler. 'Buffer'll do well enough; don't be so despairing.'

Cheriton had much the brighter and serener nature of the two; but he was subject to fits of reaction, when Jack's cooler temperament held its own.

'It's not Buffer,' he said, 'it's Alvar! How can one ever have any brotherly feeling for a fellow like that? He's as different as a Red Indian!'

'It would be very odd and unnatural if you had much brotherly feeling for him,' said Jack. 'Why do you trouble yourself about him?'

'But he does seem to have taken a sort of fancy to me, and the poor fellow's a stranger!'

'You're a great deal too soft about him. Of course he likes you, when you're always looking him up. Don't be superstitious about it—he's only our half-brother; and don't go down to tea looking like that, or you'll have the governor asking what's the matter with you.'

'Remember, I'll not have a word said about it,' said Cheriton emphatically.

Nothing was said publicly about it, but Alvar was made to feel himself in disgrace, and endeavoured to re-ingratiate himself with Cherry with a simplicity that was irresistible. He asked humbly after Buffer's health, and finally presented him with a silver chain for a collar.

When Buffer began to limp about on three legs, his tawny countenance looking out above the silver engraved heart that clasped the collar with the sentimental leer peculiar to puppyhood, the effect was sufficiently ludicrous; but he forgave Alvar sooner than his brothers did, and perhaps, grateful for his finery, became rather fond of him.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL OF VIAREGGIO.

A TALE OF CHILD-LIFE IN ITALY.

BY LINDA VILLARI, AUTHOR OF 'IN THE GOLDEN SHELL,' 'IN CHANGE UNCHANGED,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

GIGIA'S FIRST PIC-NIC.

APPARENTLY Gigia was none the worse for the wetting, but her brain had been over-excited by her fear of the storm. During the night she was very restless, and tossed about so much that Aunt Rosina was quite frightened, and feared that her little bed-fellow was going to be ill. However, she was as bright as usual the next morning, and as it was a wet day she was obliged to keep quietly indoors.

Mr. and Mrs. Aston, too, had felt uneasy about their little favourite, and they fetched her upstairs and showed her pictures and told her stories, and finally bribed her with a stick of chocolate to sit still long enough for the artist to complete his sketch of her. How joyfully Gigia bounded off her chair when the brushes were at last put aside—the chocolate had long disappeared—and she was told to come and look at herself. She skipped round the room in a frenzy of self-importance and delight, and instantly insisted on summoning all the household, not forgetting Momo, to come and see her portrait.

So presently they all came, marshalled by little Gigia, and I am not sure that Mr. Aston did not make a rapid sketch in his note-book of the various expressions of the group collected round his easel. The cook did not presume to express any opinion, but nodded his head approvingly, and licked his lips while looking at the picture, as though it were something good to eat.

Old Teresa, who had but a poor opinion of foreigners and their doings, tried to preserve her usual stolid severity of demeanour, but, not a little to her own surprise, found herself melting into smiles at the winsome little figure Mr. Aston had represented in so life-like a manner.

As for Raffaele, his puckered countenance at once expanded into a broad grin of delight, and he flourished his napkin wildly in the air by way of venting his excited feelings.

Ragged Momo, timidly looking on from the background, soon turned his eyes from the picture to gaze with increased veneration on the wonderful painter who had done this marvel.

Pretty Aunt Rosina was volubly enthusiastic, while secretly wishing that Mr. Aston would offer to do her portrait also; as for her father, Signor Giovanni, he was so frankly flattered and pleased that he began

to turn over in the landlord part of his mind whether he couldn't let the artist keep his rooms at the same rent even in the very height of the season, when Viareggio prices are apt to rise like a sudden gust of wind.

Good Signora Maria, though she hadn't the most elementary notions of art, examined her grandchild's portrait more critically than any one else. There was no denying that it was a very good likeness, but she did not think it nearly smart enough. It troubled her that Gigia should be depicted in that untidy frock, when she had plenty of good things in the big chest of drawers down stairs. She felt that it would be ungracious to suggest any alterations, but could not help remarking *to* her husband and *at* Mr. Aston, that it *was* a sad pity the tarletan frock and spangled wings were not completed, as the child would have looked ever so much prettier had she been dressed in them when painted.

Mr. Aston interchanged an amused glance with his wife, and said that it would never do to give Gigia wings or she would certainly fly away.

So, in the eyes of all, Gigia's portrait was an immense success, and for many days formed the principal topic of conversation among the numerous gossips who frequented the hotel.

The next day was bright and fine, all traces of the heavy rain had disappeared in the sand, and the summer sun had re-asserted his supremacy.

Mr. Aston, standing chattering in the doorway with the landlord, declared that he must have a whole day's work in the open air to compensate for his confinement to the house, and to get away from the cries of those poor bullied Russian children overhead. Their mother, he said emphatically, and in a loud voice—with a lurking hope that the lady might be within hearing—was a perfect scandal to the place and deserved to be whipped at a cart's tail. The landlord thoroughly concurred in this opinion, and said he trusted they should soon be rid of her evil presence, as she had begun to talk of going elsewhere.

'If Viareggio were crowded I would even go the length of sending her away; but it stands to reason,' continued Signor Giovanni deprecatingly, 'that I can't afford to run the risk of having her rooms unoccupied for the next fortnight.'

'Well, I don't know about that,' put in Signora Maria, coming forward with her hands tucked under her apron, eager for a gossip on the fertile subject of the Countess's terrible doings. 'I'd risk anything to be clear of that demon. I am sure her money will bring us no good. Why, what do you think, sir? a letter came to her this very morning with a death's head and cross-bones on the envelope! What Christian woman gets letters like that, I should like to know? The sight of it turned me quite queer. I told Raffaele to be sure to carry it up stairs with a pair of tongs.'

'That's rubbish, old woman,' remarked her husband, walking away.

'Did you notice if the letter smelt of sulphur?' asked the artist in a solemn voice.

'Well, no—o,' said the landlady, hesitatingly; 'but,' she went on, her honest motherly old face glowing with indignation, 'a night or two ago, sir, if you'll believe it, I heard those poor little boys crying in their beds. I couldn't help going up to see what was the matter, for I knew both mistress and maid had gone flaunting off somewhere or other, and there were those two innocent children screaming with fright, and crying out that they saw devils in the corners of the room. I comforted them, and talked to them a little, as children ought to be talked to, and stopped with them till they were quite quiet and comfortably dropping off to sleep. Presently in comes that good-for-nothing maid, saying good-night to some man or other, at this very door, just where you are standing, sir; and when I asked her if she thought it doing her duty to leave the children to cry themselves into fits, what does she say but—"Crying, were they? I'll give 'em something to cry for!" and up she ran and whipped them in their beds. That demon, her mistress, came back in the midst of the turmoil, and instead of turning the maid out of doors I do believe she flogged the poor little victims again, for——'

'Don't say any more, Signora Maria,' said the artist, knitting his brows, 'it's too revolting, and, unluckily, we cannot remedy the matter. The woman must be worse than a tigress, for even wild beasts love their young. But where's the father of these children?—or has the woman already killed him off?'

'Well, sir, I *do* hear,' continued the landlady—'but it *may* be only servants' gossip' (Signora Maria pronounced the word gossip in a finely contemptuous way)—'that her husband takes care to keep at a distance, and hasn't been near her for three years. The elder boy is like his father, it seems, and that is why she ill-treats him more than the little chap.'

'Well, well!' said the artist, 'it's a horrid subject to talk about; and here I see comes Momo with the carriage I ordered, and there's Raffaele packing our lunch in a basket, so I must go and see if my wife is ready. You'll let Gigia come, won't you? She sha'n't get a wetting to-day, I'll promise you? We are going to Massaciucoli to see those Roman ruins your husband tells me of.'

After the (for form's sake) usual demur to letting the child trouble them, Gigia was fetched and hastily accoutred in her best clothes. Aunt Rosina determined to profit by this excellent opportunity to peacefully finish the child's angel costume for the coming festival. It was hard to get on with it, when Gigia would insist on trying on the wings at every stage of progress.

So the little party set off, and Gigia's happiness inside the carriage

was equalled, if not surpassed, by that of Momo on the box-seat. No sooner did the boy learn that he was to go with them in charge of the luncheon-basket and sketching-traps than he scampered home to don the garments his mother had contrived out of Mr. Aston's old coat, and put on a pair of shoes—which latter articles of attire he never thought of wearing when accompanying the artist on pedestrian excursions. And now he sat smiling by the driver, feeling himself to be a very different personage from the every-day Momo, barefooted and in rags.

It was a perfect day, with a soft breeze to temper the heat of the sun. Though still early, every window looking southwards was closely shuttered to keep out the blinding glare from the sea. As the carriage passed through the streets of the town, Mr. and Mrs. Aston noticed that they bore a far more lively appearance than a few days before. Then it had seemed as though little else besides hardware, crockery, baskets, and perhaps a few vegetables and cherries could be bought in Viareggio. Now many little shops with big designations such as—'Gran Fiera Livornese,' displayed stores of prints, woollen stuffs, hats, &c., while gaily striped bathing dresses fluttered over numerous doorways. The barbers' windows were stocked with pomatum-pots and scent-bottles, and cheap jewellery glittered behind the goldsmiths' panes.

Having passed these splendours, their way led across the wide marshy plain, towards the lowest spurs of the hills once washed by the sea. Gigia, at first struck dumb by the novel delight of riding in a carriage, soon found her tongue when they had left the town behind them, and were bowling quickly along the glaring white road, bordered here and there by tall, silver poplars. On either hand lay the cultivated marsh-land, intersected by a net-work of canals and wide trenches filled with all sorts of graceful water-weeds and waxen lilies.

And now the plain was crossed, they were skirting the wooded slopes of Mon Tramito, which in long past ages was a surf-beaten headland, the terror of all Mediterranean navigators, beneath the welcome shade of enormous fantastically-gnarled olive trees. Then out in the sun again betwixt fields of ripening corn, and feathery patches of tall green hemp, each plot fenced round by vines festooned from tree to tree.

After passing a few homesteads scattered over the hill side, and just visible amid the luxuriant olive, fig, and walnut trees, and through one or two prosperous-looking and almost tidy villages, a wide expanse of water came in sight.

This enchanted Gigia, who, to tell the truth, was beginning to tire of the dignity of her position and to long for the end of the drive; and she suggested in a very persuasive voice that it would be nice to jump down and play on that pretty little beach. Mrs. Aston told her that this was the lake of Massaciucoli, and assured her they would soon reach the spot where they were to pass the day, and run about as much as they liked.

And, driving round the foot of another steep and leafy hill, in a few minutes they reached the village where the horses were to be put up; and leaving the carriage, began to climb upwards among the grand old olives in search of the Roman ruins. These rejoice in the usual title of 'Bagni di Nerone' (Nero's Baths); and there is an oblong space which may have been a bath, but the largest and best preserved portion of the ruins is evidently a temple. You can distinguish the site of the altar and the niches for statues. The remains are not extensive. Besides the bath and temple, a few fragments of wall, three or four graceful window-arches and doorways are all that is to be seen. Man has treated the massive brickwork less kindly than time, for the little church on the hill-top plainly owes the greater part of its materials to the pagan building among the trees below. Masses of terrace fern and luxuriant tangles of briar and bramble carpet the inclosures, while here and there the stately acanthus with its tall prickly shafts of pink-tipped blossoms springs from fissures in the dark red brickwork.

The view is very extensive. Southward stretch the mellow-tinted marshlands, bordered, near the village, by a band of rice fields. White-sailed boats glide mysteriously across the land, threading the invisible, narrow canals leading to Pisa. The reed-encircled mere glistens in the midday sunshine. Here and there a tiny bell tower or a solitary house varies the monotony of the plain, while the dark line of pine-forest, shutting it in from the blue Mediterranean beyond, sweeps along from east to west, broken only by the low roofs of distant Viareggio.

While resting under the grey olives to admire this scene, Mrs. Aston was not a little amused by perceiving Gigia gravely absorbed in imitating Mr. Aston's artist way of look at the landscape. There was the child stooping forward with her head bent very low on one side, staring hard with one eye, while painfully screwing up the other. But now black-eyed Momo came in sight, toiling up the hill with the luncheon basket; and Gigia suspended her artistic contemplation to assist in the pleasant task of unpacking its contents.

All were so hungry after their long drive that the cold chicken, cheese, and cherries looked very small when laid on the cloth spread over the grass. Mr. Aston pulled a long face, and turning gravely to Gigia he put three cherries on her plate, six on his wife's, and drawing the chicken and other eatables close to his own, rubbed his hands and said in a very contented tone, 'That will do nicely, I think. There's plenty for *me*.'

For a moment Gigia believed him, and pulling Mrs. Aston's sleeve, she whispered with pouting emphasis, 'He's very greedy; I don't like him to-day.'

And when the provisions were more equally divided they very soon disappeared, and Momo, sitting in the background munching some bread and looking ruefully at the well-picked chicken bones, was

well content to be sent scampering down to the village in search of something to supplement the scanty repast.

He proved himself a successful forager, for it was not long before he re-appeared with some capital fried fish and eggs, and it was pleasant to witness his joyful surprise on receiving a share for himself. Then, presently, Mrs. Aston opened a certain bag well known to Gigia as an inexhaustible source of dainties, and produced some delicious sweet cakes.

Generous little Gigia was giving one of hers to Momo, when Mrs. Aston stopped her, saying that she had some for him also. This gift made Momo grin wider than ever; he held his two cakes in his hand, devouring them with longing eyes; then resolutely wrapped them in a piece of paper, saying that he meant to save them for his mother.

In spite of a breeze from the sea it was too hot to clamber about directly after luncheon, so they all rested for a while in the shade, listening dreamily to the hum of the insects, chirping of the grasshoppers, tinkling cow bells, and occasional murmurs of human voices from the valley at their feet.

Momo, sprawling on the grass at a little distance, began to examine his cakes, by way of passing the time. How nice they looked! There were a few crumbs in the paper—he might eat those he thought. And eat them he did, and found them so good that it was impossible to resist nibbling off one or two corners of his tempting delicacies.

But then he remembered his kind old mother, hard at work at home, and who never so much as saw anything nice; so heaving a deep sigh he once more twisted the paper round his cakes and put them out of sight in the luncheon basket. Mrs. Aston and her husband had watched this struggle between duty and inclination with much interest, and when duty conquered, the artist could not refrain from heartily exclaiming:

'Bravo! Bravo! Good boy!'

Poor Momo's sunbrowned face became dusky red, while Mrs. Aston once more opening her Fortunatus's bag, drew out two more cakes, which she herself wrapped up and gave to him for his mother, at the same time bidding him eat the already nibbled ones.

Mr. Aston shook his head at this kind impulse.

'That's a bad precedent,' he whispered. 'Let the boy learn that virtue is its own reward.'

But Mrs. Aston laughingly reminded him that the poor lad would have plenty of opportunities of discovering that as he went through the world.

Then the artist set off to choose a good point of view for sketching the ruins, and was soon hard at work and rejoicing in his immunity from small boys. Little Gigia was well content for a time to sit still on the grass, but not even the heat of that summer day could long keep

those active limbs quiet, and she was soon running about near Mrs. Aston, picking flowers and grasses, and trampling the sweet marjoram that made every footstep fragrant. There was a fine pomegranate tree higher up under the church wall, and Gigia shouted with glee as she caught sight of its brilliant scarlet buds shining amid the dark green leaves. It was out of her reach, but Momo came to her aid, and soon brought her the coveted treasures. Then the children might have been seen sorting and arranging their flowers with an air of mysterious importance, and presently a bright nosegay was put together of pomegranate buds, marigolds, and quaking grasses, and after an interlude of shoves and pushes from Gigia, Momo found courage to bring it to Mrs. Aston and shyly lay it at her feet.

He darted off without waiting to be thanked, romped with Gigia, and—greatly to that little person's envy—displayed a monkey-like capacity for swinging by his heels from lofty boughs.

In these diversions the afternoon quickly wore away, and as the heat diminished, Mrs. Aston took Gigia for a walk up a little ravine higher and higher among the trees. Coming back they peeped into the ugly little church, and rested on the terrace wall outside where Mr. Aston was at work. Here they were presently joined by the village priest, to whom the sight of strangers was evidently a welcome novelty. He seemed a simple, kindly man, and was pressing in his offers of refreshment.

There was little in his dress to distinguish him from his peasant flock, and his education was apparently limited. So misty were his notions of geography, that on hearing that his visitors were English, he immediately suggested that they were also Parisians.

But now the evening had come, and the setting sun warned Mr. Aston that it was time to pack away palette and brushes, and prepare to go home.

As they turned the corner of the hill-barrier, hiding from Massaciuccoli all view of the Marble Mountains, peak above peak unfolded grandly before them, illumined by a rosy after-glow. Gradually these vivid tints faded into a tender grey, while the lower spurs and cliffs put on robes of deepest violet and intensest blue.

A weird chorus of countless frogs arose from the marshes; and the driver pointed out a little tarn by the roadside said to be of fathomless depth, and of which the water is useless for working purposes. 'You might boil your beans for two days in that water,' said the man graphically, 'and they would still be as raw as when you picked them.' In crossing the plain, they met bands of reapers returning from their day's toil. Very picturesque brigands they seemed in the faint light tramping barelegged through the water courses, fording the canals, often more than knee deep in the water, and with their wallets and scythes slung over their shoulders. They were headed by a big, black-bearded fellow who sung lustily as he splashed onwards, while his little

dog, apparently preferring dry land wherever a choice was possible, trotted through the reeds snuffing for prey.

Mr. Aston would have liked to stop and sketch these men, but the chill wind blowing over the plain warned him that it was better to hasten on towards the twinkling lights of Viareggio. As for our Gigia, she had long been fast asleep in a corner of the carriage, well wrapped up in the softest and warmest of shawls.

(To be continued.)

THE BLUE LADY OF MILDENHALL.

CHAPTER IV.

'WILL HE COME?'

'Solitaria nell' obblio,
Dal tuo sposo abbandonata,
Piangi forse al pianto mio,
Vedovetta sconsolata?
Piangi, piangi in tua favella,
Pellegrina rondinella.

'Pur di me manco infelice,
Tu alle penne almen t' affidi,
Scorri il lago e la pendice,
Empi l'aria de' tuoi gridi,
Tutto il giorno in tua favella,
Lui chiamando, o rondinella.
Oh se anch 'io!

—T. GROSSI.

IN the afternoon Molly was up stairs by herself, standing before the long, narrow looking-glass in her little bedroom.

What was she doing there, little Rosemary *au bleu*, transfigured suddenly, in a costly robe of white, glistening brocade?

It was an exquisite fabric, made in days when such heirlooms were worth being preserved, and handed down from one generation to another—a real egg-shell brocade, rich and delicate, that might have been fashioned in a fairy loom.

It had been Rosalie's wedding-dress. Many a time had she gone to Court in it, and sailed stately through a minuet, over the shaven lawns or shining floors at Versailles.

Molly regarded it as a pathetic relique of those days. It had lain by in state as long as she could remember, in the oak chest with the shining brass fittings. It smelt faint and sweet of lavender and herbs—more like grave clothes than wedding gear, only Molly did not think of it.

Here she stood before her small and modest mirror, the soft red

coming and going in her face; moved a step away with a silvery rustle, and drew near again, half shy, at the sound. She looked more fair and dainty in the long, trailing robe, more like a little bird than ever; half-gratified and half-disturbed at the new sweet dignity, whose first shadowing she had begun to take upon her.

Her heart was full of Miles.

The sky had cleared since the morning, but the west was still heavy with clouds. A wild sunset was beginning to flame across the water-meadows, lighting up the black rifts with stormy gleams of red. Every little pool and puddle caught the sunset light. The wet trees and dripping rose-bushes shone and shimmered like fires of living diamonds; all the vine-leaves glistened in the glow.

Molly's window was wide open; fresh, fragrant breaths from the wet garden and the grateful fields came in through it. A south-west wind was murmuring ominous among the lime-trees, shaking down the drops in showers, and scattering a storm of blossom from the acacia.

Molly looked over the river at the sunset a little piteously. It was not yet twenty-four hours ago that she and Miles had stood hand-in-hand to watch just such another sunset. His face was yet in her eyes, his voice thrilled into her heart — 'Keep faith with, me my own little Moll,' and she, glancing down, the silvery folds of her pale gown, clasped her young hands, and made answer to herself—'I am ready, love; oh, my love, I am ready now!'

But what good did that do? He was out in mid-channel by this time.

There came a little ceremonious tap at the door, and some one turned the handle. Molly with a sweep and a rustle flew instinctively to keep it closed, but she was not in time.

Reginald looked in, and stood aghast at the white vision he confronted.

'Oh, papa!' the girl cried, the quick colour racing up to her very temples; 'oh, papa!' and stood confounded at the audacity of her position.

'Why, Molly,' said he, and smiled at her embarrassment, 'my little maid, it's early days yet to begin thinking of this.'

'I promised him,' Molly answered softly. 'I was to set about it directly, and he would be back before I was ready. It was my word to him, papa. I am only keeping it.'

Reginald sighed to himself and shook his head. But to her he only said—

'You will have to suit it to such a little person, Molly.'

He laid his hand on the glimmering brocade with a fond and reverential touch, thinking more of his dead wife than of the young bride-elect.

'Your mother was taller than you by a long way.'

'Yes,' Molly acquiesced, timidly.

She began to think she had done a very presumptuous thing, something that on a larger scale might be termed 'sacrilege.'

'Papa,' she inquired, wistfully, 'are you displeased with me, papa?'

'Nay, nay, sweet child,' the old man answered in tender haste, and rested his hand on her rippled hair, like a benison. 'Heaven send the day round quickly when you may wear it in good earnest.'

Molly was gladdened at those words of his. Her heart was very full to-day, and not having any mother she was fain to keep the most of it to herself.

She took her father's hand as it slipped down again from her head to her shoulder, and fondling it between her own, held and kissed it.

'Indeed, he will come very soon,' she murmured.

'Pray God, my dear!' Reginald answered, with a mournful smile.

There was a little pause.

Then the girl bethought herself that her father had sought her.

'You came, papa?' said she, inquiringly. 'What is it you want of me?'

'Ah, yes!' Reginald responded, also recalling himself; 'It is—will you ask Jeanne to prepare me some *tisane*? My throat is very sore this evening.'

Molly looked up at him with ready anxiety, and took back his hand between hers. A little pink flush was on the old man's withered cheeks.

'It is what I said,' Molly commented, sagely. 'You should not, indeed, have been out in the rain this morning. Last night you complained of a headache, and already your hand is getting feverish.'

'It is perhaps a cold,' Reginald said vaguely.

But Molly was none the more comforted for the suggestion. She thought no more of her beautiful robes, nor her fond anticipations.

'Go down, papa,' said she, caressingly, 'I will come directly and set the fire alight.'

In a very few minutes she had slipped out of her rustling array, and come down in her cool blue gown, her high-heeled shoes tapping merrily down the bare wooden stairs.

Molly's alarms about her father were always ready to wake up again since that long bout of low fever and ague, that had made an old man of Reginald in only a few weeks. She recognised all the symptoms nearly as quickly as the doctor.

Very soon she had settled him snugly in the arm-chair, with the window shut, and the screen pulled between him and the door, a bright little fire-light dancing up and down the dusky room, and the *tisane* simmering comfortably in a small copper saucepan, that was Molly's particular possession among the domestic goods.

A faint cloud of anxiety had gathered on the young face, a cloud that deepened when she had prepared the coffee and the omelette with her own pretty hands, and Reginald could not touch any of it.

'I have no appetite,' he murmured. And after that Molly did not seem to have much either.

She came and sat down on a stool at his feet, got hold of his hand and fondled it, looking up wistfully at him, but without saying a word.

It was Reginald who talked this evening.

'I do not feel well,' said he, gazing at her with a sort of pathetic helplessness, as though she could save him from it. 'An old man like me doesn't get through such an attack the second time; may be you'll be left to yourself in a little while, my poor Molly.'

Molly rested her young soft cheek against his wrinkled hand with a little dissentient sound.

'I can't tell," Reginald pursued, somewhat querulously, 'whether your young gallant will come back or no. If he lags too long, child, turn your thoughts to some one better.'

Molly dissented again. Above and beyond the old man's injunctions she heard another—'Don't give over looking for me.'

'There'll be never a one better to my mind, papa,' she said steadily.

'You've seen not over much of men,' Reginald answered, unheeding her. 'A lone maid pushing her way in the world is a sorry thing. Don't waste the best part of your life waiting for this Miles. Take a husband, Molly, if you don't keep your father much longer.'

But Molly gave no word of acquiescing.

'You'll be better, papa,' she said, 'when you have had a night's rest.'

But as the summer evening wore on Reginald showed no sign of getting better, but, on the contrary, seemed to grow worse. He began to shiver with a sudden convulsive tremor that came and went as he cowered over the fire with chattering teeth, or sat, dull and dejected, his head leaning on his hand. They spoke very little. Those warnings of his against her lover were among the last reasonable words Molly heard from her father's lips.

Presently she persuaded him to come to bed, led him tenderly, clinging to her arm, up the little, steep, narrow stairs, tried to insist on sitting with him through the first part of the night; but this he resisted strenuously. So when she and Jeanne had mixed a hot posset for him, the girl could do no more but arrange his pillows with the quiet care of one who is prepared for a long continuance of such like ministrations; and kissing lovingly the hot uneasy brow, leave him with a hope of finding him 'better in the morning.'

She knew quite well that would not be. And when in the morning she crept back to his room she was a little frightened, but not very much surprised, to see his wide, wandering looks, that comprehended nothing in the room, and to hear him call her 'Rosalie,' saying that 'indeed she must come with him to the levée this time, or else they would fall into greater disfavour than ever at Court. But no,—poor

Rosalie! when *could* she come? She was always in mourning for one of her babies.'

So he rambled on, with a half smile on his pale lips, taking no heed when Molly went out quickly to bid Jeanne 'run fast—fast for the doctor,' nor when she came back and stood waiting in a dull despair of anxiety by his side.

The whole day was passed in this incoherent speech and intermittent paroxysms of shivering; that day and others following it, all so alike that Molly almost lost count of the time. The old man lay and suffered with feeble body and wandering soul; the women watched and waited on him; the doctor came in the morning and looked in again at night; and out-of-doors the birds sang and the roses blossomed, the winds played softly in and out the murmuring trees, and the summer ran along like the beginning of a fairy story.

It was one afternoon, when Reginald had been ill two or three days, that Molly was sitting in the hush and dimness of the sick room, whilst below in the kitchen Jeanne stood over the fire and made *bouillon*.

The old man was dozing quietly, waking up now and again for a minute to murmur something of 'Rosalie' and 'the children.'

Molly had some sewing in her hand but it had dropped into her lap. The stillness of the room seemed to rest her young tired mind. She leant back in her low chair and looked out dreamily into the golden afternoon. Bees were hovering about among the flowers in the border; butterflies skimmed up and down over the lavender; the pigeons cooed gently on the gables overhead; a blue-bottle came in at the window with a rush and a buzz, with a rush and a buzz darted round the room, and out again in the same fashion.

After that the quiet seemed even more entire than before. For a little while the girl almost forgot her present care in that slow breathing from the bed, dreaming of another uncertainty with a vague and a great longing.

There was yet a day or two to pass before it would be a week that Miles had been gone. But to Molly it seemed already years ago since she had parted from him, so long a time of missing and expecting seemed already to be between them.

If he were here——!

She began to ponder yet once again how soon he might be back. The tall virgin-lilies were in full blossom when he went away. According to Molly's reckoning, which was governed more by wishes than reason, he would be here perhaps before they began to fade—certainly by the time the strawberries were getting ripe, and that to Molly seemed an immense while of waiting. It is always difficult to wait quietly in this indefinite way, when there is no fixed era to look on towards as the ending of the watch. To Molly it was specially hard, because all her happiness had come to her suddenly, in a rush, into the midst of her tranquil existence. A quick fortnight of rapidly-

increasing gladness, an evening and a morning of limitless delight, and then as unexpectedly and as overwhelming, an agony of farewells, a wrenching asunder, and a long blank, with no certain date at the end whereon to lay hold and anchor her expectation. Only to wait—wait.

The door opened softly. Jeanne stole in, glanced at Reginald's sleeping face, and beckoned to Molly. 'Monsieur Gérard was below, he desired to speak with mademoiselle.'

Molly looked up appealingly. Interviews with the landlord were always fraught with vexation of heart. But Jeanne nodded inexorably, and the girl rose up from her low seat and slipped away down stairs.

Monsieur Gérard was a moneyed man and a landed. He was landlord at the great Jacobite hostel of the place. His policy and his sympathy were strictly Jacobite, but unlike the most of his fellows, he had contrived to make his fortune notwithstanding. Many of the principal houses of the town were his property, and in small tenements and lodgings he drove a thriving trade.

He was a short, thick-set man, middle-aged, a little bald and prosy, absorbed in his own interests—a man to whom generosity and modesty were almost equally alien.

Molly acknowledged his elaborate bow by a slight, imperative inclination, as if giving him permission to address her. She did not sit down herself, nor invite him to do so, but stood facing him, with her hand on the back of a chair, her little figure very erect, the smallest possible quiver of disdain about her pretty mouth.

Monsieur Gérard, after the manner of his countrymen, entered upon a long preamble—how he was exceedingly sorry to intrude business upon her, with monsieur, her father, lying ill; but when suspicion was raised and an unpleasantness likely to follow, it was best to speak plainly and at once, and how he had already suffered in the eyes of his party by over-lenity in such matters.

Here, at a little impatient movement from Molly, he stopped in his long sentences and proceeded to the business in hand.

'I am always ready to sacrifice my interests for the sake of friends, as I have done for several years now in the case of Monsieur de Laval. You must be aware yourself that he occupies this house at an almost nominal rent.'

Molly flushed a little, but merely bent her head with a proud smile that was hardly assent.

'But when,' Monsieur Gérard proceeded, 'I hear of things that seem like disaffection to the cause, there is no longer any reason for me to extend my forbearance. I have it on good authority that the gentleman who called at your house two or three evenings ago is a Whig of very pronounced opinions. Indeed, in England he lives upon the estate confiscated from some of our own party, under attainder. His visit here was surprisingly brief. We have good reason, mademoiselle, to

think that he came merely to examine the aspect of affairs, and obtain information.'

'That he was a spy, you mean,' Molly interposed, in her young, clear voice, despising all insinuations.

'*Précisément*,' said Monsieur Gérard, drily. 'Of the other gentleman, who has been so frequent a visitor lately at your house, I know little beyond the facts that he is the intimate friend of this Monsieur Dayrell, that he was here under a feigned name' (Molly looked up), 'and that he also departed in a very precipitate way. I will only add, that with both these persons Monsieur de Laval appears to encourage an intimacy.'

A little wave of colour had gone over Molly's face as he spoke, and left her very pale again. Her hand, grasping the chair, trembled a little. But her voice was very clear and steady.

'You mean,' said she, ignoring all his allusions, 'that you no longer desire to have us for your tenants?'

Monsieur Gérard bowed. 'It is an ungracious commission, mademoiselle—but that is it.'

'*Bien*,' the girl returned, with another of those faint, haughty inclinations. 'There is then no more to be said.'

But Monsieur Gérard seemed annoyed at this curt termination. He had anticipated a good deal of remonstrance and exculpation, and had prepared a store of arguments wherewith to meet it. These he proceeded to unfold, though there was no particular reason for them now.

'I am not an arbitrary man,' said he, with a pompous wave of the hand. 'Monsieur de Laval must know that I have put up with many inconveniences for his satisfaction. As I hinted before, in spite of increased expenditure, he has the house now at the same rent as when he first came, twenty years ago. I am accustomed to receive such payments in advance, but in his case I have often waited till some time *after* they were due. And I have made no expostulation, although monsieur your father has done little towards the repairs inside, which is the part of the tenant, you understand. I have often been surprised that monsieur should have so little connection with the affairs of our party. But,' Monsieur Gérard shrugged his shoulders with a magnanimous smile, 'I would never have taken note of that, if there had not come to light such marked signs of disaffection to our interests.'

Molly could hardly keep the tremor of anger out of her voice. All the blood of the Rohans and the de Lavals seemed to come beating up round her young proud heart.

'It is fortunate,' she observed, coldly, 'that you have found so good a reason for getting rid of us.'

'You have then, mademoiselle, no objections to make,—no *explication?*' Monsieur Gérard inquired, with something of patronage.

'There is no *explication* needed,' Molly returned, quietly. 'We receive our friends at our will, not at the selection of Monsieur Gérard.'

Monsieur Gérard shrugged his shoulders again. '*Allez*,' said he, a little insolently. 'When you call such persons "friends," have I not reason, mademoiselle, for my protest?'

'*Monsieur dit?*' said Molly, with charming inattention.

It is always difficult to repeat an impertinence when called upon. The little man reddened, stammered, and finally repeated, confusedly, that he 'was sorry to come on so unpleasant an errand while Monsieur de Laval was ill.'

'That being the case,' Molly answered, with dignity, 'the discourtesy is equal, whether addressed to my father or myself.'

There was a minute's silence. Monsieur Gérard was getting ready to unwind another argument.

'This is an *affaire finie?*' Molly said.

'If you please, mademoiselle.'

And with that the girl let her hand drop from the chair in front of her, and made a little movement that seemed to bring the interview to a close.

Monsieur Gérard felt he was not to be allowed further oration. He prepared to go, with an intuitive perception that he had made the smaller figure of the two in their colloquy. He was annoyed. The little *hauteur*, the tacit assumption of superiority could not have come more commandingly from a duchess in point lace and diamonds, than from this young girlish creature, in her blue linen gown.

'I have the honour to wish you good morning,' said he, stiffly.

Molly responded only by a slight bend of the head, and suffered him to depart.

But it was one thing to preserve a proud stillness while Monsieur Gérard was watching, and another to deliberate by oneself on what he had announced.

Molly stood where he had left her till the garden-gate clicked, and he went out. Then she turned and fled up stairs, cast herself down beside her little white bed, and fell to weeping.

It was all very well to be proud; but where were they to go? The girl knew how poor they were, and getting poorer every year. It was true they paid small rent for the house; where were they to find another at the same rate? And 'papa'—it would kill him to break up their little establishment, where Rosalie had died and Rosemary grown up. It would break his heart to know the reason Monsieur Gérard had given.

Perhaps she had managed badly; perhaps she should have explained and refuted, and come to terms. She was too proud—too sensitive of reproach.

So Jeanne found her by and by in abundance of tears. '*Sapristi!*

but there were other houses in the town,' said Jeanne. 'They had not to turn out to-morrow. There was plenty of time to look about. *Qui sait?* Your monsieur may come and carry you off to England before then,' exclaimed Jeanne, emphatically.

The girl got upon her feet again at that, and gave over grieving. She had half-forgotten that possible ending to all her sorrows. She took heart and faced her fears, threw away her doubts about having done ill, and went on with that hope in her mind.

But those were sad days for Molly. She came very near being broken-hearted. Her troubles had fallen so thick one after the other: Miles's departure, her father's illness, Monsieur Gérard's notice to quit! Before she had begun considering how to bear the one, the second and the third were upon her.

Reginald was out of danger now; but it would be days before there was any material change in his case. Molly was very weary. When he did get well, what was to be the next move? She knew not how to set about it.

But when Miles came—! The days and the nights ran on into weeks. Was it not time yet? How long it seemed! Molly used to cry more now than she had cried perhaps in her whole life before; for until now she had been happy enough in her simple manner.

She was sick at heart—beginning to grow faint with consternation at her own disappointment. Why, he would come. 'Twas but to wait a little longer.

Ah me! how she waited, how she longed, how she prayed for it! Sitting in the quiet sick-room, gazing out upon the river; walking slowly between the lavender for 'a breath of air,' at Jeanne's insistance, to the cooing of the pigeons and the scent of the roses; lying wide awake in the balmy summer nights, with the moon staring in through the open window, and the shadows of the vine-leaves making a black pattern on the opposite wall, and the pillow wetted with her tears; it was all the same—waiting, waiting, till she was wearied out with it.

(*To be continued.*)

KÖRNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY LIFE OF THEODOR KÖRNER.

FOUR happy years had passed since Christian and Maria Körner were married, when their happiness was increased by the birth of a little girl, who was named Emma; two years later, on September 23rd, 1791, a little son was added to the family, and was christened Karl Theodor.

The childhood of this brother and sister was a very happy time; the

parents took care that their children should not suffer either from carelessness or excess of strictness, such as had sometimes cast shadows on their own early days; and the fullest confidence existed between themselves and their children.

Theodor was a delicate child, and it was thought better for him not to commence study until his health was established, he therefore spent as much time as was possible in out-door exercise. A large public garden lay near his father's house, where he used to play with other little boys of his own age, and all the summer months were spent regularly at Loschewitz, in the vineyard cottage, which was enlarged as the requirements of the family increased. Here Theodor and Emma passed many golden days. Children always enjoy a river, and with beautiful hills crowned with rich wood, whose lower slopes were covered with vineyards, they could not have had a more delightful playground.

As the boy outgrew his delicacy of health, he made good progress with his studies. He soon learned to enjoy history, and natural philosophy, and mathematics; but he had less pleasure in languages, and felt a rooted repugnance to the French tongue, which he never quite overcame. He was very fond of music, and while he was quite a boy composed several small pieces for the guitar. Poetry was always a great delight to him; Schiller and Goethe were naturally the favourite poets in his father's house, and Schiller's ballads had a special charm for him from early childhood. No doubt he could remember hearing some of them from Schiller's own lips, and had sat on the poet's knee, and looked up into his expressive face as he recited the 'Fight with the Dragon,' or some other stirring or romantic strain.

He soon began to attempt writing verses himself, chiefly upon subjects of passing interest—events of the day which attracted his attention; one or two of these early attempts have been preserved.

But while intensely fond of music and poetry, he was a thorough boy, and delighted in boyish sports; he learned to swim, and to ride, and to fence, and was foremost among his companions in all athletic exercises.

There was no necessity for him to leave home in order to obtain a good education, for there were excellent schools and masters in Dresden, so he remained at home until he was seventeen years of age. This was in many ways a great advantage to him; his father and mother had made many friends among intellectual people, and it was good for him to meet the society which assembled at their house.

The Körners were a family which naturally attracted all that was good and noble in their surroundings. Christian Körner, with his calm, clear judgment, and wide range of thought, and his strict integrity and purity of character, was beloved and trusted as a friend and adviser, increasing year by year in the esteem of his fellow-citizens. Maria has been described by one who knew her well, as a lovely picture of a true and faithful wife, entering into her husband's intellectual pleasures and as

'waltende Hausfrau,' extending a loving gentle rule over her household; and Dorothea Stock, with her keen sparkling wit and artistic temperament, sometimes a little petulant and provoking, but endeared to all her friends by the warmth of affection which underlay all her eccentricities, making her always ready to sacrifice herself for others. Then as the children grew up were added the quiet influence of Emma, thoughtful and earnest beyond her years, and endowed with gifts in music and painting of no common order; and the cheerful presence of a young girl, the daughter of an old friend of Christian Körner's, who was entrusted to his guardianship, and brought up like one of his children; lastly, Theodor himself, full of life and vivacity, not too shy to take part in the conversation of his elders, but happily preserved by his natural modesty from the forwardness which often makes a precocious boy or girl so unpleasing.

At the age of seventeen it was necessary that he should be educated for some profession, and this was a difficult matter to decide; his parents had marked the growth of his poetic inclinations, but they were anxious that inclination should not be mistaken for talent, and they wished him to have such a training as would develop and strengthen all the powers of his mind; it was also necessary that he should acquire the means of making an honourable and independent livelihood.

At length it was decided that he should learn mining. The profession had many charms for an adventurous boy, and the scientific studies connected with it—chemistry and geology—attracted him, while his father considered that they would have a bracing effect on his mind. In the summer of 1808 he went to Freiberg, and entered the great School of Mines, the most celebrated in Europe, where geological students assembled from all parts to complete their education. He threw himself with characteristic ardour into his practical duties: the students went through a regular course of work in the mines, as an engineer goes through the boiler-yard and the fitting-shop; Theodor heartily enjoyed it, and celebrated the pleasures of a Bergmann's life with its legendary associations with gnomes and goblins, in several poems written at this time. These rich mines belonged to the Crown of Saxony, and the miners were enrolled in a sort of military corps which was paraded two or three times a year, when they would march, shouldering their instruments, attended by bands and colours. The King of Saxony himself, when he visited the mines, wore the leathern apron, and was addressed by the title of 'Chief Miner.'

As the novelty of the life wore off, Theodor devoted more of his time to scientific study, and the Professors were well pleased with his progress. There were many clever and interesting young men in the Bergacádemie, among whom he found congenial acquaintances. His dearest friend was a young man named Schneider, a year or two older than himself, who had known much sorrow in early life, and in consequence was grave and melancholy. Theodor's bright spirit was singularly attracted by him, and they lived in close intimacy, until one day, when Schneider who was

a daring skater, was enjoying his favourite sport, the ice broke, and he and a companion were engulfed in the black waters, and perished in spite of every effort made to rescue them. This sorrowful accident made a deep impression upon Theodor's mind.

Freiberg was sufficiently near Dresden to allow of his frequently visiting home, and partaking in those domestic festivals which the Germans love so dearly; he was also a welcome guest among many families in the neighbourhood.

In the summer of 1809 he enjoyed a walking tour through Upper Lausatia among the Silesian mountains; he had introductions to some old friends of his father's who welcomed him heartily, and put him in the way to obtain information on subjects connected with his profession; and he was introduced to Count Stolberg, and other men of thought and experience. The wild grandeur of the mountain scenery filled him with delight, and he always looked back upon this journey as one of the happiest times of his life; he has left a record of his enjoyment in the poems called *Recollections of Silesia.*

From this period more depth and earnestness were perceptible in his poetical efforts, and his father rejoiced to mark the growth of a patriotic spirit.

He remained two years at Freiberg, where his lovable disposition made him a general favourite; the keen interest with which he entered into all the enjoyments of his life might lead those who only knew him slightly to think that he lived only for the present; but to those who saw below the surface, the growing earnestness of his character was apparent. A reverence for all that was sacred had grown up with him from childhood; as his father expresses it, 'He had not known religion as a gloomy task-mistress, but as a cheering and elevating friend,' and it was his happy lot to 'learn to love God without knowing that he was learning it.' It was at this period that he was occupied with the design to bring out a *Christian Annual*, which was to consist of essays and poems on Scriptural subjects, with illustrations. His *Spiritual Sonnets*, which are extremely pretty, were intended to form part of this work. His father warmly encouraged the plan, and arranged with Goeschen, the first bookseller of Leipsig, to undertake the work; but various hindrances prevented its completion.

He left Freiberg on the spring of 1810. The session had closed too late for him to enter on the summer course at Leipsig, where he was to study for six months before proceeding to the new University of Berlin; he therefore had a long holiday, part of which was spent in travelling. During this period his first poems appeared in print—a little volume entitled, *Knospen* (flower-buds). The work of so young an author was of course open to much criticism; but criticism did not discourage him; it stimulated him to fresh efforts.

In the autumn of 1810 he went to Leipsig, and entered upon that strange free student life which German writers have often described, with

its enthusiasms, its poetry, its friendships, and its follies, as one of the most joyous periods of youth. A German student at that time enjoyed in some respects more liberty than a collegian of Oxford or Cambridge. He did not reside in the academical buildings, and it depended even more upon himself whether he made a profitable use of his time. He had his rights and his traditions, and belonged as it were to a separate race. There was a court of justice expressly for the students, which dealt not only with all breaches of discipline, but with more serious offences. On the other hand, the universities being more directly under the control of the State, political regulations were imposed and punishments inflicted such as are unknown to an English student.

Theodor Körner had formed exalted expectations of his student life, and on his arrival he devoted himself eagerly to the pursuit of knowledge; at the same time he freely enjoyed the social recreations of his companions. It was here that he first met Friedrich Förster, his firm friend, and afterwards companion in arms. Dr. Förster has given the following description of Theodor's personal characteristics at this time :—

'Theodor was tall and straight, and carried himself erect; there was something enterprising about his bearing, without a touch of arrogance or pride; he was full of life and passion, and the energy of his character was accompanied by great personal strength and dexterity. In the ball-room he was the most graceful dancer, in the fencing-school the most dexterous swordsman, on the ice the most skilful skater, in the water a strong and persevering swimmer, and on horseback a daring though not a school-taught, rider. His countenance was very expressive, showing every emotion of the soul; a high thoughtful forehead shaded by flowing dark hair, a well-formed mouth and nose, and blue eyes, so soft and gentle in expression, that even when the brows were knit in anger you looked for a speedy return of gentler feelings. His voice was very harmonious, and its compass was so great that in singing he could take either the tenor or the bass. His cheerfulness and good humour never forsook him; indeed he seemed lifted above the troubles of life on the wings of poetry.'

In the intervals of study Körner found ample opportunity for the exercise of his poetical talents. He was an active member of an intellectual club, called the Makaria, and he established a poetical society. In all the universities there were numerous 'social unions' among the students, and Körner doubtless belonged to one, but in the scanty record of his university life we hear nothing of it. The Burschenschaft was at that time becoming a powerful influence among the students. The object of that comprehensive union being to unite the youth of all the various German states into one great body, whose members, like King Arthur's knights, should 'scorn delights and live laborious days,' and were bound to cultivate their powers of body and mind to the utmost, in order that they might be ready to do good service to the common Fatherland, when opportunity should arise. Many of Theodor's friends

were members of the Burschenschaft, and he must have sympathised with its object, which then was good and noble, but we do not know whether he joined it.

Unfortunately his career at Leipsig came to an end in an unsatisfactory manner, and this needs a word of explanation. At the time of his entrance there were two antagonistic parties in the university. There were certain young men of aristocratic birth, who considered that their nobility exempted them from the duty of common courtesy to their fellow-students. Now in the universities, where young men were gathered from all parts of the country and from all ranks in life for the pursuit of knowledge, there was a strong sense of the equality which knowledge bestows—that a student had no other claim to distinction than his merits as a student, as their old proverb declared,

'In the school 'tis as in heaven—
All are equal, all are even.'

When therefore one party assumed superiority on the ground of birth, and refused to give satisfaction, while they maintained the right to give offence, their arrogance was considered intolerable. Duelling was a constant practice in those days. Although forbidden by the authorities, it was still the recognised method of settling the disputes which were constantly arising between members of the various unions. Each student was bound in honour to maintain the dignity of his '*Verbindung*' against all others; and if one member was insulted his brothers were expected to make common cause with him. Quarrels thus frequently arose where there was really no ill-feeling. One rash youth would call another a 'dumme Junge,' and an encounter with swords would be the result. They wore a peculiar dress for the occasion, with a good deal of whalebone and padding, which protected the body to a considerable extent, and the regulations as to the use of weapons diminished the danger of these encounters, which were often mere trials of skill; but sometimes terrible results ensued.

The folly of the system is too clear to need any words to point it out; nevertheless, as such was the established custom, the conduct of the nobles in refusing either to fight or to apologise, became a decided grievance.

Theodor, whose enthusiastic spirit made him an ardent partisan, espoused the anti-noble cause with fervour. War was declared between the two parties, and excitement ran high, and Theodor made one of a party of hot-headed youths who attacked the nobles' faction, and routed them in a free fight with sticks and cudgels. After this the more sensible among them thought it better to accept combat upon the ordinary terms.

Theodor had hitherto kept clear of duelling, but, now carried away by party feeling, he was the first to appear on the field of contest. The struggle, says Förster, displayed all the bitterness of the Montagues and Capulets of Leipsig. So eager were they for the fray, that they neglected

the usual precautions—the secret place secure from observation, and the scouts posted here and there, to give warning if the beadle or any of the authorities should approach. The rash youths first attacked each other with pistols, but both being very unskilful with these weapons, they relinquished them for their ordinary swords. Theodor defeated one opponent, and engaged with a second, when he received so severe a wound over the right eye, that he fell senseless to the ground, and his friends carried him away.

The particulars of the encounter were soon spread, and when Theodor recovered consciousness, he became aware that he had rendered himself liable to confinement for six months in the university prison. At the very time of the duel he had been under an eight days' town arrest, for some infringement of the regulations; his offence therefore was not likely to be lightly passed over, and to escape its consequences, which would have been so injurious to his prospects, there was no resource but flight. He made a secret departure from Leipsig and went to Berlin, from whence he wrote to his father, relating the circumstances fully.

A conclusion to his son's college term, so different from what he had a right to expect, grieved and disappointed Christian Körner; he wrote to Theodor reminding him how he had urged him to exercise prudence and self-control, especially as his time at Leipsig was so short. In conclusion, he says, 'You cannot reproach me with wishing to make you a pedant or a "Philister," but from a young man of twenty, who is not wanting in understanding, we may expect some forethought; we may expect that he will not be led away by every sally of passion. You know that the happiness of my life depends on my belief in your personal worth and in your love to us; this belief I have not now lost. I know that it pains you to occasion me sorrow, that it is your constant wish to give me satisfaction. This you can easily do in the new period of your life which you commence at Berlin, and of all that is past, no word shall ever be mentioned between us again.'

Theodor received his father's affectionate rebuke in the spirit in which it was given. 'And this,' says Christian Körner, 'was the only time when his conduct caused me uneasiness.' He applied himself with renewed diligence to his studies. Before long, however, a serious illness obliged him to lay them aside. He spent some weeks with his family at Carlsbad, to recruit his strength, and when fully recovered he did not return to Berlin. His own wish was to go to Heidelberg, but his parents disapproved of the wild spirit which prevailed among the students, and feared lest the gifts with which they knew their son to be endowed should in any way be marred by youthful extravagances.

After much consideration, it was decided that he should give up university life, and spend the next year or two in private study. For this purpose he was to go to Vienna, a place which offered the highest advantages for mental cultivation, and where his parents had many friends, who could introduce him into refined and elevating society.

The plan, though unusual, certainly succeeded, for a year later Theodor wrote, 'How differently this year finds me from the last; then I was weak and ill, and a wild, rude Bursch, delighting in the shallow society of students; now I am strong, fresh and happy, and I trust somewhat improved by time and intercourse with mankind.'

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTS FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

III.—THE TONGUE (*first part*).

'DEATH and life are in the power of the tongue, and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof.' . . . .

The warning rings out across the centuries of idle talk, detraction, evil-speaking, that have intervened since it was 'written for our learning;' and has a special significance in the days when rumour can travel across kingdoms in but an hour's time, and report be flashed from continent to continent by wires that constitute a literal telephone to reverberate each heedless 'whisper.' Oh, when, oh, *when!* will professing Christians estimate, at its truly important value, the pregnant significance thereof? *When* shall we learn to believe, that, on the one hand, 'the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity;' while, on the other, 'with the mouth confession is made to salvation?' And when learn to watch over (as if truly desirous to control) that 'which no *man* can tame' (because 'it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison'), but which the Incarnate Word has Himself expressly promised to guide and inspire?* Upon no subject has Solomon supplied us with fuller, completer, advice than this; and yet there is perhaps scarcely one of his counsels more frequently disregarded.

In the first place he says not a little about checking our inclination to talk much, and sedulously guarding even necessary conversation as with a bridle.

'He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth his lips shall have destruction.'

'The heart of the righteous studieth to answer; but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things.'

'Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.'

'A man shall be satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth, ... with the increase of his lips shall he be satisfied.'

'The wicked is snared by the transgression of his lips.'

* 'I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist.'—S. Luke xxi. 15. Compare with it S. Luke xii. 11, 12, and S. Matt. x. 19, 20, and S. Mark xiii. 11; also Jeremiah i. 6—9; Isaiah vi. 5—7; and Exodus iv. 10—12.

'In the mouth of the foolish is a rod of pride.'

'God overthroweth the words of the transgressor.'

The last four of these verses point distinctly to the inference that God recompenses our motives by the direct results of our words; the statement about 'the fruit of the lips' being repeated no less than four times in similar terms.* Elsewhere, again, we are told that 'The preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, are from the Lord:' teaching us that there is such a possibility as governing, in His Strength Who made it, that 'unruly member.' It was His express promise to Moses and Jeremiah, as we have already noticed, to be 'with their mouth' and teach them what to say; a promise renewed by our Lord to His disciples. He told them how the special office of the Divine Spirit of Truth should be thus to guide them in word as well as act; and His promise was visibly fulfilled when the Fiery Tongues descended upon them at the Pentecostal outpouring, the emblem of their wonderful power henceforth to speak 'the words of life' to people of every language under heaven. Long before, those 'cleansing fires' of the Holy Ghost had been typified by the 'live-coal' laid upon the lips of the Prophet Isaiah; now all had come to pass, and even the tongue of every baptised Christian was to be 'holiness to the Lord.' But is the power of speech so employed throughout Christendom? That is a question for each individual conscience to press upon its own self-examining thoughts; and it will not be answered satisfactorily, unless there be a real 'keeping' of the mouth with patient, heedful care.

The Germans have an admirable proverb—

'Sprechen ist silbern,
Schweigen ist golden.' †

And the very pith and core of Solomon's advice on this subject is to the same effect.

'In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise.'

'He that hath knowledge spareth his words.'

'He that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.'

These truly *golden* precepts might, we think, with advantage be impressed upon the minds of every young person at the outset of life. '*Silence is a great power!*' was once said to ourselves by a wise and experienced friend, and the axiom made a lasting and most useful impression. It is indeed a '*power*' in so many ways—a check on temper, a guard against untruthfulness, impurity, and malice, and the greatest of all restraints on 'being angry without a cause.' For it is indisputable that anger controlled and kept back from hot, fierce expression in the first moment of rage, becomes easier of subjugation than if

* Proverbs xii. 14; xiii. 2; xviii. 20 and 21.

† 'Speech is silver, but silence is golden.

it had been allowed unbridled vent, and permitted to gather intensity from expression. This is doubtless the reason why our Lord associates together the sin of anger and the use of unchristian terms of reproach (S. Matthew v. 21–22); and S. James joins the 'slow to speak, slow to wrath' which we quoted in a former chapter. Nor must we forget that S. James makes this duty of strictly guarding the tongue his test of the very existence of religion: 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue . . . . that man's religion is vain.'

But Solomon lays down specific prohibitions against certain kinds of words; foremost among them being of course every class of untrue ones.

'The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment.'

'Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord.'

'Deceive not with thy lips.'

'An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour.'

'He that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet.'

'As the madman that casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, "Am I not in sport?"'

'A flattering mouth worketh ruin.'

'A false witness will utter lies.'

'A man that beareth false witness against his neighbour is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow.'

In some of these verses all the different forms of inaccuracy in making statements about our fellow-men, which are so common, are condemned and classed with 'false witness.' In others, the habit of what are called '*polite white lies*'—a kind of falsehood terribly common among even the professedly religious—are attacked. All those flattering speeches administered to gratify our neighbour's vanity and conceal our own extremely scanty share of good-breeding, or hospitality, or generous pleasure in another's welfare, are by Solomon bluntly called 'hypocrisies,' as they deserve to be. When shall we realise what Carlyle has fitly termed the 'eternal bankruptcy' of these paltry shams, and that falsehood is literally '*current*' 'but for a moment,' while truth alone shall 'prevail' and last for ever? Who is deceived by these pretences of society? Why can't we learn to be truly courteous, instead of hypocritically polite, in matters small and large? One of our choice writers has said—'Charity and prudence are not parasitical plants which require poles of falsehood to climb up upon. It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the great trials of a man, that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness truth. . . . . It will be the business of a just and refined nature to be sincere and considerate at the same time. *This will be better done by enlarging our sympathy so that more things and people are pleasant to us, than by increasing the civil and conven-*

tional part of our nature, so that we are able to do more seeming with greater skill and endurance.' *

And it is so; we allow ourselves in falsehood, and actually stoop to the uttering of 'small lies,' (IF there be such? Solomon does not seem to recognise them!) rather than compel our churlish hearts to *feel* kindly towards an interrupting visitor, magnanimously to a triumphant opponent, or liberally towards some claim which compels us to sacrifice personal convenience to the comfort or welfare of another. Who was it that, with every knock at his study door (or such like hindrance to his important work) used to remind himself that it, also, was God's Voice, demanding his patient and willing attention? Would it not be a great help towards courteous sincerity thus to meet all the petty distractions and tediums of everyday life? 'It is my Father's call to help or cheer another of His great Family.' The difficulty of being agreeable and yet truthful would to a great extent vanish, if we thus began at the right end, and trained our hearts instead of only our manners. And, oh! how much more easily would children learn thus to be 'nicely behaved in company,' as the phrase goes; for children are as a rule warm-hearted, but careless of appearances; they would infinitely sooner control themselves from the higher motive of a real charity (that 'seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, doth not behave herself unseemly') than for the irksome and often incomprehensible dicta of mere 'propriety.'

SHORT PAPERS ON THE LAW OF ENGLAND.

No. I.

ONE of the fundamental maxims of English jurisprudence is, that 'ignorance of the law is no excuse,' or, as it stands in Latin, *ignorantia legis non excusat*, that is to say, that ignorance of the law is never admitted as a plea in defence of a wrong-doer, for every one is supposed to know the law. At first sight this might seem a somewhat hard saying, since no one yet has ever mastered thoroughly English law in all its branches, while by far the majority of English men and women have the very barest acquaintance with its rudiments; and yet, if the reader will consider a moment, he will at once see that if ignorance of the law were once admitted as a valid excuse, it would be impossible either to redress wrongs or punish crimes, unless it could be proved that the offender had full knowledge that what he had done was forbidden, and to attempt to prove such knowledge on his part would in many, I might say most, cases, be well nigh a hopeless task. Wisely then does the law proclaim that ignorance cannot be pleaded as a shield for offences against its authority, and that every man

* 'Friends in Council,' Essay on Truth. We have italicised the closing sentence because of its exceeding and useful *suggestiveness* in this question of social truth.

shall be deemed to have full knowledge of his country's code; for no mere human system of government can enter thoroughly into the motives that sway humanity, or make full allowance for the possible circumstances and temptations of offenders against its rules.

The maxim quoted above, however, seems perhaps more severe in our own country than in others where it is also received, for no existing system of jurisprudence is more complicated than the English law, founded as it was originally on the feudal customs of our ancestors, and supplemented by the decisions of judges during eight centuries, and the statutes of successive Parliaments.

All law is founded on the conscience of mankind, not, be it observed on the consciences of individuals, but on the general feeling of the community, and hence its provisions must be at best general, and bear hardly, at times, on particular cases. Not even the noble system of Equity, introduced into our legal code by the piety and wisdom of the mediæval Church, and afterwards administered by the Court of Chancery, can be said to be perfect in its working, though of all human codes it comes perhaps nearest to the golden rule on which it was ostensibly founded, viz., 'that men should do unto others as they would have others do unto them;' while the harder and narrower system administered by the ordinary tribunals, and known in distinction from equity, as law, too often deals bitter injustice to those whom it was designed to protect; for the more consolidated and crystallised any human system of government becomes, the more likely is it to leave many wrongs without remedy, while if on the other hand it aims at redressing all evils, its decisions and rules are apt to become uncertain and even contradictory, since new forms of crime and fraud are ever starting up, and have to be dealt with as new and unprecedented cases.

I hope my readers will have sufficient patience to wade through these preliminary remarks, for it is only right that they should know somewhat of the hardships which beset our law-makers, and not expect the code under which they live to be perfect and infallible; but remember that unswerving justice cannot be always expected from laws framed by fallible men to meet the needs of a daily-increasing population, and an ever-advancing state of society.

I have been emboldened to write these few papers on the laws of England, from a feeling that in these days more knowledge of this important subject of which they treat is becoming an imperative necessity to the mass of the laity, and especially perhaps to English women, who are too often left, through no fault of their own, in situations of the greatest difficulty; situations for which the law makes no allowance. These papers therefore must be considered to be written mainly for the use of the lady readers of the *Monthly Packet*, but I shall be only too glad if they prove to be of use to others.

We hear much in the present day of the higher education of women, we even see them too often forsaking their natural duties for vocations

in which their success is doubtful, if not impossible, owing, so some tell us, to defects in their previous training, but more probably, I believe, to their positive want of natural power to grapple with such pursuits; yet with all this talk about higher education, how often do we find the wives and daughters of professional and business men utterly ignorant of the A B C of ordinary business details. This prevailing ignorance on the part of ladies, I can assure my readers, is one of the greatest difficulties solicitors have to cope with: when called suddenly to arrange and wind up the affairs of deceased clients they find themselves unable to extract the slightest information from their nearest and dearest relatives, obliged to work almost entirely in the dark, and liable to make mistakes more or less important at every step, however cautiously they may proceed.

No one can feel more acutely than the family solicitor the gravity of the situation when a client, engaged either in an active profession or in commercial pursuits, dies suddenly, leaving perhaps a young widow or an only daughter totally ignorant of, and incapable of grappling with, the difficulties of her situation. The clergyman may give spiritual comfort in the first days of mourning, and the medical attendant show both kindness and sympathy to the bereaved one; but when the first shock of the loss has passed away, and the mourner has to face her position and liabilities, then the solicitor's task begins, and, believe me, it is no easy one. He finds her probably ignorant of the merest details of her husband's or father's affairs, often not aware even of the extent or source of his income, unable to say if he has made a will or not, unaware of the amount of his debts; and the difficulties of the situation too often only increase with time. An infinity of trouble and vexation, and no little expense would be spared were ladies better acquainted with the rudiments of law and general business, and the design I have in this and the subsequent papers, is to give my lady readers some insight into such matters so that they may not, if left suddenly in such a situation as I have above depicted, feel utterly lost and helpless.

Let us imagine now the case of a lady left suddenly the widow (a too frequent case) of a gentleman engaged in busines, who, perhaps, beyond giving her an allowance for housekeeping expenses, has left her in total ignorance of his income and liabilities, she naturally, as soon as she is able to attend to business, sends for her late husband's solicitor to advise her what course to pursue, and he, most probably knowing little more of her husband's affairs than she does, depends on her for information as to how to proceed. He remembers probably that the deceased made a will, and asks where it is—she does not know. Has she got it. She does not know where it can be. The solicitor suggests that it may possibly be with the bankers of the deceased, and asks what are their names—the widow is uncertain. Has she the banker's book? She is not sure—oh, yes, she has a book in a leather covering bearing her husband's name. Is it a banker's

book? Certainly it is. The solicitor considers; certainly Mr. —— made a will, but it may be at his house of business or at his bankers. He will inquire; but, meanwhile, does she know anything of his affairs? She believes he was very well off; she always had money for the asking, and the house and servants are expensive in their way —she should suppose her husband was well to do. The solicitor looks doubtful. Does she know how her husband's income was derived—was it derived from his earnings, or had he money invested? Ah, she does not know. Well, had he insured his life? Yes, she thinks so. Well then, in what office? She does not know, but he had said often that his life was insured. Had he invested any money? Invested! yes. Had be bought any railway stock? Stock! what is that? Well, shares? She thinks he had. Had she looked through his papers? Certainly, and burnt a great many. Had she found any certificates of stock? Certificates of stock! what are they? Certificates of stock, papers stating that he held railway stock or money in the funds. What is a certificate of stock like, is it anything like a five pound note? No, not exactly; but it is a paper, signed by the secretary of a company, stating that Mr. —— was the holder of a certain amount of stock representing a sum of money. Ah! she is not sure, she thinks she has seen such a paper; she hopes she has not burnt it; will Mr. —— (the solicitor) look through her husband's papers himself; she is so ignorant of business, and scarcely able yet to go into matters, &c., &c.

This perhaps is somewhat an exaggerated case, but similar ones are not uncommon, and the reader will easily see that the solicitor's task in such a case is no light one. While desirous to do his best, he feels that he is working in the dark, and scarcely able to give his unfortunate client the full benefit of his advice. Interviews are multiplied, for he is sent for on every possible occasion; needless letters are written, and expense mounts up considerably. Perhaps after taking every ordinary step, he finds liabilities which cannot be guarded against, suddenly brought to light, and in the end, if he avoids a chancery suit, his legitimate bill is of no mean dimensions; and great expense is incurred which a little insight into business, or (to be strictly fair) a little more confidence on the part of the husband might have rendered unnecessary.

There can be no reason why young ladies in these days should not have some acquaintance with the elements of law and ordinary business, and hence I propose to do my best, through the columns of the *Monthly Packet*, to give them some idea of these important matters. The first essay is purely, as will be seen, preliminary; but I hope in the three subsequent papers to treat of the following subjects:—'The general state of the law at present, and the duties of those who administer it;' 'the law relating to marriage settlements;' and 'the law of wills and intestacies;' and also (a most important subject I regret to say) 'the law relating to lunatics.'

I cannot hope or pretend to treat these important subjects

exhaustively. I can only trust to give my readers some insight into them that they may feel somewhat at ease when left in situations of unexpected difficulty, and (while remembering that the law has no mercy on ignorance, or even on a little knowledge, for *ignorantia legis non excusat*, and the services of a solicitor can never be dispensed with safely) they may yet not be quite overcome; but may be able to feel that, though they do not know much, they are yet in a position not to vexatiously hinder their legal advisers, but to aid them in their anxious work, (to quote a common legal phrase), to the best of their knowledge, information, and belief.

R. F. J.

NIGHT AND DAY.

BY A RUSSIAN.

ALL sorts of horrid tales that I had heard crowded into my mind, when I learnt that I too had to cross the broad Neva, and that too in the evening. We reached the river very soon, and slowly and carefully did we descend the banks; but the horse, a beautiful Arab, no sooner found himself upon the ice than he increased his pace to almost a gallop, as if instinct warned him of the danger. Already we were safely across half the river, when—oh, horrors!—I heard close by the ice breaking, and then the splashing of water. What is it? *We* are still safe on firm ice. Is it then M. Fourger, or is it somebody else who is in danger? It is poor M. Fourger! He is in front of us, his sledge is partly in water; but luckily indeed it is only the thin upper coating of ice, and we can see his brave horse, struggling and splashing through it all, dash up the opposite bank. There they wait for us.

That moment will never be forgotten by me. What might not have been my fate? It was but the first day that sledges had crossed the ice.

Samucha, knowing the great danger, called out peremptorily to me —if I valued my life, to hold tight to the sides of the sledge, and to sit as quietly as I could. Then on he urged the willing but yet frightened horse, and first turning sharply to the left, to avoid the broken ice, and then again to the right, we flew along the dangerous part, and at last up the other bank.

Thank Heaven, we too are safe! We were obliged to stop for a few minutes, for man as well as horse was out of breath.

After that the station was soon reached, for it was not far. 'Is that huge square thing, with all the quantity of luggage piled on the top, the diligence? Is it in that vehicle that we are to travel?' I asked, as I beheld the biggest and strangest-looking sledge that I had ever seen.

'Yes, yes, mademoiselle; and you must make haste and jump in, for the conductor, who does not seem a very amiable sort of person, says he will not wait a minute longer.'

We entered the diligence, and off we drove. We had eight good horses, four abreast, and the road was good. The sledge glided along as smoothly as possible; there would have been no noise, no sound, if it had not been for the incessant jingling of the numberless bells and the continued crackings of the whip.

My uncle was indeed right; there was no lack of wraps in our compartment. The whole sledge was divided into three compartments, each to hold two passengers. Our compartment—the first class as it were—was most comfortably arranged, and as I said before, there were a number of different shaped rugs. One of them was a big shoe or boot, into which I could put both my feet. A small bracket-table was in the front, over which hung a lamp, which burnt all night, but the light could be easily obscured by a little silken curtain. The seats were low and wide, with a soft reclining back; thus, you could easily imagine yourself on the most luxurious couch.

In a little more than two hours we arrived at the first station, a lonely little house. Here we changed horses; and to our surprise, we were told by the conductor, a horrid red-nosed man, that we should wait here half-an-hour, the time allowed for tea or supper, and that we should not be able to stop until the next morning about nine. We saw the necessity of obeying, and so we all descended, and entered the general waiting-room of the inn. All here was clean and neat, and so warm! The conductor brought us our hampers in; for unless you provide yourself with a good *Speiskörber*, you run the risk of being starved on such a long journey at these little inns. About once in twenty-four hours we came to a larger station, where we bought fresh bread. The coarse, black rye-bread can be procured anywhere, but it is rather sour and very hard. But I must not forget to mention that the *samavar*, or urn, is the first thing the people brought us in at these stations. It had a cheerful and warming effect, this bright-looking, *singing samavar*. The Russians always place their tea-pots on to the top of the urn, to let the tea draw well; the tea in consequence is always good and hot. I had brought some tea with me, of course, and so had Monsieur Fourger, for he had learnt to enjoy tea, and to drink it at any hour of the day, like a true Russian; and we were reckoning on our cup of tea *à la Russe*, that is, tea without milk or cream, but with a thin slice of lemon and plenty of sugar.

But whilst the tea is drawing, let me look round and see what my other travelling companions are like, for they also are here in the same room.

We were five passengers altogether: Monsieur Fourger and myself, another lady, and two gentlemen. First of all, I must introduce my escort, Monsieur Fourger. He is, I should say, nearer sixty than fifty years old, very stout, but of a good height, and with a face that

beamed with good-nature and kindness. He looked a 'jolly' man, in fact, as unlike a Frenchman as possible, except of being a great talker —a gift, I believe, most Frenchmen possess. Indeed, Monsieur Fourger was never quiet, for if he did not talk, he sang, or attempted to do so, and when asleep he snored.

The other lady was a strange-looking being; she was extremely tall and gaunt, and I could not imagine to what country she belonged. Monsieur Fourger sat at the little tea-table, and whilst I unpacked our hampers, this strange, manly-looking lady quietly drew a chair towards our table, and without *gêne*, said to Monsieur Fourger, 'You have, I suppose, no objection to my joining your tea-table?' and without waiting for a reply, turned to me and told me not to put in any more tea because she had come, 'for I dare say your father has put in plenty—gentlemen are always so wasteful!'

I felt indignant, first at her familiarity, and at her thinking that I, a Russian, could be French! M. Fourger, however, explained; and she laughed immoderately at this, showing such beautiful white teeth, which seemed the more white against her dark brown skin, and turned on me a pair of intense black eyes which would have been very beautiful but for a decided cast. Heavy masses of black hair, arranged in a graceful manner, was partly covered by a strange-looking scarlet hood. This red hood became her well, and with a bright yellow shawl which she wore under her fur cloak, gave her a decided gipsy look. To the surprise both of M. Fourger and myself, this singular-looking person made herself quite at home at our tea-table, helping herself to everything, and chatting away in French as if she had known us long. Suddenly, she asked me whether I could speak English, and this she said in English, and in pure good English.

'But madame,' I said, 'although I do speak English, I prefer speaking French, for Monsieur only speaks his own language.' M. Fourger had whispered to me a few minutes before, he feared that she belonged to his nation, because her French was so very good, and so was her German and Italian. She overheard M. Fourger's remark that he thought her his countrywoman and at once replied to him: 'No, I am not French. Guess again.'

And on my asking her whether she was Russian, she almost shrieked, 'What! *I* a Russian? no, no, thank Heaven, I am not a Russian; I am Polish!' and without any remark of ours, she began telling us she was a Polish lady of rank, had had large estates, which the Russian Government had appropriated during the Polish war in 1830-31, and had sent her to prison for some imaginary crime, and after having been imprisoned three long weary years, she was sent off to Siberia, from whence she had returned but two years ago.

One of the two gentlemen of our party was a fine handsome man. He looked so different from M. Fourger and the other gentleman. He looked clean and tidy, his clothes fitting him so well; there was a

military look about him, only he was in plain clothes, and *all* military in Russia must be always in uniform. The other passenger was in uniform, and looked what he was, a young *sous officier*. Both were Russians, and both were naturally rather amused at the Polish lady's violent remarks as to her hatred of Russia.

The half-hour allowed for tea passed away quickly, and we had to pack up our *Speiskörber*, but before we had quite finished, the conductor came in—his poor nose redder than before, if that projection *could* get deeper in colour; he came to tell us the horses were ready, and most politely tied up our baskets and carried them off. We paid the bill, and then commenced our first night's journey.

No sooner had M. Fourger settled himself comfortably in his corner, than the old man was fast asleep. But I could not sleep; everything was so strange. Thought after thought would chase each other in my mind; first of those dear friends I had just quitted in St. Petersburg —I knew they would be thinking of me. And then of my mother: what would she say, could she but know what a journey I had undertaken; I, a girl of seventeen, and travelling under the protection of a Frenchman, whom I had but seen three times, but whom I knew to be much esteemed by my uncle. I knew I should be kindly cared for, and after all, I thought, four days are not such a very long time, they would soon be over, and from Warsaw to Antwerp we should travel, of course, by railway.

So I tried to make myself as happy as I could. It was a beautiful night; the moon and the stars were shining brightly on the frosty boughs of the stately fir-trees. The snow looked so clean and pure, and I should like to say, looked *warm* in its glittering and sparkling softness. There are few things so beautiful, so peaceful, to my mind, as a calm moonlit night, when the whole earth is covered with snow. I turned down the little lamp, its light seemed out of place. I was glad I had done so, for I saw a most exquisite Aurora Borealis, and the colour deepened every minute, and streaks of red shot across the heavens. We stopped here at a tiny lonely station, to change horses again. The people were cold and sleepy, and nobody took any notice of the glorious sight; and whilst all was silent, even the jingling of the bells, I distinctly heard the hissing noise of the Northern Lights. This was not the first time that I had *heard* as well as seen the Northern Lights; but in England I was hardly believed when I happened to mention this. In Russia everybody knows it. We continued to change horses every two hours; M. Fourger slept without waking, but the night seemed very long to me. Towards morning it became much colder, and in spite of my own *schuba*, and the good bear-skin wrapper, I was very cold. We were mounting rather a steep hill, and it made me very nervous to see the poor horses slipping and sliding and scratching up the icy ascent. Luckily for us, the horses were *sharp-shod*. But oh! what another lovely sight met my eyes on reaching the summit. The sun was just rising. The effect was quite startling:

a blaze of fiery red light; the whole horizon was in a delicious glow. But it made me shiver more; the keen morning air was so sharp and penetrating.

'Monsieur, do wake up; please do, and look at this lovely sky!' But Monsieur slept comfortably on, and I was too afraid to touch him to awaken him, and so I alone saw this splendid sunrise.

At 9 A.M. we stopped again, and I hoped we might have breakfast here, but I reckoned without my host. The conductor was sleeping, therefore we had to continue our journey. But just before starting I saw a woman with a basket full of nice tempting-looking bread. I beckoned to her, but in vain; she did not see me. The dark handsome man, one of 'ours,' however, did see me trying in vain to make the woman hear and understand me, shouted loudly to her, and made her bring me her basket that I might take what I liked. We both bought a good supply for breakfast, of the different pretty-shaped little rolls. I thanked my fellow-passenger for his kindness, and whilst speaking to him the idea crossed my mind that I had seen those fine brown eyes and that honest kind smile before.

I had two hours' time to recollect where I had seen him, or whether he merely resembled any of my acquaintances. But long before the two hours were over, I remembered who he was. I have a strange memory for faces, and seldom forget one; and I recollected having met him at a ball in St. Petersburg. He was a relation of mine, and his name was Nicolai Ivanowich. I did not in the least expect him to recognise me, for my costume of to-day was rather different from the toilette I wore at the ball. I felt very happy, first in the knowledge that I had a relation of my own travelling with us, and secondly, that one night of our journey was over. I had heard so much of Nicolai, but never had the pleasure of meeting him except at that ball. I was rather surprised at his leaving St. Petersburg just at the height of the season.

We next halted at a pretty looking inn. The conductor was awake now; he ordered the horn to be loudly blown to wake up his passengers, and to announce that breakfast was ready. The noisy horn, and perhaps hunger as well, woke M. Fourger; he rubbed his little eyes with the backs of his dirty fat hands, and smiling to me, said, 'Good morning, Mademoiselle Vera; I trust you are rested; I am sure this sledge is a most delightful, comfortable one, and how quickly the night has passed!'

I did not think so, however; I was glad enough to get out of the sledge, for in spite of the ease and softness, I felt stiff and cramped. Just when I was getting out Nicolai Ivanowich came forward, and putting out his hand to me and addressing me by name, told me he had felt sure he had seen me before, but not until a few moments ago had he recollected who I was. I told him that I also had recognised him; and I at once introduced him to M. Fourger, and the latter joined me in begging him to have his meals now with us, which

he was glad to do. Madame de Bresinsky, the Polish lady, came as well, but uninvited.

On entering the station, I asked for a room where I could wash my face and hands and do my hair; for I felt, in spite of hunger, no relish for breakfast without that, after such a long night's journey. The waiter looked surprised at my request, and said they had but one other room, and that was already occupied. Madame de Bresinsky, with hands upheld, exclaimed, 'What! wash your face whilst travelling. My dear girl, you will spoil your complexion, exposed to the air as we are; you really must not think of letting water touch your face. Come here, child, let me look at you;' and she pulled me to her; 'why, your face is perfectly clean; if anything, you are too white than otherwise. Smooth your hair, if you like, that is all that you require!'

It was no use arguing, for both Madame de Bresinsky and M. Fourger laughed at my absurd wish, and so I had to submit, and sat down to breakfast unwashed and unkempt. There was a delay of a quarter of an hour, and I took the opportunity to do my hair whilst left alone in the room.

Just whilst I was standing with my hair all loose, in came Madame de Bresinsky, and really began scolding me for my vanity, as *she* called it. 'How ever will you manage to get that mane of yours braided up again? You will have to get the conductor or the waiter to come and help you, for do not think that I can.'

She went on talking in this manner till I saw my cousin come in, and then her manner changed in an instant; she began to admire the great length and the light flaxen colour of my hair, and talked a great deal of nonsense; but I felt I could not answer her a word in return. And yet in spite of all this, she attracted me most singularly. She had some nice French books with her, which she most kindly lent me to read. The sledge glided so quietly along that I managed to read aloud to M. Fourger; and the morning passed quickly and pleasantly by.

My reading did not continue in the afternoon, for our beautiful *bahn* or snow-road was much spoiled by the sudden thaw that had set in. Towards evening, to our great dismay, we saw patches of brown earth appearing here and there. The horses did their utmost, but they seemed hardly able to crawl along; and at last, spite of the incessant whippings of the cruel conductor, we came to a stand-still. The poor tired horses had no strength to move a step further; one poor animal actually, after standing a few minutes, fell down exhausted, and there it lay panting. The rope harness, being so loose, was no hindrance to the poor horse remaining lying there.

We had been walking during the last hour—or more correctly, we had been standing, by these poor willing animals; and I really believe we lost quite another hour before we could make the conductor see the necessity of sending the postilion on one of the least tired horses to the next station for extra horses. We had increased our numbers already

to twelve, and four more were ordered. In winter, the postilion cannot ride the horse, but he stands between the set of four horses in a tiny sledge, leading or driving them in that manner; it looks, and must be, very dangerous.

What a miserable look-out for our second night's journey, for it was already quite late! We had nothing to do but to get into our sledge again, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and to wait patiently for the arrival of the fresh horses. The wind was howling dismally, and it actually began to snow, or rain, for it was something between the two. It was a very depressing state of affairs; for how should we get on with our huge sledge on a snowless road! The conductor hoped we might procure a carriage at the next station. M. Fourger did not trouble himself much about anything; as soon as he had settled himself in his corner, he fell asleep, and began his nightly concert—poor old man! I wished I could follow his example as to sleeping; but, tired as I was, I could not tempt sleep to close my eyes.

Hardly had we been waiting a quarter of an hour, when I fancied I heard the distant cry of a child; and yet that seemed almost impossible in this lonely place, and so late at night. I listened attentively, and then most distinctly I heard that cry again, and the sound came nearer and nearer. Then suddenly came the horrible suspicion, followed by the conviction, that the cry I heard was that of a wolf!

I could not rest quiet, and yet how was I to rouse and wake M. Fourger, for I knew one wolf would not come alone, but in a herd. I fairly shook M. Fourger, after calling in vain; and when he did awake, he merely said they were wolves of my imagination, and fell asleep again. I was getting in despair; but to my inexpressible relief I recognised the figure of my cousin Nicolai, who came very quietly to the door, and whispered to me, 'Please be quite quiet; I have my rifle loaded, for I heard the brute; and if I am but lucky in killing one, the others will all take flight, and we shall be safe—at all events for some time.'

He stood on the top step, and not long had we to wait before we both saw a big creature come crawling along, ready, I suppose, to spring upon his victim! Horrible moment of suspense! It was too dark to see whether there were more following; our eyes were riveted to this object. I knew that Nicolai was a good shot, and before I was aware, he aimed, and then I saw the fire, and with the loud report I saw the huge creature jump and roll over. I knew well enough how great the danger is in merely wounding a wolf, for the wounded animal returns to its herd, and numbers return with it—I suppose to revenge their wounded comrade. Thus I was very thankful that Nicolai had been so fortunate in killing it. The report of the gun, and also my sudden shriek, woke M. Fourger and the other passengers. There was some excuse for my shriek; the loud and sudden report of the gun close to me was very startling, and then, more horrible, to see the animal give that leap up in

the air and then fall. It looked as if the wolf was going to jump on to my cousin; therefore the relief to my feelings was intense, when, instead of that, I saw the creature roll down dead! Everybody was naturally much startled, but certainly gratitude to our clever sportsman drove all fear away. Nicolai had certainly saved our lives. What a horrible big creature it did look, as it lay there at the side of the road!

Shortly after this we heard the welcome sounds of the bells of the fresh horses; and as soon as the postilion arrived, Nicolai told him he might claim the government reward of one rouble, which any magistrate will give you if you bring him the ears of a wolf. The postilion, happy enough to earn so easily a whole silver rouble, cut off the tips of the ears, and stringing them together, and with many thanks, pocketed them.

Although we were now travelling with actually sixteen horses, yet our progressive motion was but trifling. We had with twelve horses moved a few *feet* at a time before we came to a stand-still; and now the difference was, we moved a few *yards* at a time, and then the horses again stopped to take breath. No beating, no abusing or swearing on the part of the conductor and postilion made any difference on the poor horses, who really did their utmost—they could do no more. In this mode we continued our journey, and did not reach the next station until 4.30 A.M. This station was the first in Poland—such a dirty, miserable-looking little inn! Bad enough as some of our Russian inns struck me, they now seemed quite splendid to this hovel. And the difference of the people was great; there were, even at this early hour, a good many men and boys loitering about, and they, one and all, looked so dark, sly, and *greasy*. It was the first time the *samavar* did not greet us on entering the waiting-room, nor could we get one, and had to content ourselves with a very questionable old tea-pot alone. Here we were also much disappointed by not being able to get a carriage of some kind, except a common hay-cart. But what was to be done? It was quite impossible that we could proceed further in our big sledge. We could not attempt to travel the next twenty werste in a sledge of such a size.

The rain had ceased some time, and a frost had again set in; but there was no fresh snow, and the road was bare. The conductor consulted with the inn-keeper, and came and told us that we must content ourselves to travel the next two hours, or even more, in this open springless cart; he had already seen the luggage removed into it, and all would be ready for us in a few minutes. Nicolai remonstrated with the conductor, and told him that the two ladies could not be subjected to the fearful joltings of a cart on a road such as we saw before us. Deep, very deep ruts, all frozen, and such big holes besides! He proposed making inquiries whether he could not procure a *sani*, or small open sledge, for the two ladies.

'It is of no use anybody making inquiries in a hole like this; why we are now in Poland, and what can you expect here?—the dogs! the pigs!'

Of course at this abuse of her country and its people, Madame de Bresinsky stormed in return at the conductor; but this time her abuse and rage had not its former result. But whilst these two stormed in right earnest at one another, Nicolai went out, and, in spite of all, procured a tolerable-looking sledge. These sledges have no seat, they are only filled with straw; and in that, Madame de Bresinsky and I had to seat ourselves. We got our wraps well about us, and it certainly looked the most inviting of the two new vehicles. The gentlemen—poor things! how will they bear the shakings and joltings in that hay-cart? They had six horses, we had three—the real Russian *troika*, or three horses abreast.

The cold became severer every minute; it was six in the morning when we started, and, as everybody knows, one feels the cold much more in the early dawn. The driver of our *troika* was a Cossack, and a bright merry fellow. It was intensely ludicrous to hear him talk to his horses—not that I understood a word he said; but he gave utterance to incessant different sounds, sometimes so gentle, then suddenly changing as if he was telling them some exciting story, then scolding them if they did not at once obey him. He addressed them each by name—Mischa, Petruscha, and Tachort. And how cleverly he drove us! As there was no snow in the road, but merely in the ditches and fields, he actually drove us along these ditches and fields; but it was more clever of himself to remain standing all the time, and almost as clever on our part to remain sitting in the sledge whilst it flew from one place to another. We felt—at least I know I did—as if I must be bruised from head to foot. And how much worse off were the gentlemen! I was anxious about my kind old friend.

It became colder and colder, with a cutting wind. My thick fur cloak, with all the endless shawls and wraps, all seemed to be of little use; I could hardly believe I had a thickly wadded hood on my head, with two good Shetland veils; my hands began to ache with the cold. Madame de Bresinsky did not feel the cold as I did, and she rather laughed at me. My two veils I had to remove, for with my breath they had frozen, and were more like a sheet of ice; and naturally it rather hurt my face than protected it. By degrees I fancied I must have got used to the cold, for I had lost the painful feeling in my hands and cheeks: but strangely, my nose only remained so extremely cold. On arriving at the station, and on entering the warm room, I soon found what had happened. My hands and cheeks were frost-bitten! I was rather frightened, recollecting all the anecdotes that I had heard in England—how fingers dropped off after a frost-bite; but my cousin assured me it would be all right if I were to hold my hands in snow; and he fetched me a basin of snow into which I plunged my poor hands, and Madame de Bresinsky most kindly rubbed my cheeks well with snow, and I was glad to feel that life returned very soon. The pricking burning sensation when the part affected is restored again is anything but pleasant, and almost amounts to pain. We were very thankful to arrive at this

station, which had a more inviting appearance; and in spite of the great and exhausting fatigue that we had undergone, we all managed to make a hearty breakfast. We had here, also, the cheering news that we could get a carriage—a proper diligence on wheels. For something to do, we all turned out to see our new diligence. Our bruised limbs could tell how we missed our dear comfortable sledge. M. Fourger was quite silent; he looked so tired after the fearful shakings he also had had. Madame de Bresinsky was useful in talking to the Poles, and she then led the way to where we should see the carriage.

We one and all exclaimed, on seeing the carriage, that it really would b almost impossible for us to travel in such an unsafe looking thing. It seemed, whilst they were loading the luggage, of which there was a great quantity, that the whole thing would break down.

'Surely, Nicolai, the hay-cart would be preferable to this lumbering old thing. The cart, at all events, would not so easily break down, and we should not be left in the road, as we in all probability shall now.'

'It is rather a bad look out, Vera, for the rest of our journey, to be obliged to travel in this concern; the worst of it is,' said my cousin, 'we have not yet done the quarter of the distance. But let us look inside, it may not be so bad.'

He opened the door and let the steps down, and I climbed up the steep narrow steps, but I beat a quick retreat. The shutters had been closed, and no breath of fresh air had entered for some long time, for the nasty fusty smell was almost suffocating. We opened these shutters, and let the doors remain open as well, and had the inside well swept and dusted, for it needed it sadly. But what was the use of grumbling? it was the only vehicle to be had, and in it we must continue our journey. It was much worse for old M. Fourger than for me, and he tried to smile, and not to think of his fatigue or his bruised limbs.

'Mademoiselle, you must not look so *triste*, all must have an end, and so will our journey; and afterwards we will talk and laugh at all our mishaps. I shall have to sing only the more to cheer you.'

In this manner he, the old man, kept up my spirits, and indeed, under every and very trying circumstances, it was always good M. Fourger who cheered our spirits.

But where was the hoped-for rest that we intended having after our fatiguing night? Certainly, it was not to be found here! I felt almost inclined to cry; but luckily, shame kept back my tears. I, the youngest of them all, to give way, because I was tired and weary, and M. Fourger so bright, so hopeful, so contented. I tried to follow his example, and made an attempt at a smile on entering the carriage; but it must have been a very poor attempt at a smile, for M. Fourger and my cousin seeing my face both burst out laughing. This, luckily, brought me to my senses, and I actually managed to join in their laugh at myself. M. Fourger had really great difficulties in making his *entrée* into this carriage, which we all agreed must have been saved in the Ark, and preserved afterwards as a curiosity. Oh, how it jolted, and how every

moment it seemed as if it must upset! We were mounted up so high, the old machine squeaked, creaked, and groaned; it groaned, as it were, at its own ugliness and at its own awkwardness! Can any one imagine themselves having to sit on a hard narrow seat, so high up that you feet could not reach the ground, and all that you had to rest against was another hard board, which, once upon a time, had been covered with leather? And this penance we should have to endure, no one could tell for how long! We had been travelling in this cramped and uncomfortable way for nearly two hours, when, suddenly, the whole affair stopped in the middle of the road. The conductor asked us to get out, and it was amusing to see how everybody did so at once, without any attempt of asking why. However, he volunteered the explanation, which was also straight before our eyes when we descended.

'Here is a river, and *no* bridge, and the river must be crossed,' said the conductor, 'and you, my passengers, must walk across on foot; the carriage and horses I shall have conveyed across on a raft.'

'But how, my good man,' said Madame; 'are we to walk across the open river? I can see nowhere anything but water.'

'Why, *you* would never sink, you need have no fears,' growled the half-tipsy conductor.

At this insolence the lady found her power or gift of tongue. The words of abuse flew one after another with marvellous rapidity, and one word after another seemed worse than the former. And not until her breath failed her did she stop; and, to my surprise, the conductor, bowing repeatedly, begged pardon in the most humble and abject manner possible. He called her the kind lady! the gracious gentle woman! and so on. This satisfying her, and although still in a ruffled tone of voice, she asked him to show her where, and how, we could cross the river. It was not far to walk to find the ice that was said to be strong enough to bear foot-passengers, and so it proved. But the ice was cracked here and there, and in consequence it was rather wet; however, we all crossed it in safety.

We naturally crossed the river much quicker than the horses and the carriage, for the raft had to be taken backwards and forwards two or three times; first for the carriage, and then for the different sets of horses. When nearly all were over, Nicolai proposed walking on, and letting the carriage overtake us, for he had asked whether I should like to walk as well. I was glad to do so, and to have as little of the carriage as possible; but nobody else would accompany us two. Madame de Bresinsky assured us it would not be worth while to start for a walk as the carriage would follow in a few moments. Knowing how very slowly they harnessed the horses, we hoped we should have about half an hour's walk. We left our fur cloaks and some heavy wraps in charge of M. Fourger, and started briskly off. It was very pleasant; and in chatting together, more than half an hour had passed before we saw a sign of the diligence, or, as I used to call it, 'the box of torture.' On and on we walked, and I began to feel rather tired, when suddenly it crossed

my mind that we had taken a wrong turn in the road! Just then, most fortunately, a peasant was passing, and my cousin asked him whether it was the post road that we were on, and he assured us we were right, there was no other. What could have happened then to the carriage? and after a good deal of worrying, I fear, on my part, Nicolai decided on returning. We loitered rather; indeed, I felt I could not have walked faster; we had then already been above two hours on foot. I really was getting quite in despair, when Nicolai fancied he saw something in the distance, which might be the diligence, and so it proved to be, and how welcome it was! I forgot its discomforts, I forgot its tottering gait—I forgot everything in the pleasure that we had not missed our conveyance. But when it approached, I am ashamed to own, I could not help laughing at the horrid old thing, and when we heard its musical, or more rightly unmusical, sounds, we two really laughed most heartily. The conductor could not understand our laughing; he expected to be scolded for having kept us waiting such a very long time, and instead of our being angry, he found us laughing. Then the old man turned cross himself, and began finding fault with us for walking away instead of remaining there waiting for the carriage on the banks of the river; but he found soon he was in the wrong box in taking me to task. All my laughter ceased in a moment, and I turned upon him with a look of fury, and in a clear though low tone, called him *swinya*—pig; nothing else; but that was enough; pig is a great term of abuse. Nicolai Ivanowich quite admired my power of silencing that impertinent fellow. Then we begged to know the reason of this delay, and as we only spoke in French, the conductor moved away. To our dismay, we heard that those wretched men, by the river, had robbed us of several things. They had managed to take out of the carriage, whilst they were putting it into the raft, some wraps and rugs.

M. Fourger had lost his soft warm shawl that he put round his head during the night. Madame de Bresinsky had also lost something, I forget what; but my cousin and I were the worst off. He had been robbed of a great-coat, luckily not his fur cloak, and I of my large English railway rug, and a large soft warm shawl. This did not make me love the Poles any better. Everything that Madame de Bresinsky could do had been done, but, of course, without the aid of police to threaten these low creatures, really nothing could be done, and it was no use wasting time and patience on the bank of that river any more.

We had no further adventure on this, our second day.

The country through which we drove remained very uninteresting; but towards the afternoon of this our fourth day we met at one of the inns a large wedding-party. It was a young Jewess who was the bride, and she was very pretty—so fair and delicate, and quite young. They were Polish Jews; but the man she had married was perfectly loathsome to look at. And this beautiful young girl gazed into his little black eyes with such admiration and apparent love. It was marvellous that she could love such a person. He was certainly young, but

he looked cross and coarse; and then his fat, ugly face was so sallow and dark, his figure was stout and short, and he looked sly and suspicious. What indeed was there for that sweet pretty creature to love in him? and how could she have made up her mind to be the wife of such a man! I asked Nicolai whether I might not go and speak to her, and he went with me, for he also was struck with her great beauty. She smiled, and we addressed her; and Nicolai begged to wish her happiness on this her wedding-day, and he begged her to accept a piece of gold that she might buy herself a present from us. Nicolai had given it in both our names, and so she thanked me first for the gift; and her voice was as gentle and sweet as her face. How I pitied her being tied for life to such a man!

Nicolai got her to talk, which she was quite ready to do. She told us she had known her 'husband' a long time, and she blushed at the word 'husband.' 'Yes, I have known him for years—in fact, I was brought up in his mother's house, and was betrothed to him when I was only a child. Indeed, sir, he is so kind, and he does love me so much. I have seen him every day of my life, and I have never known him to be angry; he has had always a kind word and a smile for me, and now that I am his wife, I hope I shall make as good a wife as he deserves.'

Strange that that forbidding-looking man could really have a kind heart lying concealed under that dark exterior! Our wishes for their happiness were sincere.

Towards night, at another station, just when we were packing up our *very* meagre *Speiskörber*, I overheard some voices talking in Russian quite near me, and saying, 'I can assure you this must be the very party that had been described to me. Now are there not three gentlemen and two ladies, and one of the gentlemen—is he not very big, and has he not his young daughter with him, and is she not very fair? And they say their wealth is very great, and that the old gentleman's coat is almost lined with jewels and gold. Now as I am convinced it must be they, do not you think it is our duty to tell them all, and warn them?'

Monsieur Fourger was alone in the room with me, when I, whilst trying to finish packing, remained as if transfixed, and I listened with all my might. I gave Monsieur a sign to remain where he was, and not to speak, and he saw that I was alarmed; but when the speaker on the other side of the thin partition came to the end of his sentence, which removed such a load of fear from my heart, I gave Monsieur Fourger a smile that made the old man look happy again. On looking about I saw a door, which I had not noticed at first; and without considering what I was going to do, I opened it, and, hand in hand with Monsieur Fourger, I entered, and saw there three men. They rather started on seeing us enter so abruptly, and all stood up. Then it was that my courage almost failed me—I felt I could hardly speak. Monsieur Fourger could not make me out. I held his hand firmly,

and yet I trembled so; and he kept whispering to me, 'Speak, child, and tell me what it is all about.' My courage came back, but I did not heed Monsieur Fourger; and, to my surprise when I think of it, I actually addressed these men.

'I have unintentionally heard all that you have been saying. You have described our party, only I am not his daughter. I travel under his protection; and you must understand his coat is not lined with jewels or gold. But you know of some great danger that might befall us, and you were so good as to say you wished to warn us. Pray let me thank you already; and my friend here would do the same if he could understand a word, but he does not speak our language.'

The men looked pleased, and bowed repeatedly. Just then, Nicolai came, and saw us in the inner room. He looked much astonished, and more so at the answer of one of the men.

'You are right, *sudârina*,* we did say all you heard, and we wish to warn you of the great danger that is before you. A disbanded regiment is causing great disturbance and great misery in this neighbourhood. My informant, and I believe a trusty one, told me that the diligence of last week was stopped by these daring robbers, and the passengers—an old gentleman and his daughter, and their servant, a woman—were stripped of everything, and then shut up in a little empty hut. The postilions they tied to the trees; the conductor, who fought manfully, remained lying on the road, having fainted from loss of blood. The horses, and the carriage with all its luggage, they drove off with. My informant—in fact it is the poor conductor himself, who was picked up and brought here the next day, and who helped to release all the others—my informant tells me that the robbers were intensely disgusted to find it was not the party whom they had expected, and that they conclude it must be the diligence of this week which would reward them with a large booty. Now I thought it would be very wrong of me if I did not warn you of your danger; and we were talking about it, and you overheard us. My companion thought that, being such a large party, you could take care of yourselves easily, and that we should merely warn you not to fall asleep, but to have your rifles loaded in case of *wolves*, of which there are plenty in the forest that you would have to pass during the night. He, my friend, feared it would alarm the ladies too much by telling them the truth. I trust I have not done so already.'

Nicolai here came forward, and assured them they had acted most kindly in telling us all; and whilst he talked to the men, I hastily explained it all to Monsieur Fourger, who was naturally enough very curious, nay, anxious, to know what this serious, long conversation was about. For the first few moments he fancied it was all concocted to extract money out of us; but when my cousin turned round, and told him that he also had heard in St. Petersburg a rumour of robbers or banditti in this forest, but that he had quite forgotten all about it

* Lady.

until now, then, and then only, was Monsieur Fourger convinced it must be true. Madame de Bresinsky, and the other gentlemen, all came, and we had a grand consultation of what was to be done. The conductor was there, of course. He had heard of the alarm before we sent for him, and he came in, looking the picture of fear. I cannot say that any of us looked very comfortable.

After various plans had been proposed and rejected, we came at last to the unanimous conclusion that it would be wisest for us to have extra horses, sixteen again: and to have two mounted police, well armed, and for the gentlemen to have their rifles and pistols loaded. The innkeeper assured us we should be equally well attended on, and well cared for, by the landlord of the next station, where he advised us to remain the night.

We thanked him much, and started with heavy, anxious hearts on our dreaded journey. Our two *gens d'armes* were fine, strong-looking men, and their horses seemed to suit and match their riders. Each rode on the sides of the diligence. Besides their rifles, they had each a pistol in their belts. Our three gentlemen had seen to their arms being ready; the conductor had done the same.

But I must mention what to me seemed a strange proceeding of Monsieur Fourger. Before entering the carriage he drew me aside and gave me the leather bag that I had seen him always wear well strapped under his great coat and fur cloak, and in doing this he said to me, 'You see, Mademoiselle Vera, why I do this? It is because it will be safer with you than with me. The bag does contain a good many very valuable diamonds, and also a good deal of money. And if we should be stopped, our enemies will never imagine that you carry such valuables about you. There, let me strap it well under your jacket; indeed nobody could tell what you have under that jacket.'

I did not like this arrangement at all, but I saw it was useless to resist; besides, the conductor requested us to come at once, the police were already mounted. A *gens d'armes* on each side of the diligence awaited our coming. We had not had our lamps lighted, to avoid attracting attention. And there we sat, each one of us looking out of the window, peering into darkness; for it was a dismal night, with the wind howling in the tall trees of that big forest. I suppose we had not traversed half the distance, when we were alarmed by distant shouts—people calling to each other. The conductor urged his good horses on, and from a good quick trot they broke into a canter. The carriage swung from side to side; its jolts and shakes were terrific. What if the carriage should now break down! I was much alarmed; I had not even strength to whisper my fears to Monsieur Fourger. I sat holding his hand and staring into darkness, when suddenly we saw several moving objects quite close by under the trees.

There they were—the dreaded banditti! They shouted to us to stop, or they would fire. Strange to say, my fear seemed to vanish

with the certainty of danger; poor M. Fourger wrung his hands, and in a whisper prayed to all the saints to protect him. I took his pistol from him, and luckily I knew how to handle it. And I sat holding the pistol out of the window, and feeling quite ready to fire if any one attempted to approach. I suppose one of the *gens d'armes* saw some immediate danger, for he fired. The aim must have been good and true, for almost directly afterwards we heard a piercing shriek.

On and on we drove; the poor old carriage swinging from side to side, but yet keeping safe. Then suddenly we were startled by a shot flying past us; where it went we did not know! We earnestly trusted that all of us were safe and unhurt. As the banditti seemed to come all from one side, both our police came on to that side, and with the two gentlemen and the conductor they all fired. And I must also confess that I could not resist doing the same, and I fired off my pistol. Six different shots, I suppose, rather startled the enemy, for we heard nothing more; and after a quarter of an hour's hard driving we slackened our pace. I am sure the poor horses needed it; but they had done their work most bravely and well. And to our intense relief and astonishment we saw welcome lights in the distance.

It was the next station. How thankful and how grateful we were to find ourselves safe; and when we saw every one of us all sound and unhurt, we hardly knew what to do for joy. M. Fourger found his tongue the quickest; for although we all looked relieved, yet none of us had said as yet a word. We had been shaking hands with each other all round, conductor and inn-keeper and all. I felt ready to cry; all my courage and strength had fled again as soon as the danger was over. But I held the pistol unknowingly still in my hand.

Nicolai came up to me, and exclaimed, '*Vera!* why, what is this in your hand? Were you also armed? Why, generally girls are afraid of such weapons; they are afraid of even looking at them. But, monsieur, what has she been doing with it?' and he turned to Monsieur Fourger.

'Doing with it? Why, she would take it from me when the banditti were close upon us, and she fired at them. Indeed, I myself could not have done it better; I doubt if I could have fired at all, my hand shook so,' said old M. Fourger, and he sank down quite exhausted.

It had been a terribly trying time, and the reaction of the sudden safety was almost as trying to one's overwrought nerves as the fear. We agreed with the conductor, it would be wisest, however, to continue our journey at once, that the banditti could not have time to collect *en masse*, and thus to attack us again. I longed to remain the night there; but we had to start as soon as sixteen fresh horses had been harnessed. This time we had to go unaccompanied by the police, for we could not procure other horses.

Wishing our kind protectors a hearty good-bye and safe return on the morrow, we again continued our journey. I had told my cousin

how I had the care of all the valuables belonging to M. Fourger, and how nervous it had made me, especially when I saw how frightened M. Fourger himself had been. Nicolai upon this turned to M. Fourger, and requested him to allow him to take charge of his leather bag, or to let me change places with the other gentleman, as he felt that it must be a great risk to let a young girl have charge of so much of value. M. Fourger preferred my changing places to giving up the bag, as he said my jacket concealed it so well. I felt much relieved at this change, for I knew that now I was not alone responsible for the care of that precious bag.

All our caution was needless. I am happy to say we were not alarmed by anything, and I fell asleep from pure exhaustion till we arrived at the station where we were to have breakfast.

This was Sunday—a strange Sunday! I should hardly have known it were Sunday except for some distant bells, calling people to church. But whilst I had been sleeping it had begun to snow, and we drove through quite a quantity of snow. The country seemed quite different here. After such a bright morning, it became a most stormy day; the snow fell thicker and thicker, and faster and faster. The horses did their utmost, but they could do no more; the wheels sank deep into the soft snow, and the further we drove the worse it seemed to get. All seemed here thorough winter.

At last there came a great crash, and we knew something had given way. One after another the gentlemen jumped out, and so also did we two ladies. The poor carriage had at last broken down; one of the wheels was utterly broken to pieces, and some other parts had also given way. What on earth was to be done? A pleasant state of affairs! Are our adventures never to end? and are we never to reach Warsaw? It was not surprising that such exclamations escaped us. This was the fifth day, and we were not near Warsaw; and now, here we were in the middle of a bare road, with nothing to be seen but miles of snow! The conductor told us we were just between the two stations, about ten werste off each; to return or to proceed was the same. He hoped that one or two of us would volunteer to walk on to send some one to patch up our broken equipage. Nicolai and I said we would walk on; but Nicolai thought it would be wisest that the postilion should ride on one of the horses, to get help the quicker. This was done. Madame de Bresinsky, Nicolai, and myself, began walking; but this time we took our fur cloaks with us. It continued to snow very fast; but snow in Russia does not moisten at all; nobody ever puts up an umbrella when it snows.

After walking but a little way, we saw three little sledges; in one were a man and a woman, in each of the other two only a man. As soon as they neared us, Madame de Bresinsky accosted them, and requested them to take us up at all events a little way. She told them our mishap in the diligence, and promised them half a rouble! We could not speak to them, they being Poles; but she kindly made all

arrangements. They were civil people, and the man in the biggest sledge offered to take Nicolai and myself, and Madame Bresinsky went into the other. I was glad I was not alone. It was a strange but pleasant feeling, this driving in this little sledge. We were rather tightly packed. I sat, of course, in the middle; our driver on the right, and my cousin on my other side—each man with one foot out. This acts like a steerage or oar; for when the sledge, as it so often happens, slides very much and suddenly on to one side, the foot helps to prevent it overturning. Whether, however, my cousin and I were chattering too fast or not I cannot tell, but suddenly I found myself pitched right out into a heap of snow. With all the amount of wraps that I had on, it was impossible to extricate myself. I felt as if I must be suffocated, when I was luckily quickly helped out of my snow-bed by the peasant; then I saw Nicolai looking as white as I did, for he also had been tossed out of the sledge, and had only just then managed to crawl out of the snow. It was most mysterious to us both how and why we should have been sent flying in this strange manner! As we were not hurt or damaged at all, we laughed heartily at our strange appearance. We looked like snow-men—like those that children delight to make; but shaking ourselves effectually made us look respectable, and we begged to get into the sledge again. In due time we arrived at the Church where these people were going.

Whilst we were nearly buried in the snow, Madame de Bresinsky had seen a man drive past us with the postilion and some fresh horses. As we had now no occasion to look for a man who could bind up the broken limbs of the poor diligence, we thought we might just as well not lose this good opportunity of going to Church. On entering, we found it was not a Greek Church, but a Roman Catholic; we joined in part of the service, feeling a great comfort in having been able to get to a church at all.

We found the station but a little further, and after refreshing ourselves with some coffee, we went out to look about the little town; but it being so very uninteresting, we very soon returned. The time passed very slowly, and not till eight o'clock did the others arrive. Poor things! they had had a terrible journey, and most of the time they had had to walk, to lighten the load for the horses, in that deep snow. Whilst we had dinner, the carriage was thoroughly mended; although it was Sunday it had to be done.

It was quite late when we resumed our journey. There was less snow; we were in a less sheltered place; the wind seemed to have cleared the roads, but instead of two hours, we were four, in reaching the next halting-place. It was two o'clock in the morning when we woke up the people at the inn, to ask them for the *samavar*, that we might refresh ourselves with some tea. The people were civil and quick, spite of the late hour, and we soon had everything we wished for; but on inquiry we found that they had been equally attentive to our conductor, and had made him so comfortable, that we heard he

was sound asleep, and had given the order that he should not require horses until six or seven in the morning. We all grumbled at the loss of time, although we knew it would not mend matters; but, as everybody knows, it is sometimes a great relief to one's feelings to grumble. We all had hoped to have been in Warsaw the next day; and now, with these continued delays, we began quite to despair of ever reaching that city.

There was again only the one room: but it had an alcove with a bed —quite a strange sight to us! How I longed to be able to undress and go to bed! But what a bed it was, when I went to inspect it! No, tired as I was, I could not have had the courage to lie on that bed. In the bed was nothing but very dirty-looking straw, with no covering of any kind whatever! One after another we inspected that bed, but one after another we turned disgusted away. A large sofa, and a few wooden chairs and a table, made up the furniture of the room, which as usual was delightfully warm. Madame threw herself into one corner of the sofa, and putting her feet on to a chair, said she was very comfortable, and persuaded old M. Fourger to follow her example. This he gladly did, and in a few seconds this pair were asleep; and now began a duet of unearthly noises.

At last Nicolai proposed I should go into the carriage, but I refused to do that; the chair was quite as pleasant, and at all events it was in the warmth.

'Then what in the world is to be done? I cannot say much for that old gentleman taking care of you! Come with me, and I will see whether another room cannot be procured.'

And we went on a voyage of discovery, and soon found a maid, whom Nicolai accosted, and who luckily understood a little Russian; and with the help of a little silver coin, she promised to take me into a room, and see that I should have a comfortable bed. Nicolai told her from where we had come, and what a trying journey we had had; and she answered so prettily, and told us what pity she had for us. Then bidding Nicolai good-night, I followed the kind little maid into a nice warm room. In it was a comfortable-looking clean bed. I quickly took off my fur wraps and jacket and shawls, and lay down. That bed was indeed to me the most luxurious couch I ever had slept on. Nobody can tell the luxury of lying down full length on a soft bed, except those who have travelled in such a vehicle for several days and nights, as I had.

It seemed to me only such a short time before I had to get up again. The little maid came and knocked at the door, and called out the hour. It was past six! She helped me on with all my wraps, and led me back to the sitting-room, where Nicolai had some hot coffee all ready for me. We two were sitting and drinking our coffee in a very selfish way, when the conductor came in, and called out in his loud voice, 'We start in less than five minutes, ladies and gentlemen.' His voice always did rouse everybody, except this morning the

occupier of the bed of straw. Nicolai had to shake him before he awoke.

Madame de Bresinsky and M. Fourger both exclaimed at the same time, 'Why, I only just closed my eyes, and now we are to be off again—dear, oh dear!'

And they yawned, and rubbed their eyes with the back of their fat hands. I begged them to drink a cup of coffee, that would refresh them. Neither of them young, and such a very fatiguing journey, it was no wonder that they were so tired. But we had to make haste and collect our things, for we knew the conductor would not wait now that he himself was awake.

So we started on our sixth day journey. It was very cold, freezing again, but luckily here the roads were quite free from snow. The country was uninteresting and flat; and, I believe, had the most beautiful scenery suddenly presented itself before my eyes, I should have gazed at it unknowingly, I felt so thoroughly tired and worn out. I tried to sleep, but Monsieur Fourger would talk all the time; and as he was asking me to come and spend a few days with him in Brussels, I felt it would hardly be polite to turn a deaf ear to his kind invitation. His youngest daughter, a girl of my age, had been staying in Brussels with some friends, and she was to join her father at an hotel, and stay there a few days, and then return with him to Paris. He hoped I should be his guest during the time we remained there. He wished much that I should know his daughter Gabrielle. He spoke with so much love and longing to see his wife and children and grandchildren again. I began to know them almost all, for he was glad to be speaking of them. And now he showed me the contents of that leather bag, that I had had strapped on me until now. I was indeed taken by surprise when I saw what I had had in my keeping. Diamonds in plenty, and such great beauties! and all for his wife and daughters, and his son's wife; and besides these diamonds, he had some very curious old gold ornaments, covered with a variety of precious stones. In memory of our journey, he gave me a very pretty ring, which I have still. I was glad I had not seen the contents of that bag before I was told to take charge of it. It would have made me much more nervous than I had been.

Nothing happened until the afternoon, when we stopped for our dinner. Just after having finished our *sauerkraut suppe*, a man walked into the room, carrying some boxes with him. He made no excuse for entering, but merely opened, and displayed to us some very handsome and tempting amber. Large round amber beads, large oval beads, and then a quantity of smaller beads—the dull amber and the clear. Then he pulled out cigar-holders and mouth-pieces for pipes, sticks for parasols—in fact, endless things, all in amber; such a quantity, and all so tempting! I told him I should like to buy them all, and of course the man answered that it would please him above all things if I were to do so. We bought a great quantity, and

his box must have felt considerably lighter, and his pockets heavier. Nicolai gave me a beautiful string of the large clear amber, such great beauties.

We continued our journey, which hourly became more tedious to us. It really seemed endless. In the middle of the night we were all roused by the conductor, and told to descend. This time it was the Vistula that we had to cross, and also on foot; the river was well frozen over, and so the carriage and horses all were driven across. The conductor deemed it safer that we should not remain in the carriage, for the best even are not always safe on the ice. It was indeed a terribly dark and cold night. The gentlemen had torches given them to show them across. The conductor helped Monsieur Fourger, the officer took charge of Madame de Brésinsky, and Nicolai and I—we walked off together. We rather loitered; we took our *schubas* off, and hid them away under the seats. Our torch would not burn very well; and just when about the middle of the river—and the Vistula is of a good width—the torch went out. We groped about, for it was intensely dark, when suddenly we heard people shouting, and apparently to us. They called out for us to stop, and not to move an inch if we valued our lives, and that they would bring us a fresh torch. My cousin told me as there was no harm in stopping we had better do so, for we could not know their reason. There we waited, and we really did what we were bid: we obeyed literally, we did not move an inch. It was a very uncomfortable feeling, and yet the ice felt as firm as a rock under our feet. When two men with lighted torches came near us, we saw what fearful danger we had been in. Really only *one* step further, and we both must have found a watery grave! There was the large hole cut in the ice for procuring water, and we were standing on the edge of this very hole! How could we feel thankful enough for this wonderful escape? At first neither of us could move; we literally felt riveted to that spot. I longed to be able to fall down on my knees to thank Him for such great mercy! Death would have been our fate if we had not obeyed to the very letter of the order. The men explained, that when they saw our torch go out, they, knowing these holes to be in the direction we were crossing, feared and indeed knew that in such a dark night we could not see them, and that was why they so suddenly and peremptorily called to us not to move an inch. Well indeed that they did so!

When were our adventures to have an end? It was almost more than we could well bear—one thing after another. We hoped and trusted that this night, at all events, would be our last, and that next day we might reach Warsaw.

When the day began to dawn, we saw that the appearance of the country had changed much since the last night. All looked more cultivated; there were houses with small gardens attached to them, nice trees in plenty. In summer I should think it must be quite pretty all about this part.

As in Warsaw they have the new style of calendar, and do not reckon by the old as they do in Russia, we had to jump over twelve days; and instead of its being the 3rd of December it was the 15th already. And it happened to be the *name's day* of our conductor, and he hoped for his own sake to reach Warsaw on that day by about three in the afternoon. Our spirits rose at these good news; and, tired and really worn out as we were, we were a merry party at our midday meal.

We did, however, not reach Warsaw at three, but at five; and perhaps it was all the better that we did not arrive in broad daylight. You must remember, dear reader, what a long journey we had had; and how day and night we had been travelling: and how for all that time we had to wear the same things! and only now and then that we could manage to get some water to wash our hands and faces! And indeed Nicolai and I had been the only ones who had done so. Nicolai had naturally a beard, therefore he did not look much different; but Monsieur Fourger and the officer were not improved in appearance by the want of the razor and the absence of soap and water for a whole week. We must have looked a motley group!

Arrived at the delightfully inviting-looking hotel, we had quite a little crowd around us in a very few minutes. The conductor was at once relating our hairbreadth escapes with the banditti, and various other adventures, some of which, we passengers concluded, he must have dreamt of, as we were not aware how he had shot a wolf that had jumped on to one of his horses, and many other marvellous mishaps that he had always rescued us from.

But here we are in Warsaw. I can hardly believe it. Each one of us in a clean comfortable room; and oh! the delight of a warm bath and clean clothes! and then of a good dinner, served up in a decent way and manner. This meal we four had together in a little private sitting-room; we were too fatigued to go to the *table d'hôte*.

Although we were very thankful that our long and weary journey was at an end, yet we were very sorry we should here have to bid each other good-bye. I thought my cousin was going to Vienna, as well as Madame de Bresinsky, but to my great delight he told me that Paris was his destination; so we three would still continue our journey together. We bade Madame de Bresinsky good-bye in the evening, for she left early the next morning. We remained a few days in Warsaw to recruit our strength, as well as to see the interesting old city.

But here ended my adventures; and I must beg my English readers to be lenient, and to remember that I am a Russian, writing in a foreign language.

Spider Subjects.

THE GULF STREAM.

On the Gulf Stream Karshish is most excellent, but so long that we unwillingly resign it, as Bog Oak's has essentials, except that she has not mentioned the central elevation of the water in the Gulf Stream. Wakatu also very good, with a nice map. A New Thistle (who had better change her name) is careful, but not well expressed. Celia painstaking; President, Kentish Cherry, Nightingale, good; Meg good, but gets confused at the end; Cape Jasmine fair; Pipes tidy; Cape Jessamine, Bat, and Bruce's Spider, fair; Tippula, Jabberwochy, Anemone, Fatima, Ila, also received.

'Oh, whence do the waters rise?
* * * *
And we *seek* till the soul is weary,
Nor find the waters out;
And we climb till all is dreary,
And still *it is all* a doubt.'

The Gulf Stream is a current forming part of the system of Atlantic Ocean currents, which has acquired in its circuit of the Gulf of Mexico (whence it derives its name) certain marked and peculiar characteristics, distinguishing it, even to the naked eye, from the ordinary Atlantic water; and which, in its subsequent north-easterly course, washes the shores of the British Isles, and exercises an influence for warmth on our climate.

This seems to be nearly all which can be confidently asserted respecting it; for the subject of oceanic circulation is so completely in its infancy, that of the few men of science in England who have studied the subject independently, it is said that no two hold exactly the same theory; nay, there are not wanting those who deny the existence of any current from the Gulf of Mexico to our shores. Most scientific men, however, agree as to its existence, direction, and general connection with other currents, but differ fiercely as to its origin, importance, and the suitability of the name *Gulf* Stream.

In old times, among other theories, the River Mississippi was pointed to as the cause of the Gulf Stream. It is interesting to remark, that though no one now believes this, we are still allowed to look to that river as the cause of the wonderfully blue colour of the stream, which is said to be due to its being impregnated with minute particles of matter, washed into it by the river.

The connection of the Gulf Stream with the other Atlantic currents is as follows:—

There is a strong, swift current setting across the Atlantic in a slightly north-west course from the Bight of Biafra. This is the equatorial current, and is comparatively cold. The angle formed by the coast-line of South America at Cape S. Roque divides this current into two parts, one flowing south, under the name Brazil current, circulating thence to the Cape of Good Hope, and so to Biafra again. The larger portion of the equatorial current proceeds at a leisurely rate towards the West Indian Islands, which again divide it; one portion, and, as some think, the smaller part, circulates round the Gulf of Mexico, acquiring, by its long sojourn in tropical climates, a high degree of warmth, and by its progress through the narrows of

Bemini a much more rapid course than before. It is here about twenty-five miles broad, and a quarter of a mile deep. Outside Florida it probably rejoins the other portion, which turned northward at the West-Indian Isles. The re-united stream flows north to Cape Hatteras, retaining its peculiarities to such an extent that a ship has been observed floating partly in Gulf Stream, and partly in ordinary sea-water. The stream has been called a huge ocean-river, with banks of ordinary sea-water. Off Hatteras the stream loses most of its characteristics, takes an easterly course, and washes the British Isles and Sweden on one side, Iceland and Spitzbergen on the other. It is said its effects can be traced as far as Nova Zembla, portions of tropical trees being carried into high latitudes by the Gulf Stream.

The manner in which the Gulf Stream influences our climate is a disputed point. Whether, when its waters reach our shores, they are actually warm enough to temper our cold weather, one thing is certain: our prevalent south-west winds owe much of their temperature to it; for first they come to us along the course of the Gulf Stream from its warmer portions, and secondly, as the stream crosses the Atlantic and cools, heat is given off in the process, which is borne to us on the wings of the friendly wind.

But it is the causes which originate the Gulf Stream that have been such weapons of offence among the learned; and how shall Spiders decide, when doctors disagree? Sir John Herschel at one time positively asserted that the equatorial current (and hence also its offshoot, the Gulf Stream) is entirely due to the action of the trade-winds. But, unfortunately, these winds for about one-third of the year blow from the south-west, and are altogether too gentle in character to account for the formation of a great current. Anyhow, they could not account for a *constant* current. And towards the close of his life, Sir J. Herschel acknowledged that the opposite view must at any rate have its share in the phenomenon. This opposite view is, that currents are originated by the action of equatorial heat, polar cold, and evaporation. But at this point the *view* splits up into about as many sections as there are observers, no two quite agreeing together. This much seems certain, that besides the surface-currents we have considered, there are under-currents in the ocean; *e.g.*, the Arctic-current, which at one point actually crosses *under* the Gulf Stream, carrying ice-bergs with it against the surface-current.

The enormous evaporation then in equatorial regions may draw off so much water that the colder under-currents rise to supply the vacant place; and just as water flowing off from the equator towards the poles would naturally (owing to the earth's rotatory motion) do so in an easterly direction, so these colder currents flowing towards the equator would have a westerly movement, and thus would give the equatorial current its impetus westwards. The easterly flow of the Gulf Stream, after leaving the American shores, seems better accounted for thus than by attributing it to the rebound from the coast of America: it is simply leaving the equator for the poles, and so flows east. It is satisfactory to be told that even if part of the Gulf Stream were drained off by a large canal through the isthmus of Panama, it would not much affect our climate, as our south-west winds would still blow to us the influences of its delicious waters, as surely as our cutting east winds bring us reminiscences of the steppes of Siberia.

BOG OAK.

THE NATIONAL FLOWERS OF EACH COUNTRY.

Of the national flowers, A Bee is much the best; Rafela has interesting matter, and so has Ignoramus. Pipes and Firefly give mere lists.

I am afraid that the little information I have been able to scrape together concerning the national flowers will be hardly worth notice; but rather than seem indifferent on the subject, I send what I can. Let us then begin with the rose of England, which seems first to have been assumed by Edward I., although we find that the rose was used as a badge on the banners of the Saxons. Their idol, Irmensul, bore on his shoulders a shield adorned with a lion, surrounded by flowers, and it was carried into battle by the priests with the banner in its hand, beneath which the prisoners of war were sacrificed. The badge used in the time of the Wars of the Roses was taken from the cognizances of the two families of York and Lancaster. Shakespeare alludes to the two badges in the scene in Henry VI., where Vernon and Basset plead to be allowed to combat, and Basset exclaims—

> 'Crossing the sea from England into France,
> This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue
> Upbraided me about the rose I wear:
> Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
> Did represent my master's blushing cheeks.'

And Vernon replies—

> 'Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him,
> Who first took exceptions at this badge:
> Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
> Betray'd the faintness of my master's heart.'

Henry VII. united these two badges, and he and his successors appear to have adopted many other flowers as badges, and the rose alone was only resumed by James I., who united with it the Scotch thistle. The white rose was long considered the badge of the Stuart party.

The thistle, according to tradition, was adopted by the Scots in honour of its having saved them from a night surprise. A band of Danes was advancing upon them barefooted, when one of them, treading upon a thistle, cried out, and thus gave the alarm to the Scots, who defeated them with a terrible slaughter.

The leek was the distinguishing badge chosen by S. David for the Britons under King Cadwallader; they commemorate their victory over the Saxons by wearing the leek on every anniversary, on account of the battle being fought near a field of leeks. This badge must have been worn at the Battle of Poitiers according to Shakespeare, who, in Henry V., makes Fluellen say: 'If your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welsh then did get goot service in a field where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear leeks upon S. Tavy's Day.'

It is always believed that the shamrock of Ireland was adopted in memory of the conversion of the pagan Irish to Christianity by S. Patrick, who chose this trefoil to explain the doctrine of the Trinity. There was a miraculous power attached to the shamrock by the Irish Druids, who declared that wherever a priestess of their goddess of love set her foot, it sprang up: and the number three has always been regarded as mystical, and therefore was chosen for many badges—as, for instance, the leek of Wales, which has three distinct colours; the

trefoil of Ireland, the *fleur-de-lys* of France, the iris of Florence, and the violet of Athens.

The origin of the French badge is unknown in heraldry, but a legend says that King Clovis, being engaged in a battle against the Saracens, prayers for his success were offered by S. Renie, when the arms upon the banners were miraculously changed into *fleur-de-lys*, and under this sign the French arms were victorious. As this flower was regarded by them as the emblem of Christianity, it was probably an iris, which is formed of three large and three small petals, three seed-vessels, each containing three seeds; three stamens, and three divisions of the stigma, thus forming a very perfect emblem of the Trinity. Louis VII., during the second crusade, took this flower as his badge, and from him it was called *fleur-de-Louis*—subsequently changed into *fleur-de-Luce*, or *fleur-de-Lis*. The violet was assumed by Napoleon and his adherents as a badge of faithfulness during his exile in the Isle of Elba. This was probably the viola tricolour as being appropriate to the colours of Napoleon.

The violet was also the badge of the Ionic Athenians—Ion signifying violet in Greek; but when it was first adopted by them is unknown. Io is said to have fed on violets when changed into a heifer by Jupiter.

The lily of Florence, really an iris, or 'eye of heaven,' still to be found carved on the walls of Florence; and the red *giglio*, in mosaic of coral and cornelian, is most beautiful. The original lily was white, but, according to Dante, changed red on account of the discords of the city; or it may be that white was the badge of the Ghibellines, and red that of the Guelphs.

In the Song of Solomon the Church is described as a pomegranate, and this is perhaps why it was chosen by the Spaniards as their badge, who carry it in solemn religious ceremonies; but probably this badge was also that of the Moors, who are said to have given the name of this fruit to the city of Granada, as they fancied they saw some resemblance in the soft valley surrounding it to the pomegranate.

Beyond these few that I have mentioned, I have been unable to find any more information: I can only state that the linden is the badge of Prussia, and the mignonette that of Saxony. Among the Chinese, the *lieu-wha*, or water-lily, is considered sacred; and the lotus, the emblem of death, is consecrated by the Egyptians to their gods Isis and Osiris, and is also regarded with great veneration by the Hindoos, who consider it the sacred flower of Gunga, the goddess of the Ganges.

A Bee.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

Translate Göthe's *Die Wandelnde Glocke.*

Write a description of your favourite, well-known picture. It may be known to you through print or photograph.

Stamps received from Bianca, Ila, Cape Jessamine, Meg, Fossil.

Arachne grieves to say that an excellent history of the Lady Margaret Beaufort seems to have been lost by the post. She sent it, but the printer never received it.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Eighteen members have contributed to the December bundle. Botanically speaking, it has been a dull season;—hence it would be unreasonable to expect any great display of industry.

K. L. C. in our last should have been *K. D. C.* It does not seem to be generally understood that the monthly parcel of specimens, &c., is due on the 15th of the month immediately following that for which the subject is given. Thus the January parcel is due on February 15th, and so on. There are now three vacancies.

Exercise for March :—A labiate flower.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

Rowena.—The Rev. W. H. Newland's *Lectures on Tractarianism* (Masters).

QUOTATIONS FOUND.

L. G. D.—In *Elegant Extracts*. By Mrs. Thrale.

Vixen—

'The same, the same, yet not the same,
For ever, ever more,'

are from a song set to music by A. Sullivan, beginning—

'Oh, rich and rare, oh, sweet and fair.'

Lohengrin—

'Then no word answer'd Gudrun,' &c.,

is from Morris's *Sigurd the Volsung*, p. 266, 115 foll.—book iii. Brynhild: the contention of the Queens.

C. M.—

'Think of me in the other room,'

is, I fancy, from Robert Browning.—*F. J. H.*

In answer to *C. E. H. Y., Callington.*

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man, or life of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavour;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep for ever and for ever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley;

What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching Eye,
Trust him to the Hand that made him;
Mortal love weeps idly by—
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

Attributed in the local paper, from which this was copied, to G. H. Boker, an American poet, and said to be written on the fall of a Southern officer.—*September.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

The author of these beautiful words on the cross.

IN HOC SIGNO.
Legem. Prophetas. Evangelium.
In. epitomen. reducta.
SS. Trinitatis.
Patris. Creatoris. Filii. Redemptoris.
Spiritus. S. Sanctificatoris.
in. hominem. lapsum. misericordiam.
pœnitentiæ. adhortamentum.
fidei. labantis. stabilimentum.
amoris. erga. Deum. proximum. incitamentum.
præcepta. Dei. servandi. instrumentum.
Sacramentorum. denique.
Vim. et. efficacium.
intueris.
Hoc. Signum. igitur.
fixis. oculis. compressis. labris.
attenta. mente. contrito. corde. piis. consiliis.
tacitis. precibus.
perpetuo. contemplare.

Also of the following lines—

'Thou wilt destroy this temple; for within
A fretting leprosy is on the walls,
Nor can the plague-spot of indwelling sin
Be purified, until the fabric falls;
And though at times, to feel Thy work begin
Dismays the sinking flesh, yet faith recalls
The blessed hope, that, as Thy word is true,
Thou wilt return, and build it up anew.'

L. M. G.

Author of the line—

'Shall gravitation cease when you go by?'

J. A. B.

The concluding verses of a burlesque poem on a cockroach, which appeared many years ago in the *Family Friend*, beginning—

'A cockroach crawled o'er a baker's shelf.'

Acheta.

In the *Préambule* to *Paul et Virginie*, the author, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, writes of M. de la Bourdonnais as follows:—

'Nommé gouverneur des îles de France et de Bourbon, il battit, avec neuf

vaisseaux, l'escadre de l'amiral Peyton, qui croisait sur la côte de Coromandel *avec des forces très supérieures.*'

Can the above be true? If so, where are the details of the engagement to be found? The date would be *about* 1740.—*Vertumnus.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Acknowledged for the *Daisy Chain Cot.*—3*s.* from Rose Emma and her sisters.

Bishop of Truro.—2*s.* 6*d.* from C. C. for the Cathedral Fund.

10*s.* from E. R.; 2*s.* 6*d.* from H. A. F.; 2*s.* 6*d.* through M. P.; 1*s.* 6*d.*, Anonymous, towards a Coal Fund. I shall be very grateful to any one who will assist me to buy fuel for the poor starving people in this neighbourhood. Address—*Miss Annie Bolster, Glen Mount, Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland.*

Mrs. Hardy.—The parcels of clothing and kind offers of help (in response to her appeal in the January number of *The Monthly Packet*) from Miss Williams and friends; E. S.; Mrs. Manners; L. A. F.; Mrs. Denston; Clara Looker.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window now erected in S. Mary's Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore (5, *Arlington St., S. James's*), acknowledges with best thanks for the above—London, W., 1*s.*; Miss E. C. Powys, 5*l.*; E. F. D., 2*s.* 6*d.*; C. B., 1*s.*; E. Wilberforce, 5*s.*; S. P. F., 5*s.*; S. G. F., 5*s.*; S. E. G. F., 2*s.* 6*d.*; M. H. K., 2*s.* 6*d.* 396*l.* received; 68*l.* still needed. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Lake Neepigon Fund.—Mrs. Bromfield, Fladbury House, W. Pershore, thankfully acknowledges the following sums:—G. 5*l.*; Dict, 1*l.*

EDUCATIONAL.

Will any one kindly tell me of a good German class for girls, conducted by correspondence? Members not very advanced. Address—*Miss E. S. Green, Little Leighs Rectory, Chelmsford, Essex.*

CHARITIES.

The bowl of a font is offered for a church on payment of the expense of transmission. It is carved in Caen stone after a design by Mr. Blomfield for a new church in the Second Pointed style; but, not having been worked in proper proportion to the other parts of a large font, it has been replaced by another. With a suitable base and cornice it would make a handsome font for a smaller church. Address—*Rector, Upton-on-Severn.*

The House of Charity, 1, *Greek Street, Soho, W.*—Some years ago I remember reading in these pages an account of the House of Charity. The work was at first carried on in a house in Rose Street, Soho, but after a time it was removed to its present far more airy and commodious quarters in Greek Street. During the last few years it has shared the fate of other charities; it has lost many of its original supporters by death, and others, owing to the wide-spread financial distress of the time, have been obliged either to discontinue their subscriptions, or materially to lessen them. The council have therefore been reluctantly compelled to draw largely upon the reserve fund set apart for 'a rainy day.' The special object is to afford a temporary home, *free of charge,* to all classes of respectable people *only* while seeking employment, and this without distinction of religious belief.

They are admitted for a fortnight upon the written recommendation of a clergyman or an associate to whom they are known, subject to the approval of the council. If by no fault of their own they fail in obtaining work during that time, the council frequently permit them to remain longer. The spiritual welfare of the inmates is not forgotten nor uncared for. Two daily services are held in the chapel in accordance with the rules of the house. Should any person desire to be confirmed, the preparation is begun, in the hope that it will be carried on at a future day. In conclusion, let me ask your readers to make themselves personally acquainted with this charitable, and in some respects unique, work, by calling at the fine old house in Greek Street, Soho Square; they may be sure of a kindly welcome from the Clewer Sisters who manage the institution under a warden and council; its visitor being the Bishop of London, and its patron the Archbishop of Canterbury. Further information and reports of the charity can be obtained by writing to the secretaries, F. Graves, Esq., 4, John Street, Berkeley Square, W., and J. W. B. Riddell, Esq., 65, Belgrave Road, S.W., or to the Chaplain, Rev. J. J. Elkington, House of Charity, 1, Greek Street, Soho, W. ASSOCIATE.

Church Folk Lore.—In many places, but chiefly in remote villages, there are found usages connected with the Church and its services differing from those ordinarily accepted as customary, and there were many more within the knowledge of people still living. Each taken separately may seem trifling, and even absurd, but we believe, that by collecting and comparing the surviving traditionary customs of different places, matter of much historical interest may be gathered, just as has been already done in the case of popular tales. There is no doubt that many still existing customs are of great antiquity, some probably older than Christianity itself. Others again, are relics of the Ecclesiastical struggles of the seventeenth century. They are, however, now being either swept away by the natural tendency of increased intercommunication to produce uniformity of practice, or mixed up with revivals which will soon make it impossible to distinguish the old from the new. If, therefore, the history latent in such traditions is to be made available, it must be done at once. We thought the work worth undertaking, and have already got together a quantity of material, which, when sifted and arranged, will, we are convinced, prove of wide interest. But as we wish to make our collection as complete as possible, we ask the clergy and all others who may know of the existence of out-of-the-way usages, whether connected directly or indirectly with the ordinary or occasional services of the church, either as regards clergy or people, or with its fabric, arrangement, or furniture, to be so good as to send us authenticated accounts of them. And we further ask that they will not refrain from sending, because they know that like usages exist in other places; for we need scarcely point out the value of a comparative view of the traditions surviving in different parts of the country. Although we have spoken only of churches, we believe that among the older congregations of Dissenters there are some traditions of the kind we want, and we shall be thankful for any descriptions of them also. Communications may be addressed to either of us as under, and they shall be properly acknowledged when used. Rev. J. Edward Vaux, M.A., Crondall, near Farnham, Surrey; J. T. Micklethwaite, F.S.A., 6, Delahay Street, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1880.

EASTER EVE.

We deck the Church to honour Him who riseth from the tomb,
The flowers are bright around us, in their fragrance and their bloom,
And yet they whisper of the Cross, and tell of sacrifice,
For every flower that addeth to the festal glory—dies.
Torn from the sunshine and the dew, severed from parent stem,
They calmly wait in patient grace—oh, look and learn of them—
If thou would'st show His glory forth, to Jesus thou must live,
If thou would'st others win for Him, give *thyself*, freely give!
The flowers found worthy to adorn His House are gathered in;
So ere we reach His Home above, we on a world of sin
Must close our eyes in death, then join the Angel songs of praise,
Faint echoes here of which we have, sometimes on Easter Days.
Our service o'er the Church is lone throughout the Easter Eve—
Only the flowers in loveliness and quietness we have.
And so the Saints are waiting now in Paradise above,
Till God shall bring them with Himself to meet all those they love.

E. M.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXIII.

THE RIDOLFI PLOT.

1571—1572.

European politics were arranging themselves into two great parties, dividing all those central portions where the Teuton and Kelt were mixed. Philip II. was the thorough-going chief of the one, Elizabeth the vacillating head of the other, and indeed owing her position rather to accident than to taste or conviction. The Emperor held aloof, and

was really tolerant and upright, and it was Spain, guided by Italy, that fought the battle, and with it went the captive Mary of Scotland, her partisans both in France and England, the main body of the Irish people, and the House of Guise with all their adherents in France.

On the Reformed side—looking to Elizabeth as their natural head, and finally forcing her out of self-preservation into that position, in spite of all her short-comings—there were the main body of the English people, the king's party among the Scots, the German Protestants, the unfortunate Reformers of the Netherlands, and the Huguenots of France.

Like the Emperor, Elizabeth and Charles IX. would have been glad to have kept on good terms with all their subjects, but Maximilian had the good fortune to have fallen upon a calm spot in the middle of the hurricane, while England was still rocked by the subsiding waves of the tempest, and the storm was still raging in France.

Conciliation was the main idea with Charles IX. and his mother. Without heed to Elizabeth's state of excommunication, they continued to press upon her the Duke of Anjou as a suitor, though he openly made game of the notion of marrying a princess older than his mother. La Mothe Fénélon, the French Ambassador in England, had plenty of sugary speeches; but Sir Francis Walsingham, who had been sent to Paris, told Cecil a very different tale.

Meanwhile, the Bull of Excommunication had given the Queen an impulse away from the Catholicism she had striven to maintain. Cecil, whom she had just created Baron Burghley had, in spite of his conformity in Mary's time, been always a strong Puritan; so was her favourite Leicester; and these influenced her policy, so that Archbishop Parker found himself almost deserted in his struggle to maintain what was ancient and catholic. Thomas Cartwright, formerly Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, had visited Geneva, made friends with Beza, and returned with all the old dislike to ancient usages revived in him, such as the cross in Baptism, the ring in marriage, surplices, Confirmation, and even episcopacy—with all, in short, that the English Church had not sacrificed to the Calvinists of Edward's time. The Puritans rallied round him, and in the Parliament of 1571, an attack was made on the Prayer-book, and seven bills were brought forward for further reforming the Church, by a member named Strickland, one of them intended to overthrow the Thirty-Nine Articles, which were far too Catholic for this party.

Greatly angered, Elizabeth, in the Tudor fashion, ordered Strickland to absent himself from the House of Commons. His friends moved that he should be summoned to the bar of the House to account for his non-attendance; and on hearing it was by command of the Queen, the House declared that she had exceeded her privileges, since alone, she could neither make, nor break laws. Elizabeth yielded so far that Strickland appeared in his place the next day, but his seven bills were

quashed, and all he obtained was that a commission should be appointed to hold council with the Lords spiritual on the reforms he requested.

The foremost in this committee was Peter Wentworth, who placed his abstract of the measures desired in the hands of Archbishop Parker. The first clause, that the Primate saw, was that the Order for the Consecration of Bishops should be struck out of the Prayer-book. He courteously asked why, and Wentworth replied, 'Because the Bishops are so occupied with other matters that they cannot attend to the Word of God, to see whether the doctrines of the Church agree thereto.'

'Methinks you are mistaken, sir,' courteously said the Archbishop, 'these are matters on which men should defer to the Bishops.'

'No!' broke out Wentworth, rudely, 'we will pass nothing till we understand what it is, for that were to make you Popes. Make you Popes who list, we will make you none.'

The next year Wentworth spoke in the House with equal politeness of the Queen, and as she did not bear such treatment as patiently as did the Archbishop, he had to spend some time in the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. All this was secretly supported by the Earl of Leicester, probably with the view of preventing the possibility of the Queen's marriage with a Roman Catholic prince. In another year 1573, Cartwright actually set up a conventicle at Wandsworth, appointing eleven elders for its government, and thus began the first Dissent in England, but with so much secrecy and caution that there were no proceedings against the society for some time.

This Puritan parliament had been returned in the zeal excited by the excommunication of the Queen, and by her own desire, it enacted stringent penal laws against the Roman Catholics, such as might compel them to choose between the Pope and the Queen. Three bills were brought forward. The first made it treason to declare the Queen a heretic, schismatic, tyrant, infidel, or usurper, and punished with a year's imprisonment any who should declare any person—save a child of her own—to be her heir; and the bill made it treasonable to receive or use any bull or writing from Rome, and laid under the statute of præmunire all who should receive crosses, beads, or other 'objects of devotion' blessed by the Bishop of Rome. The third forced every one not only to Church, but to Communion in the Anglican form under penalty of forfeiture of goods. This bill struck at the Puritans as well as Roman Catholics, while the other was aimed at the partisans of Queen Mary. Indeed, whatever the persecution of Romanists in England afterwards became, it was at first wholly political; since between the Pope and Queen Mary, the presumption was that a Roman Catholic could not be a loyal subject to Elizabeth; though many, honest and inconsistent, still contrived so to remain. However, in the April of 1572, another of those plots was detected, which did so much to harden the Queen and the nation against both Mary and the Romanists.

One Charles Bailly, a Fleming, in the service of the Queen of Scots, was arrested at Dover, because on his baggage being searched, a packet of letters in cipher had been found, and this was a suspicious circumstance, added to a bundle of printed copies of a vindication of Queen Mary, written by her constant supporter, David Leslie, Bishop of Ross. One of these ciphered letters was to Lord Lumley, a well known Roman Catholic; one to the Duke of Norfolk, who had been released from the Tower, since the rising in the north, but kept under surveillance at home; and one to the Bishop of Ross, who was residing with his brother Bishop of Ely, half as a prisoner, half as ambassador from Queen Mary. This very clever Bishop begged to see the packet for himself, and by wonderful adroitness exchanged it for another parcel, outwardly exactly the same, but with perfectly innocent letters within. On hearing, however, that Bailly was sent to the Tower, his anxiety was such that he fell into a burning ague, and kept his bed four months. He might well be anxious. Bailly, it appears, had been desired to leave his packet at Calais, to be brought by some one not known to belong to Queen Mary, but he had chosen to carry it himself, and, poor man, he had to rue his disobedience, for he was put to the torture, and though he held out the first time, the second he confessed that the letters had been given him by one Ridolfi, a banker, at Brussels, who had a house of business in London, and that he knew they were from the Duke of Alva, promising to co-operate with numbers thirty and forty in the Queen's cause. Who thirty and forty might be Bailly did not know, but he did know that the Bishop of Ross was to send the letters.

Thereupon Leslie was interrogated and his house searched, both without effect, He declared himself an ambassador, but the plea was not allowed, and he was thrown into that part of the Tower called the Bloody Tower, a very close and unwholesome lodging for a sick person. Still, nothing was really proved till August, when one Brown, a carrier of Shrewsbury, brought to the Council a bag of money, which he said had been given him by a man named Higford to carry to Bannister, steward at Shrewsbury to the Duke of Norfolk, as silver coin, but being sure that the weight was too much for silver, he brought it to Lord Burghley. It was opened before the Council, and proved to contain, not silver, but gold, and therewith a letter in cipher. Higford was summoned, and at first pretended ignorance, but he was forced by threats into reading the cipher. It was an order to Bannister, the Duke's steward, to send the gold to one of the clan Lowther in Westmoreland, whence it would be transmitted to Kirkaldy for the maintenance of his garrison in Edinburgh Castle, the money itself being the proceeds of Queen Mary's French dowry, transmitted through La Mothe Fénélon. Here was proof positive that Norfolk in his own captivity was still in the confidence of Mary, in spite of all his professions, when he left the Tower, of perfect loyalty to the Queen.

Bannister, and Barker, the Duke's secretary, were sent to the Tower. The first, as soon as he was placed on the rack, told all, the second spoke at first sight of it, and Higford told still more. He even produced some letters from Queen Mary, which the Duke had been so foolish as to give him to burn instead of doing it himself, and which he had preserved.

Now this discovery came the more opportunely that Burghley already knew that there was a secret Spanish plot for invading England, and setting Mary on the throne, and he wanted much to know what English help was expected. His knowledge came in a not very creditable way. When Hawkins's slave ships had been attacked by the Spaniards, a large number of his men had been made prisoners, and thrown into dungeons at Seville, where they might either be hung for their piracy, burnt for their heresy, or left to pine to death. Hawkins longed to release them, and after going to Lord Burghley and explaining his plan, he repaired to Don Gueraldo de Espes, the Spanish ambassador, and declared that being disgusted with the English Queen, and devoted to the Scottish one, he was ready to fight in the cause of Mary, only requiring the aid of the King of Spain, and the release of his comrades, when he would bring over a large portion of the ships and men to the Spanish service.

Don Gueraldo consulted Alva, who was incredulous; whereupon Hawkins sent an officer named Fitzwilliam straight to Madrid, where he produced a favourable impression, but was asked for credentials from the Scottish Queen. He went home to procure these, if possible, having actually obtained letters of recommendation to her from the Duke of Feria and his English wife.

How to get to Mary was the next thing, and Fitzwilliam applied to Burghley, who wrote to Lord Shrewsbury that here was a gentleman who had friends in prison in Spain, and hoped to get them released, if the Queen of Scots would give him a letter to the King of Spain. Thus Shrewsbury allowed him access to the prisoner, and she, deceived by the Feria letters, gave him a strong letter of recommendation, such as to inspire Philip with full confidence.

Back went Fitzwilliam, and so satisfied the King, that he set all the prisoners free, and even gave them money enough to defray their expenses on their homeward journey. Further, Fitzwilliam found that there was to be a great invasion of England, led by Alva from the Netherlands in the autumn, when Hawkins and all his supposed partisans were to desert, bringing over half the fleet with them, in return for which Hawkins was promised a free pardon for all the damage he had done to Spanish ships and settlements, and to be made a grandee of Spain.

Hawkins did not know what appears in the correspondence of Philip and Alva—that the Duke had always averred that such an expedition would be utterly vain if Elizabeth were alive and at large.

Cecil, however, was quite sure that the scheme of invasion could not have been devised without more efficient support than that of Hawkins, and he had been trying all the summer to detect the secret enemies he knew must be around, when Brown the carrier thus had given him the clue.

Norfolk was thereupon arrested. At first he boldly denied all knowledge of any plot, but when he heard of the confessions of his servants, he broke down, and cried out for mercy, which no man ever deserved less, for he had been led away by ambition, not love, to plot the destruction of his Church, of his Queen, and of his country, and to bring in the ferocious ruthless Spaniards who had shed the noblest blood in the Netherlands, and were making havoc of her fairest cities.

The plot had been hatched by Ridolfi, a restless Florentine banker, and zealous Roman Catholic, who had got into communication with Mary, just as she was disappointed of her treaty with Elizabeth, and persuaded her that she must look abroad for deliverance, not at home. He obtained leave from her to do what he could in her name. Then, going to the Duke of Norfolk, who was able to see him in private, he gradually disclosed as much as the Duke was likely to endure of the plot, namely that Don Fadrique de Toledo, a son of Alva, should land with a body of Spanish troops, restore Mary, marry her to Norfolk, and allow Elizabeth the crown for her life on condition of her returning to the Roman Catholic Church. The old Earl of Arundel, Lord Montague (nephew to Cardinal Pole), and Lord Lumley, were expected to concur in this scheme.

Norfolk made some demur, but was brought to promise that if the Spanish force landed, he would aid them. And a letter was written in his name, probably by Ridolfi, Bishop Leslie, and Don Gueraldo, declaring that he was only a Protestant by expediency, and giving advice that the Spanish troops should land either at Harwich in Norfolk, or Portsmouth in Sussex, when he would at once join them with 20,000 foot, and 3,000 horse. This letter is in Italian, not signed by Norfolk, and probably never seen by him, as he would hardly have so misplaced two English towns. Mary of Scotland likewise wrote, calling her marriage with Bothwell a pretended one, and showing herself not disinclined to Norfolk; but she was in a mood to grasp at any chance of escape.

Ridolfi then went to the Netherlands. Alva heard him, but did not think much of the plan, writing to his King that Ridolfi was a great talker, that he had no trust in Norfolk, and had much rather marry Queen Mary to Don Juan of Austria, the brave son of Charles V.

Thence Ridolfi went to the Pope, who listened to him more eagerly, promised money, and gave him letters to Philip. At Madrid, he was watched carefully, but at last convinced the King that he was in

earnest in the cause. Nay, whereas he had salved Norfolk's English conscience by assurances that Queen Elizabeth should lose neither crown nor life, he now told Philip that her death must be the first preliminary; advised the deed to be done in the autumn when she went into the country, and recommended the Marchese Vitelli as the assassin.

Philip was always slow in deciding, and neither Alva nor his best councillors had much trust in Ridolfi; but there were the hopes of Hawkins and the fleet, and the assurances of Espes that there was much indignation at the penal laws. Thus the King had just made up his mind, consented to the scheme, and sent orders to Alva to prepare his force, when Bailly was arrested, and the letter to the Duke of Norfolk read. It was from Ridolfi, telling him as much of the plan as was good for him to hear; but not that his Queen was to be murdered to begin with, and he himself thrown over, for Don Juan, or for the Duke of Anjou!

There was treason enough in the matter as it was. Norfolk was imprisoned in the tower to await his trial, and orders were sent to Lord Shrewsbury at Sheffield to examine his prisoner on the plot, keep her under closer restraint, and dismiss all but sixteen of her attendants. Indeed, Mary seems to have expected immediate death; but her high spirit did not forsake her. She declared that whereas Elizabeth had no right to keep her a captive, she had a full right, as a queen, to deal with other princes to obtain her liberty; but she disclosed nothing, and betrayed no one. As to her servants, the parting was grievous. Among them was Willie Douglas, the page of Lochleven, and all who had clung to her so faithfully that she could not bear to choose between them, and Shrewsbury himself made the selection. They could not go to Scotland, where they would have been in danger; but she gave them letters to the King of France and his mother, begging that favour might be shown to them. She was very ill after this blow, partly from want of air and exercise, and her griefs had nearly ended that winter in death.

As to the English people, they were furious with all sorts of vague alarms for themselves and their Queen, and the dread of Alva's Spaniards sailing into the Thames, or landing at one of Ridolfi's seaports. Burghley longed to put Don Gueraldo safely into the Tower with the Bishop of Ross, but did not dare.

Feelings were further aggravated by reports from France. One represented Charles IX. as saying of his sister-in-law that 'the poor fool would never cease plotting till she had lost her head,' and another represented the Court as persuading the Duke of Anjou to woo her instead of Elizabeth, declaring that she was the most beautiful princess then living. Monsieur, who had a love of his own in the French Court, was not in the least disposed to marry either of the ladies, in spite of the polite speeches of his mother and Fénélon; and

reports of a sore which Elizabeth had in her leg for some weeks, and of a sprain she gave her side, were made the most of, and canvassed in most uncomplimentary terms, none of which Walsingham spared in his letters to Burghley, no doubt in hopes of disgusting Elizabeth. However, she sent Fénélon a basket of apricots that he might report on English fruit, and a stag which she had herself brought down at Oatlands; and she showed an eagerness for Monsieur's portrait.

The coarsest construction was openly put in France upon Leicester's favour, and also on that of Christopher Hatton, a young gentleman of the Inns of Court, whose handsome person and fine dancing of a *galliard* had so struck the Queen that she ordered him to become one of her band of gentlemen pensioners, then made him vice-chamberlain, and finally Keeper of the Seals.

'My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.'

Hatton was in the main an honest, though dull man, but he presumed in these young days of favour to cast his eyes on the garden belonging to the Bishop of Ely's town house on Holborn Hill—twenty acres of beautiful ground, where, it may be remembered, the strawberries grew that Richard III. asked for on the day he sentenced Hastings. The Bishop of Ely, Dr. Cox, who had been tutor to Edward VI. and had upheld the English Prayer-book at Frankfort, tried to prevent this shameful despoiling of his see; but he received the following imperious note:—

'PROUD PRELATE,—You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you.

'ELIZABETH.'

Dr. Cox had not the moral courage to try whether she could have done so. He yielded, with the poor compensation of free admission through the gate-house, and the right for himself and his successors yearly to gather twenty bushels of roses in the grounds, still called Hatton Gardens, though all the roses the present Bishop of Ely is likely to obtain there must be artificial. Dr. Cox perhaps yielded the more readily that he had felt his ground insecure ever since his Calvinism had led him to object to the crucifix and lighted candles the Queen retained on the altar of her chapel, and thus had made her very angry.

Walsingham's reports, however, convinced the Queen that Anjou was not likely to be forced into the marriage; and either this, or the fact of having disconcerted the whole Ridolfi plot, made her put an end to the affair by refusing the Duke on the ground of religion.

All this time Norfolk's affair had been going on, assisted, sad to say, by the torture of his poor officers. The examination was conducted in

their prison, but on the 16th of January the Duke, after four months' imprisonment, was arraigned before the High Steward in Westminster Hall for high treason.

Trials of this kind were conducted on the principle that a prisoner was to be hunted down, so he was allowed no counsel and no witnesses in his own defence, nor even to see and cross-examine the witnesses against him, only to hear their written depositions; and his judges were his greatest enemies, such as Burghley, Bedford, Leicester—all new Tudor creations, the natural foes of the small remnant of the old feudal peerage.

Treason was involved in his intended marriage with Mary, because in the time of her first husband she had borne the arms of a Queen of England! This could not be more than a mere pretext; but what his guilt turned upon was his complicity in the scheme of landing Spanish troops. This he flatly denied, and the strongest available proof against him was a sentence in one of Mary's letters, saying, 'If the Duke of Norfolk think Ridolfi's scheme good.' No doubt he *did* know of part of it, though not of its full blackness, and he thus deserved the sentence of death pronounced against him, though probably no modern jury would have convicted the poor, vain, foolish man.

He had behaved with dignity at his trial, and received his sentence bravely, declaring himself to die a true man to the Queen, as perhaps he thought he was, though it is hard to say how this was consistent with making her life and crown depend upon satisfying Philip II. of her orthodoxy. And yet Norfolk had been a pupil of George Foxe, the martyrologist!

Elizabeth could hardly bring herself to consent to the execution of her kinsman and old companion. She signed the warrant, and revoked her signature. Leicester declared his life would be saved, and the Queen continued to hesitate, while Burghley and the Council assured her that his execution was necessary to her safety, as was also the death of the Queen of Scots. Mary had recovered, and when Lord Shrewsbury returned from Norfolk's trial and allowed her again to take exercise, she was so delighted, that the first time she went out she plunged into the snow up to her ankles. Elizabeth could not make up her mind to put her captive cousin to death, but to satisfy her advisers she at last yielded Norfolk, and after five months' suspense his warrant was signed, and he was beheaded on Tower Hill, much regretted by the people, who had by this time forgotten his treason, in June, 1572.

His unfortunate sister, the Countess of Northumberland, had been all this time collecting a sum with which to ransom her husband, who had been two years shut up in Lochleven Castle. The Regent, Mar, would perhaps have accepted her 2,000*l.*, but he was in the hands of a much worse and more rapacious person, the Earl of Morton, who proposed to see whether the English would not bid as much; and

Elizabeth, after chafing at the amount, consented, rather than have the head of the Percys abroad with Alva. The price was weighed out to the Scots by Lord Hunsdon, and poor Northumberland, setting out in the hope of meeting his wife at the Firth of Forth, was taken to the Border and given up to Hunsdon.

That honest noble hated the whole affair, and when he found Northumberland was to die, he flatly declared he would have nothing to do with the execution, and absolutely refused to obey the Queen's orders to take him to York to be beheaded, on the old act of attainder for the Rising of the North, without fresh trial. Sir John Foster was sent to take charge of the prisoner, and he was beheaded at York, with a common carpenter's axe, in the September following the death of his brother-in-law. The indignant north country sang—

'The noblest lord of Percy, kind,
Of honour and possessions fair,
As God to him the place assigned,
To Scottish ground made his repair.
Who after promise manifold
Was last betrayed for English gold.

'Who shall hereafter trust a Scot,
Or who will do that nation good,
That so themselves do stain and blot
In selling of such noble blood.
Let lords of this a mirror make
And in distress that land forsake.'

The Scots meantime had made a truce with Lethington in Edinburgh Castle, and were holding a parliament and a convention of the clergy. No formal act of the state had yet recognised the Reformation, and there were still supposed to be Bishops, Archbishops, and abbots, mitred and unmitred. Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, and by old papal favour Archbishop of Athens, preserved the titles and the estates of the first, though an ardent Calvinist minister; the Catholic Archbishop of S. Andrews, John Hamilton, died, and a John Douglas, a Presbyterian, was appointed in his room; Kirkaldy of Grange was prior of S. Andrews, and so on.

However, in the winter of 1572 an agreement was made between kirk and privy council, leaving all the dioceses and parishes as before, and actually appointing titular archbishops and bishops, who were of course not consecrated and who had no real jurisdiction, but were subject to the General Assembly. Their use and purpose was to collect the dues that legally belonged to the original prelates, and pay them over to the great lord who obtained the appointment for them and who was usually head of their family. Now when a cow had lost her calf, it was the custom to place by her side when she was milked, a calf-skin stuffed with hay to induce her to yield her milk. This figure was called a 'tulchan,' and these mock prelates became known as 'tulchan bishops.'

THE CAPTIVE CHILD.

CARISBROOK CASTLE, SEPTEMBER 8, 1650.

I.

CHILD in girlhood's early grace,
Pale white rose of royal race,
Flower of France, and England's flower,
What dost here at twilight hour
Captive bird in castle-hold,
Picture-fair and calm and cold,
Cold and still as marble stone
In gray Carisbrook alone?
— Fold thy limbs and take thy rest,
Nestling of the silent nest!

II.

Ah fair girl! So still and meek,
One wan hand beneath her cheek,
One on the holy texts that tell
Of God's love ineffable;—
Last dear gift her father gave
When, before to-morrow's grave,
By no unmanly grief unmann'd,
To his little orphan band
In that stress of anguish sore
He bade farewell evermore.

III.

Doom'd, unhappy King! Had he
Known the pangs in store for thee,
Known the coarse fanatic rage
That,—despite her flower-soft age,
Maidenhood's first blooming fair,—
Fever-struck in the imprison'd air
As rosebud on the dust-hill thrown
Cast a child to die alone,—
He had shed, with his last breath,
Bitterer tears than tears of death!

IV.

As in her infant-hour she took
In her hand the pictured book
Where Christ beneath the scourger bow'd,
Crying 'O poor man!' aloud,

And in baby tender pain
Kiss'd the page, and kiss'd again,
While her happy father smiled
On the sweet warm-hearted child;
— So now to him, in Carisbrook lone,
All her tenderness has flown.

V.

Oft with a child's faithful heart
She has seen him act his part;
Nothing in his life so well
Gracing him as when he fell;
Seen him greet his bitter doom
As the mercy-message Home;
Seen the scaffold and the shame,
The red shower that fell like flame;
Till the soul within her died,
Dying in fancy by his side.

VI.

— Statue-still and statue-fair
Now the low wind may lift her hair,
Motionless in lip and limb;
E'en the fearful mouse may skim
O'er the window-sill, nor stir
From the crumb at sight of her;
Through the lattice unheard float
Summer blackbird's evening note;—
E'en the sullen foe would bless
That pale utter gentleness.

VII.

— Eyes of heaven, that pass and peep,
Do not question if she sleep!
She has no abiding here,
She is past the starry sphere;
Kneeling with the children sweet
At the palm-wreathed altar's feet;
— Innocents who died like thee,
Heaven-ward through man's cruelty,
To the love-smiles of their Lord
Borne through pain and fire and sword.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

NOTES.

Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, was born on Innocents' Day, 1635. When under two years old occurred the incident recounted

in Stanza IV. The child was apparently present at vespers in her mother's private chapel by accident. The King, when the Queen drew his attention, said, 'She begins young!' The first grief of a very happy and promising childhood may have been the loss, at four years old, of her sister Anne, born 1637. But by 1642, the evils of the time began to press upon Princess Elizabeth: her mother's departure from England was followed by her own capture by order of the Parliament; her confinement under conditions of varying severity; her final farewell of her father, 29th January, 1649.

From that time her life was overshadowed by the sadness of her father's death, her own isolation, and her increasing feebleness of health. She seems to have been a singularly winning and intelligent girl, and she hence found or inspired affection in several of the guardians successively appointed to take charge of her. But if she had not been thus marked by beauty of nature, our indignant disgust would hardly be less at the brutal treatment inflicted by the Puritan-Independent authorities upon this child. The refusal of her prayer to be sent to her elder sister Mary, in Holland; the careless removal to Carisbrook in 1650; the solitude in which she was left to die. Yet it is not she whom we should pity!

THOUGHTS FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

IV.—THE TONGUE (*second part*).

THERE are many people, however scrupulous enough about anything which they consider contrary to truthfulness, who think it a harmless amusement to indulge habitually in gossip. Fond delusion! Never was gossip yet, that *could* be strictly veracious. If we indulge our tongues in speculations, comments, and repetitions concerning our neighbours' affairs, it is *impossible* that what we say can be strictly accurate; for how can we report correctly that which we but very partially comprehend? And what outsider *can* fully enter into, and clearly understand, all those minute details of family life which form the staple of this kind of talk; while if we wilfully indulge a habit of conversation which we know must of its very nature be misrepresentation, what are we but *liars?* Young people—young ladies above all—close your lips and ears against this baleful practice, if you are sincere in wishing to avoid what is 'abomination to the Lord!' We have already alluded to the paramount necessity of storing the mind with 'pleasant and durable riches' for this very purpose; since 'out of the fulness of the heart the mouth' will certainly speak. Fill up your thoughts, and it will be much easier to guard your tongue against the myriad forms of these 'idle words,' for every one of which—with all its train of foolish and mischievous consequences—we shall 'give account,' remember. For gossip is not confined to little vulgar circles in obscure places; it is to be found, rampant, in every polite *coterie*, and is perhaps most harmful of all when it takes the form of politics or religion. Those who would be ashamed to tell 'cook-stories' and speculate concerning their neighbours' domestic affairs have not a

scruple in disseminating the most barefaced *scandal* about public men, and—worse—about ladies in exalted position. . . . There is a class of slanderous disloyalty tolerated among well-bred and even professedly religious people in the present day which seems to us well-nigh sufficient to draw down upon England the curse of Him Who has said, 'Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I destroy!'

The patent falseness of such talk makes it doubly base; but even when evil tales are true, where in the Bible are we given leave to disseminate them by way of an amusing mode of intercourse? Listen to what Solomon has to say on this subject:—

'He that walketh being a tale-bearer* revealeth secrets; but *he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter*.'

'He that covereth a transgression seeketh love: but he that repeateth a matter separateth very friends.'

'A froward man soweth' (or 'sendeth forth') 'strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends.'

'Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth. The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds, they go down into the innermost parts.'

'Discover not a secret to another, lest he that heareth it put thee to shame, and thine infamy turn not away.'

And in prophetic indication of those who would *most* need these warnings, S. Paul has written specially upon this subject to women, of whom he says that ('having cast off their first faith')—

'Withal they learn to be idle, wandering from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.' (1 Timothy v. 13.)

Elsewhere he describes this kind of existence as 'walking *disorderly*;'† do pray note the strength of the expression—you who divide your days into various forms of frivolous, chattering intercourse through the medium of morning calls and evening visitings. The Apostle applies to idle busybodies the expression with which in the same chapter he had stigmatised those from whom the Thessalonians were to 'withdraw themselves' altogether. In a previous epistle he had sent these offenders a warning ‡; and now he 'commands and exhorts them by our Lord Jesus Christ' to 'work in quietness.' Injunctions so strenuous and so solemnly put must surely be worth our attention; but be quite sure they never will be obeyed while minds are left barren of food more wholesome than can be gathered up daily out of our neighbours' concerns. (We repeat ourselves in once more saying this—but the subject is so important, the caution is so universally needed, that we may be pardoned for so doing.) The whole of God's glorious universe is spread open before us from whence to nourish that busy

* We have given the marginal reading, as being so very expressive.

† 2 Thess. iii. 11.

‡ 1 Thess. v. 14, marginal reading.

mind and soul of ours; why must we ever, like Bunyan's man with the muck-rake, insist upon gathering up the garbage of scandal and the profitless rubbish of gossip and tattle? Solomon also classes 'whisperers' among the 'froward,' some of those on whom he is most severe.

'He that hath a perverse tongue falleth into mischief.'

'Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee.'

'The froward tongue shall be cut out.'

'The mouth of the wicked speaketh frowardness.'

'There is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword.'

'Perverseness in the tongue is a breach in the spirit.'

So far as we know, weekly reviews of the 'Exterminator' description were not extant in ancient Jerusalem, or we think Solomon would certainly have included certain pens with 'perverse tongues,' pens who make it their business to revile and satirize whatever public men have the misfortune to belong to some party, political or religious, in opposition to their own. And surely when we read and enjoy these productions we become responsible for their spirit. All that 'speaks like the piercings of a sword,' in the way of ill-natured satire, whether printed in the newspaper or uttered in the family circle, cannot but partake of the 'bitterness' forbidden to whomsoever has become 'a new creature.' And equally to be avoided is the morose reserve in words, cultivated by many whose hearts are really kind and tender, but who conceal their true feelings under an habitual harshness of speech and manner, or even disguise them with sarcastic jests, that to all but the 'lovers of wit at any price' sound positively unkind. We are not speaking of genuine mirth and fun, which is almost invariably good-natured, and draws its opportunities for laughter from things impersonal, or at least powerless to annoy. There is a spurious wit manifested in ridiculing people and their peculiarities, and things sacred, tender, or sublime, that is disgusting to all 'wisehearted' persons, and generally exquisitely painful to some one or other connected with the subject satirised, and which surely called forth the Preacher's scathing condemnation—

'As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool.'*

We trust that it is quite unnecessary to add under this head any veto upon the positive sin of coarse words. Solomon has foreshadowed the beatitude of our Lord on pureness of heart by twice repeating a like encomium on purity of the lips.

'He that loveth pureness of heart for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.'

'The words of the pure are pleasant words.'

But we think that some of his expressions about 'the tongue of the

* Eccles. vii. 5.

wise' argue strongly in favour of a certain propriety of diction as well as refinement of the thought expressed, which would certainly be inconsistent with the *slang* phraseology so dear to nineteenth century England.

'The tongue of the just *is as choice silver*.'

'The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright.'

'The heart of the righteous studieth to answer.'

'The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips.'

'A word fitly spoken is as apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

'Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.'

Much more might be said about the many and various 'sins of the tongue' against which we should do well to be continually on our guard; but space fails, and Solomon urges upon our notice the duties as well as temptations of the gift of speech. This talent, the grand distinction between man and the brute creation, is to be cultivated and improved faithfully. Our words are to be '*wholesome*.'

'The mouth of a righteous man is a well of life.'

'The tongue of the wise is health.'

'A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.'

They are to be *wise*:—

'The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom.'

'The lips of the righteous feed many.'

'The sweetness of the lips increase learning.'

'In the lips of him that hath understanding is wisdom found.'

They are to be used in defence of truth and righteousness, and for the service of our fellow-men:—

'Have not I written to thee excellent things in counsels and knowledge, that I might make thee know the certainty of the words of truth; that thou mightest answer the words of truth unto them that send thee? . . . For it is a pleasant thing if thou keep them within thee, they shall withal be fitted in thy lips.'

'Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.'

'The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable.'

'A good word maketh the heart of man glad.'

'A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth, and a word spoken in due season how good is it!'

'Every man shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer.'

These and such as these, are the uses of the tongue; and, as S. Peter tells us—

'He that *will love life and see good days* let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.'

But let none imagine that this is an easy task, nor one that will be

fully conquered so long as life itself shall last. Well may we daily echo the incomparable prayers of Solomon's father—

'Set a watch, oh Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips!'

'Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, oh Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer!' . . . .

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART I.—HOME LIFE.

'A little more than kin, and less than kind.'

CHAPTER IX.

RUTH.

'She has two eyes so soft and brown.'

THERE was a little oak-panelled bedroom at Elderthwaite, which had been called Ruth's ever since, as a curly-haired, brown-skinned child, the little orphan cousin had come from her grandmother's in London and paid a long visit in the North some five or six years before the winter's day on which she now occupied it, when she came to be present at the Lesters' ball. She was a nut-brown maid still, with rough, curly hair and great dark eyes, with curly, upturned lashes—eyes that were like Virginia's in shape, colour, and fervour, but which glanced and gleamed and melted after a fashion wholly their own. She was slender and small, and though with no wonderful beauty of feature or perfection of form, whether she sat or stood she made a picture; all colours that she wore became her, all scenes set off her peculiar grace. Now, her brown velvet dress, her rusty hair against the dark oak shutter, as she sat crouched up in the window-seat, were a perfect 'symphony in brown.'

Ruth Seyton was an orphan, and lived with her grandmother, Lady Charlton, a gentle, worldly old lady, whose great object was to see her well married, and to steer her course safely through all the dangers that might affect the course of a well-endowed and very attractive girl. The scorn which Ruth felt for the shallow feelings and worldly notions with which she was expected to enter on the question of her own future was justifiable enough, and led to a violent reaction and to a fervour of false romance. Ruth had found her hero and formulated her view of life, and the hero was Rupert Lester, whom she was about to meet

at the ball given in Alvar's honour, and between whom and herself lay the memory of something more than a flirtation.

The theory was, that the hero once found, the grand passion once experienced, was its own justification, itself the proof of depth of character and worth of heart. A girl who paused to consider her lover's character or her friends' disapproval, when she had once given her heart away, was a weak and cold-natured creature in her opinion. She knew that many difficulties lay between her and Rupert Lester, and she gloried in the thought of how they should be overcome, rejoiced in her own discrimination, which could see the difference between this real passion and the worldly motives of some of her other admirers, or the boyish fancy of Cheriton Lester, who talked to her about his brothers and his occupations, and had room in his heart, so it seemed to her, for a thousand lesser loves. Ruth believed that she despised flirtation; but there could be no harm in being pleasant to a boy she had known all her life and whose attentions just now were so convenient. Besides, Cheriton was really very like his cousin Rupert, very like the photograph which she now hid away as Virginia came in search of her.

The two cousins had been a great deal together at intervals and were fond of each other, and Virginia knew something about Rupert; but Ruth knew better than to give her full confidence on the subject.

'Well,' she said, as her cousin entered, 'and how does the world go with you? Do you see much of the Lesters?'

'Yes; while the frost lasted I used to go down to the ice with the boys, and we met there. Cheriton comes over here sometimes, and once he brought his brother.'

'What, the Spaniard? How *do* they manage? Is he very queer?'

'Oh, no! Of course he is very unlike the others. Cherry gets on very well with him. I believe Mr. Lester does not wish the boys to come here much,' added Virginia abruptly.

'Well, it wasn't approved of in Roland's time,' said Ruth.

'Were we always bad company?' said Virginia. 'I have had a great deal to learn. Why did you never make me understand better what Elderthwaite was like?'

'But, Queenie,' said Ruth cautiously, using a pet name of Virginia's girlhood, 'surely you *were* told how tumbledown the place was, and how stupid and behindhand everything would be. Poor dear Uncle James ought to have lived fifty years since.'

'I don't believe that parish priests taught their people nothing but to catch rats fifty years since,' said Virginia, with a touch of the family bitterness in her voice. 'Is it because papa is poor that the men-servants get tipsy, and Dick and Harry are always after them? Oh, Ruth,' suddenly softening, 'I ought not to have said it, but the boys aren't brought up well; and if you *saw* how wretched the people in the village are—and they look so wicked.'

'Yes,' said Ruth, as Virginia's tears silenced her, 'but you know we Seytons *are* a bad lot. We're born, they say, with a drop of bad blood in us. Look at Aunt Julia, *she* was driven desperate and ran away—small blame to her—when her lover's father forbade the match; but they caught and stopped her. After that she never cared what she did, and just lived by making fun of things.'

Virginia shuddered. Could her lazy, sarcastic aunt have ever known the thrillings and yearnings which were beating in her own heart now?

'There is not much fun in it,' she said.

'No. As for Dick, I don't think much of him. Poor old Roland was worth a dozen of him. I don't care what people *do* as long as they *are* something. But Dick has no fine feelings.'

'Ruth,' said Virginia, 'I think I was not taught better for nothing. I am sure papa is very unhappy; he thinks how wrong everything is. Poor papa! Grandpapa was such a bad father for him. I cannot make friends with Dick, and Harry will go back to school. Indoors I have nothing to do; but I am going to ask Uncle James, and then if I go to the cottages and get the children together a little, perhaps it may be better than nothing. Old nurse says they all grow up bad. Poor things, how can they help it!'

'Well, Queenie,' said Ruth dubiously, 'I don't think the people are very fit for you to go to. I don't think Uncle Seyton would like it.'

'I should not be afraid of them,' said Virginia. 'It would be doing something for papa, and doing good besides.'

To think of her father as an involuntary victim to the faults of others was the one refuge of Virginia's heart; his graceful, melancholy gentleness had caught her fancy, and she was filled with a pity which, however strange from a child to a father, vibrated in every tender string of her nature. On the other hand, all her notions of right were outraged by the more obvious evils prevailing at Elderthwaite, and she went through in those first weeks a variety of emotions for which action seemed the only cure. She felt as if the sins of generations lay on her father's shoulders, and she wanted to pull them on to her own —wanted to stand in the deadly breach with the little weapon that her small experience had put into her hand. She wanted to teach a few poor children, a thing that might only be a pleasant occupation or the most commonplace of duties. But it was turning her face right round on the smooth slope the Seytons were treading, and trying to make a step up hill.

Ruth did not think that first step would be easy, and would have liked to see Virginia go down stairs in a somewhat less desperate humour, to find her uncle chatting to Miss Seyton in the drawing-room.

'Ha, ha, Miss Ruth! Come North just in time to make a conquest of the fine Frenchman at Oakby.'

'I thought he was a Spaniard, uncle,' said Ruth.

'Eh, pretty much of a muchness, aren't they? I've got a card for a grand ball to go and see him. Ha, ha! I'd sooner see him with a red coat on at Ashrigg meet next Thursday.'

'But you must go to the ball, uncle, and dance with me,' said Ruth.

'That's a bargain,' said the jolly parson, striking his hands together. 'Any dance I like?'

'To be sure.'

'Ah, mind you look out, then. When you're sitting quiet with the Frenchman you'll see your old uncle round the corner.'

'I never dance with any one who doesn't know the *trois temps*, uncle.'

'Bless my soul! My favourite dance is the hornpipe, or old Sir Roger—kiss the girls as you pop under. That's an old parson's privilege, you know.'

All this time Virginia had been standing apart, working up her courage, and now, regardless of the unities of conversation, and with a now-or-never feeling, she began, her fresh young voice trembling and her colour rising high.

'Uncle James, if you please. I wanted to tell you I shall be very glad to do anything to help you, if you will allow me.'

'Help me, my dear? Teach me the *troy tong*, or whatever Ruth calls it.'

'To help you in the parish, uncle.'

'Parish? Ha, ha! Do they have the pretty girls to read prayers in the grand Ritualistic places nowadays?'

'I thought I might perhaps teach some of the children,' faltered poor Virginia through her uncle's peal of laughter.

'Teach? We don't have many newfangled notions here, my dear. Do your wool-work, and dance your *troy tong*, and mind your own business.'

'I have always been accustomed to do something useful,' said Virginia, gaining courage from indignation.

'Now look here, Virginia,' said Parson Seyton emphatically. 'Don't you go putting your finger into a pie you know nothing of. There's not a cottage in the place fit for a young lady to set her foot in. There's a vast deal too much of young women's meddling in these days; and as for Elderthwaite, there's an old Methody, as they call him, who groans away to the soberer folks, and comforts their hearts in his own fashion. What could a chit of a lass like you do for them? Go and captivate the Frenchman with your round eyes—you've a grand pair of them—and give me a kiss.'

Parson Seyton put out his hand and drew her towards him.

'But uncle,' she stammered, yielding to the kiss in such utter confusion of mind that she hardly knew what she was doing—'But, uncle, do you *like* that Methodist to—to attract the people?'

'Bless your heart, child, people must have their religion their

own way. They'd stare to hear *me* convicting them of their sins. "What's the parson done with his own?" they'd ask. But it comforts them like blankets and broth, and it's little they get of either,' with a side glance at his sister; 'so I take good care to keep out of the way. I told Cherry Lester I should go and hear him some Sunday afternoon. "Hope it would do you good, parson," says he coolly. Eh! he's a fine lad. What a confounded fool old Lester must think himself to have this foreign fellow ready to step into his place.'

'Are you and Cheriton as great friends as ever, uncle?' asked Ruth.

'Friends! Eh, he's like Virginia here. Wants to teach me a lesson now and then. Got me over last year to their grand meeting of clergy and laity for educational purposes, and there I was up on the platform with the best of them.'

'Did you make a speech, uncle?' asked Ruth.

'I did, my lass, I did! When they had quarrelled and disputed, and couldn't by any means agree, some one asked my opinion, and I said, "My lord"—Lord —— was there, you know, "and my reverend brethren, having no knowledge whatever of the subject, I have no opinion to give." And old Thorold—he comes from the other side of the county, mind you,—remarked that "Mr. Seyton's old-fashioned wisdom might find followers with advantage." Ha—ha—you should have seen Cherry's blue eyes down below on the benches when I gave him a wink! "Old-fashioned wisdom," Miss Virginia; don't you despise it.'

'Hallo, uncle,' shouted Harry, putting his head in, 'here's a fellow come tearing up to say the wedding's waited an hour, and if the parson isn't quick, they'll do without him.'

'Bless my soul, I forgot all about 'em. Coming—coming—and I'll give 'em a couple of rabbits for the wedding dinner. Virginia'll never ask me to marry her, that's certain.' And off strode the parson, while poor Virginia, scandalised and perplexed as she was, was fain, like every one else, to laugh at him.

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD PARSON.

'He gave not of that text a pulled hen
That saith that hunters ben not holy men.'

PERHAPS no amount of angry opposition to her wishes could so have perplexed Virginia as her uncle's *nonchalance*, which, whether cynical or genial, seemed to remove him from the ranks of responsible beings and to make him a law unto himself. When we read of young high-souled martyrs, we are apt to fancy that their way was plain before them, that however hard to their flesh, it was at least clear to their

spirit; that Agnes or Cecilia, however much afflicted by the wickedness of their adversaries, were never perplexed by anything in them that was perhaps not wicked. Virginia Seyton was full of desires as pure, wishes as warm to lead the higher life, was capable of as much 'enthusiasm of humanity' as any maiden who defied torture and death; but she was confronted by a kind of difficulty that made her feel like a naughty girl; the means to fulfil her purpose were open to so much objection that she could hardly hold firmly to the end in view. It may seem a very old difficulty, but it came upon her as a startling surprise that so much evil could be permitted by those who were not altogether devoid of good. For she was inclined to be sorry for this jolly, genial uncle, and not to wish to vex him; while yet his every practice and sentiment was such as she had been rightly taught to disapprove.

Anxious for a chance of settling her confused ideas, she slipped away by herself and went out into the muddy lanes, heedless of a fast-falling shower.

The thaw had set in rapidly, and rich tints of brown, green, and yellow succeeded to the cold whiteness of the snow on moor and hill-side. A thaw, when the snow has fairly gone, even in the depth of winter, has a certain likeness to spring; the violent, buffeting wind was warm and soft, and the sky, instead of one pale sheet of blue, showed every variety of wild rain-cloud and driven mist.

Virginia plunged on through the mud with a perplexity in her soul as blinding as the tears that rose and confused the landscape already half-blotted out by wreaths of mountain mist.

Suddenly, as she turned a corner, something bounced up against her, nearly knocking her down, and a voice exclaimed—

'Down, Rolla! How dare you, sir! Oh, dear me, how sorry I am! that great brute has covered you with mud;' and Cheriton Lester, very muddy himself, and holding by the neck an object hardly recognisable as Buffer, appeared before her.

'I was very muddy before,' said Virginia. 'Why, what has happened to the puppy?'

'He fell into the ditch. Nettie will wash him; it's her favourite amusement. I was coming up here to ask after a young fellow I know, who works at this farm; he hasn't been going on very well lately.'

'I suppose you know everyone in Oakby,' said Virginia, abruptly.

'Pretty well,' answered Cherry. 'I couldn't help doing so.'

'I should like to know the people in Elderthwaite,' said Virginia.

'It would be a very good thing for some of them if you did.'

'Ah,' she said, suddenly, 'but Uncle James will not let me do so.'

'Ah!' said Cherry, with an inflection in his voice that Virginia did not understand. Then he added quickly, 'What did you want to do?'

'I wanted,' said Virginia, moved, she hardly knew why, to confidence as they walked on side by side, 'to go to the cottages sometimes, and perhaps teach some of the children. Don't you think it would be right?'

'I think it would hardly do for you to go about at haphazard among the cottagers.'

'But why? I am used to poor people,' said Virginia.

Her sentences were short, because she was afraid of letting her voice tremble; but she looked at him earnestly, and how could he tell her that many of the people whom she wished to benefit owed her family grudges deep enough to make her unwelcome within their walls, how betray to her that the revelations they might make to her would affect her relations to her own family more than she could hope to affect their lives in return. But Chériton was never deaf to other people's troubles, and he answered with great gentleness—

'Because we're a rough set up here in the North, and they would scarcely understand your kind motives. But the children—I wish you could get hold of them! I do wish something could be done for them! What did the old parson say to you?'

'He said he didn't approve of education.'

'Oh, that's no matter at all! I declare I think I see how you might do it, and we'll make the parson hunt up a class for you himself! What! you don't believe me? You will see. Could you go down to the vicarage on Sunday mornings?'

'Oh, yes! but Uncle James——'

'Oh, I'll make him come round. They might send over some benches from Oakby, and the children would do very well in the vicarage hall.'

'But, Cheriton,' exclaimed the astonished Virginia, 'you can't *know* what my uncle said about it!'

'He said, "Eh, they're a bad lot. No use meddling with them," didn't he?' said Cheriton, in the very tone of the old parson.

'Something like it.'

''Never mind. He would like to see them a better lot in his heart, as well as you or I would.'

'Ruth says he is really very kind,' said Virginia; 'and I think he means to be.'

'Ah yes, your cousin knows all our odd ways, you know. She is with you?'

'Yes, she came yesterday.'

'Ah! she knows that he *is* a very kind old boy. He loves every stone in Elderthwaite, and you would be surprised to find how fond some of the people are of him. Now I'll go and see him, and come and tell you what he says. May I?'

'To be sure,' said Virginia, 'and perhaps then Aunt Julia will not object.'

'Oh no, not to this plan,' said Cherry.

He called Rolla, and went in search of the parson.

Cherry liked management; it was partly the inheritance of his father's desire for influence, and partly his tender and genial nature, which made him take so much interest in people as to enjoy having a finger in every pie. As he walked along, he contrived every detail of his plan.

Jack was wont to observe that Elderthwaite was a blot on the face of the earth, and a disgrace to any system, ecclesiastical or political, that rendered it possible. But then Jack was much devoted to his young house-master, and wrote essays for his benefit, one of which was entitled, 'On the Evils inherent in every existing Form of Government,' so that he felt it consistent to be critical. Cheriton had a soft spot in his heart for a long existing form of anything.

He soon arrived at the vicarage, a picturesque old house, built half of stone and half of black and white plaster. It was large, with great overgrown stables and farm-buildings, all much out of repair. Cheriton found the parson sitting in the old oak dining-room before a blazing fire, smoking his pipe. Some remains of luncheon were on the table, and the parson was evidently enjoying a glass of something hot after it. Cheriton entered with little ceremony.

'How d'ye do, Parson?' he said.

'Ha, Cherry! how d'ye do, my lad? Sit down and have some lunch. What d'ye take? there's a glass of port in the sideboard.'

'Thanks, I'd rather have a glass of beer and some Stilton,' said Cherry, seating himself.

As he spoke, a little bit of an old woman came in with some cold pheasant and a jug of beer, which she placed before him. She was wrinkled up almost to nothing, but her steps were active enough, and she had lived with Parson Seyton all his life.

'Ay, Deborah knows your tastes. And what do you want of me?'

'I want to give you a lecture, Parson,' said Cherry, coolly.

'The deuce you do! Out with it then.'

'Virginia has been telling me that you will not let her teach the little kids on a Sunday.'

'Bless my soul, Cheriton! d'ye think I'm going to let the girl run all over the place and hear tales of her father and brothers, and may be of myself into the bargain?'

'No,' said Cherry; 'but you ought to be very much obliged to her, Parson. It's a shame to see those little ruffians. Now you're going to call on half-a-dozen decentish people and tell them to send their children down here of a Sunday morning at ten o'clock. Virginia will teach them in the hall. I'll get them to send over a couple of forms from Oakby. Don't let her begin with above a dozen, and don't have any big boys at first. Deborah might give them a bit of cake now and again to make the lessons go down. What do you say?'

'I say you're the coolest hand in Westmoreland, and enough to wile the flounders out of the frith!' said the old parson, as Cherry peeped at him over his shoulder to see the effect of his words. 'What are we coming to?'

'A model school, perhaps.'

'And a model parson. Eh, Cherry, these enlightened days can't do with the old lot much longer.'

'Oh, you're moving with the times,' said Cherry, as he came and stood with his back to the fire, looking down at the parson as he filled his pipe, and smiling at him. Perhaps no other being in the world could have got Parson Seyton to consent to such an innovation, but he loved Cheriton Lester, who little knew how much self respect the allegiance of his high-principled promising youth was worth to the queer old sporting parson. One atom of pretence or of priggishness in a well-conducted correct young man would have been of all things odious to him, but the shrewd old man believed in Cheriton to the backbone, and of all the admiration and affection that the popular young man had won perhaps none did him so much credit as the love that made him a sort of good angel to rough Parson Seyton.

'You got my best dog out of me when I gave you Rolla,' he said, 'so I suppose you'll have your own way now.'

'And it'll turn out quite as well as Rolla,' said Cherry, rather illogically.

Parson Seyton set about fulfilling his promise after a manner of his own.

He rapped with his dog-whip at a cottage door and thus addressed the mother:—

'Eh, Betty, there's a grand new start in Elderthwaite. Here's Miss Virginia going to turn all the children into first-rate scholars. Wash them up and send them over to my house on Sunday morning, and I'll give a penny to the cleanest, and a licking to any one that doesn't mind his manners.'

If Parson Seyton had been a school-board visitor he could hardly have put the matter more plainly, and on the whole could hardly have adopted language more likely to be effectual.

CHAPTER XI.

ALVAR CONFIDENTIAL.

'He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains.'

THE rain had ceased, and long pale rays of sunshine were streaming through the mist as Cheriton made his way through a very dilapidated turnstile and across a footpath much in need of drainage towards Elderthwaite House. As he came up through the overgrown shubberries he saw in front of him a small fur-clothed figure, and his

colour deepened and his heart beat faster as he recognised Ruth. He had been thinking that he should see her ever since his promise to Virginia, but he had not expected to meet her out-of-doors on so wet a day, and he had hardly a word to say as he lifted his hat and came up to her. She was less discomposed, perhaps less astonished.

'Ah! how do you do?' she said. 'Do you know when I saw some one coming I hoped it might be your new brother. I am *so* curious to see him.'

'He is not a bit like any of us,' said Cherry.

'No? That would be a change, for all you Lesters are so exactly alike.'

Ruth had a way of saying saucy things in a soft serious voice, with grave eyes just ready to laugh. Cheriton and she had had many a passage of arms together, and now he rallied his forces and answered—

'Being new, of course he'll be charming. Rupert and Jack and I will know all our partners are longing for him. But as he can only dance with one young lady at a time, in the intervals I shall hope—I am much improved in my waltzing—just to get a turn.'

'Really improved—at last?' said Ruth; then suddenly changing to sympathy—'But isn't it very strange for you all? How do you get on? How do *you* like him?'

'Oh, he isn't half a bad fellow, and we're excellent friends.'

'That's very good of you. Now I have such a bad disposition that if I were in your place I should be half mad with jealousy.'

Cheriton laughed incredulously.

'I daresay you would stroke us all down the right way. Rupert says he feels as if he were lighting his cigar in a powder-magazine. But they get on very well, and Grace and Mary Cheriton think him perfectly charming.'

'I think I shall come to the ball in a mantilla. But have you done anything for poor Virginia?'

'Oh yes; the old parson only wanted a little explanation,' said Cherry, quite carelessly enough to encourage Ruth in adding earnestly—

'It is *so* good of her to want to help these poor people. Queenie is like a girl in a book. I really think she likes disagreeable duties.'

'I am sure you, who can sympathise with Virginia and yet know all the troubles, will be able to make it smooth for her. I wish you would.'

'Ah, but I am not nearly so good as Virginia,' said Ruth—a perfectly true statement, which she herself believed. Whether she expected Cheriton to believe it was a different matter.

Alvar had no excuse now for finding Oakby dull; the house was full of people, Lady Cheriton and her daughters were enchanted with his music, and he brightened up considerably and was off Cheriton's mind, so

that nothing spoilt the radiance of enjoyment that transfigured all the commonplace gaiety into a fairy dream. The younger ones found the times less good. Jack was shy and bored by fine people, Bob hated his dress-clothes, Nettie was teased by Rupert, who varied between treating her as a Tomboy and flattering her as an incipient beauty, and thought her grandmother's restrictions to white muslin and blue ribbons hard. But Mrs. Lester had no notion of letting her forestall her career as a county beauty.

When Cheriton came back from Elderthwaite he found the whole party by the hall fire in the full tide of discussion and chatter, Nettie on the rug with Buffer in her arms complaining of the white muslin.

'Sha'n't I look horrid, Rupert?'

'Frightful; but as you'll be sure to bring Buffer into the ball-room he'd tear anything more magnificent.'

'I sha'n't bring in Buffer! Rupert, what an idea! He'll be shut up, poor darling! But at least I may turn up my hair, and I shall. I'm quite tall enough.'

'Turn your hair up? Don't you do anything of the sort, Nettie. Little girls are fashionable, and yellow manes and muslin frocks will carry the day against wreaths and silk dresses. You let your hair alone, and then people will know it's all real by and by.'

'Well, I'd much rather turn it up,' said Nettie, simply.

'Well, perhaps I would,' said Rupert. 'Fellows might say you let it down on purpose.'

Rupert conveyed a great deal of admiration of the golden locks in his tone, but Nettie, though vain enough, was insensible to veiled flattery.

'Plait it up, Nettie,' said Cherry briefly.

'If anybody thought I did such a nasty, mean, affected thing as that I'd never speak to him again. *Never!* I'd cut it all off sooner,' cried Nettie.

'Young ladies' hair does come down sometimes,' said Rupert; 'when it's long enough.'

'Mine *never* shall,' said Nettie emphatically.

'Don't do it yourself then,' said Cherry.

'If Nettie ever takes to horrid, affected, flirting ways,' said Jack, who had joined the party, 'I for one shall have nothing more to say to her.'

'You don't admire flirts, Jack?' said Rupert.

'I don't approve of them,' said Jack crossly.

'Oh, come, come, now, Jack, that's very severe.'

'Poor Jack!' said Cherry; 'he speaks from personal experience. There was that heartless girl last summer, who, after hours of serious conversation with him, went off to play croquet with Tom Hubbard, and gave him a moss-rose-bud. Poor Jack! it was a blow; he can't recover from it! It has affected all his views of life, you see.'

'Poor fellow!' said Rupert, as Jack forcibly stopped Cherry's mouth; 'I'd no notion it was a personal matter. Will she be at the ball?'

'No; you see, we avoided asking her.'

'Cherry!' interposed the disgusted Jack, 'how can you go on in this way! It's all his humbug, Rupert.'

This serious denial produced, of course, shouts of laughter—in the midst of which Alvar entered and joined himself to the group round the fire as they waited for the arrival some friends of Cheriton's.

'And what have you been about?' asked Cherry.

'I have been singing with your cousins. Ah, it is pleasant when there are those who like music!'

'You found all these fellows awful savages, didn't you?' said Rupert.

Alvar turned his great dark eyes on Cheriton with the same sort of expression with which Rolla was wont to watch him.

'Ah, no,' he said; 'my brother is not a savage. But I do like young ladies.'

'But I thought,' said Rupert, 'that in Spain young ladies were always under a duenna, so that there was no chance of an afternoon over the piano?'

'But I assure you Miladi Cheriton was present,' said Alvar seriously.

'Oh, that alters the question!' said Rupert. 'But come, now, we have been hearing Jack's views—let us have your confessions. Is the duenna *always* there, Alvar?'

'Here is my sister,' said Alvar, with the oddest sort of simplicity, and yet with a tone that conveyed a sort of reproach to Rupert and—for the first time—of proprietorship in Nettie.

Rupert burst into a shout of laughter: 'My dear fellow, what are you going to tell us?'

'She is a young girl; surely even here you do not say everything to her?' said Alvar, looking perplexed.

'By Jove, no!' said Rupert; 'not exactly.'

'Since Nettie is here, we should not have asked you to tell us anything we did not wish her to hear,' said Cheriton, with a sense of annoyance that Alvar should be laughed at.

'*You* did not ask me,' said Alvar quietly.

At this moment Bob called Nettie so emphatically, that she was obliged unwillingly to go away.

'Now then, Alvar,' said Rupert, 'now for it. We won't be shocked. Tell us how you work the duennas.'

'It would not have been well to explain that to Nettie,' said Alvar seriously.

'Why not?' said Jack, suddenly boiling up. 'Do you think *she* would ever cheat or want a duenna? English girls can always be trusted!'

'*Can* they?' said Rupert. 'Shut up, Jack; you don't understand. We only want you to tell us how you do in Spain. *Affaires du cœur*—you know, Alvar.'

Alvar looked round with an air half-shrewd, half-sentimental; while Cheriton listened a little seriously. He knew very little of Alvar's former life; perhaps because he had been too reticent to ask him questions; perhaps because Alvar found himself in the presence of a standard higher than he was accustomed to. Any way, Nettie might have heard his present revelations.

'There was a time,' he said, sighing, 'when I did not intend to come to England—when I had sworn to be for ever a Spaniard. Ah, my cousin, if you had seen my Luisa, you would not have wondered. I sang under her window; I went to mass that I might gaze on her.'

'Did you now? Foreign customs!' interposed Rupert; while Cherry laughed, though he felt they were hardly treating Alvar fairly.

'I knew not how to speak to her. She was never alone; and it was whispered that she was already betrothed. But one day she dropped her fan.'

'No, no—surely?' said Cherry.

'I seized it, I kissed it, I held it to my heart,' said Alvar, evidently enjoying the narration, 'and I returned it. There were looks between us—then words. Ah, I lived in her smiles. We met, we exchanged vows, and I was happy!'

Rupert listened to this speech with amusement, which he could hardly stifle. It was inexpressibly ludicrous to Cheriton; but the fun was lost in the wonder whether Alvar meant what he said. This was neither like the joking sentiment nor the pretended indifference of an Englishman's reference to such passages in his life; yet the memory evidently cost Alvar no pain. Jack sat, looking totally disgusted.

'At last,' Alvar went on, 'we were discovered. Ah, and then my grandfather was enraged, and her parents, they refused their consent, since she was betrothed already. I am an Englishman, and I do not weep when I am grieved, but my heart was a stone. I despaired.'

'She must have been a horrid little flirt not to tell you she was engaged,' said Jack.

'She did not know it till we had met,' said Alvar.

'What awful tyranny!'

'Ah, and she was your only love!' sighed Rupert.

'No,' said Alvar, simply, 'I have loved others; but she was the most beautiful. But I submitted, and now I forget her!'

'Hm—the truest wisdom!' said Rupert.

Cherry was growing angry. He did not think that Rupert had any business to make fun of Alvar, and he was in a rage with Alvar for making himself ridiculous. That Alvar should tell a true love-tale with sentimental satisfaction to an admiring audience, or sigh over a flirtation which ought to have been a good joke, was equally distasteful

to him. He burst out suddenly, with all his Lester bluntness, and in a tone which Alvar had hitherto heard only from Jack—

'If you fellows are not all tired of talking such intolerable nonsense, I am. It's too bad of you,' with a sharp look at Rupert. 'I don't see that it's any affair of ours.'

'You're not sympathetic,' said Rupert, as he moved away; for he was quite familiar enough with his cousins for such giving and taking.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ANGEL OF VIAREGGIO.

A TALE OF CHILD-LIFE IN ITALY.

BY LINDA VILLARI, AUTHOR OF 'IN THE GOLDEN SHELL,' 'IN CHANGE UNCHANGED,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

GIGIA IS CROSS.

As every one knows, children are apt to be cross and out of sorts after any unusual pleasure or excitement; and our Gigia, being no exception to this rule, was a very disconsolate little person on the day following the delightful pic-nic at Massaciucoli. She quarrelled with her doll, and even failed to find pleasure in the new boat Momo had made for her.

She could not go to kind Mrs. Aston, for that lady had a severe headache and was trying to cure it by resting quietly in her room before starting with her husband on a two days' sketching trip to the Carrara mountains.

So poor little Gigia, having lost her old habit of trotting about the house at Raffaele's heels, was really at a loss what to do with herself.

'I don't know *what* to do!' she grumbled, with a desperate pout, 'and everybody is so *horridly* busy.'

In vain Aunt Rosina, industriously stitching at a pile of house linen, offered her a big needle and unlimited supplies of cotton. Gigia was too restless to care to amuse herself by attempting to work.

She was standing in the doorway sucking her thumb when the Russian boys came down stairs with their maid, equipped for the beach with spades and pails, and—for a wonder—laughing merrily like other people's children. What had worked this miraculous change in them?

Alas! it is a sad fact that their merriment was owing to their

mother's absence. For four-and-twenty hours the Russian Countess had been away from Viareggio; so for the same period there had been peace in the house, and, much to the relief of other inmates of the hotel, no screams had been heard from the second-floor rooms.

Still, the boys' respite from ill-treatment needs explanation, as the brutal maid remained behind. The change in her must be attributed to a bold stroke on the part of good Signora Maria. No sooner had the Countess driven off to the station the previous day, than the landlady, after remarking to her husband that she knew how to manage 'that girl,' walked determinately up stairs, and, calling the maid, told her with much solemnity, that she was sorry to say the police had had their attention attracted to the ill-treatment of the children, in consequence of the complaints of some of the neighbours; and that if her little charges were heard to scream while the Countess was away, she herself would be made responsible before the authorities. A guilty conscience is easily alarmed; the woman's ignorance of Italian laws and regulations helped to make her believe these gravely-uttered statements; and Signora Maria, seeing her own success, could not resist adding a few hints on the subject of the girl's secret interviews with some one on the beach, which were not without their due effect. So, for perhaps the first time in their lives, these oppressed children were allowed to play freely, unchecked by harsh words or blows.

The cowed maid thought it advisable to try to conciliate the land lady; and now, seeing Gigia in the doorway, she went the length of inviting her to come and play with the little boys on the beach, taking care, however, to add that she must keep her distance as before, as soon as the Countess returned.

Of course Gigia, who had already cast a longing glance towards the boys and their pails, jumped at the proposal, and ran to ask her Nonna's leave.

Her eager face lengthened when Signora Maria, with an eloquent toss of the head, and the remark that she wouldn't trust a dog of hers beyond her hearing with that 'good-for-nothing,' came out into the passage, and told the maid that Gigia must not go. Noticing, however, the little thing's crestfallen countenance, and the disappointed face of the younger boy, she added that Gigia might have a game with them on the terrace when they came back.

This refusal was a sore disappointment to the restless little girl. She watched the children running merrily towards the shore, and then her discontent vented itself in a fit of angry tears. It was very hard, she thought, hardly ever to go to play on the sands like the troops of children who were always passing the door; and she began to pity herself very much, like some other little people I know, when their elders' ideas of what is for their good happens to differ from their own.

Her noisy weeping brought out Signora Maria to see what was the matter; and, being hasty tempered, she seemed all the more vexed with the child because in her heart she was sorry to have been obliged to deprive her of a pleasure.

'This comes of all your outings with foreigners,' she said sharply. 'I see it's high time to send you to the convent school, to be taught how to behave. I'm sure we need not have troubled ourselves to make that lovely angel dress, for little girls with such naughty tempers are not fit to walk in holy processions.'

This alarming hint made Gigia try to gulp down her sobs, and when Signora Maria had gone back to her ironing, she sat mournfully on the doorstep sucking her thumb, and longing for the little boys' return. She felt very cross; the time seemed very long, and the glare from the pavement made her hot and uncomfortable.

Presently, therefore, she made her way into the yard, and mounted the steps to the wide terrace over the dining-room. She was longing for a game with those little boys, and wanted to look over the sands in the hope of seeing them come towards the house.

It was nice and cool too up there; the awning flapped gently to and fro in the breeze, and refreshed Gigia's hot cheeks and soothed her discontent.

Busy swallows were darting to and fro, and whirling round and round over her head. The little girl tried to count them, and then fell to envying these free, happy birds, and wondering what they said to each other, with their sweet, shrill cries. She sat quite still, without stirring a finger, in order to tempt them nearer to her. How delightful, thought she, to dance about in the air like that, and how they must despise her for having no wings, nothing but stupid feet and legs!

Of course it never struck her that even swallows in their fashion had to work for their living as much as her busy grandparents downstairs; nor that their graceful whirling flights were but a sort of airy marketing to provide gnats and flies for eager, gaping beaks in the nests up yonder under the eaves.

So Gigia sat gazing open-mouthed at the familiar birds; time moved on quickly in this occupation, and at last she had the satisfaction of seeing the little boys crossing the road to the hotel.

'Now come and play with me,' she shouted gladly, as she ran down to meet them at the door; 'and oh! you've got some sand; we'll make a house with it on the terrace.'

Accordingly boys and sand and spades were speedily conveyed to the terrace; and the maid, perceiving that no Signora Maria was at hand to watch her proceedings, snappishly bade the children be good and quiet while she went out for an instant to post a letter. With that excuse she slipped out of the house, and ran off in the opposite direction from the post-office, leaving the children to do whatever they liked best,

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAME ON THE TERRACE.

THEY were soon all very happy together, but as there is nothing like tyranny for creating tyrants, Alexis, the ever bullied one, showed some disposition to take advantage of being the biggest of the three, to bully his brother. However he soon gave up the attempt on finding that Gigia took little Michael's part. She stamped her foot so vehemently, and her eyes flashed so when Alexis spoilt their sand house, that for a time he became quite submissive to her behests.

'Now we've had enough of this stupid sand,' said the capricious little maiden after a while, heaping the said sand in a corner of the terrace, 'let us play at something else.' So she pretended to be a doctor visiting a patient—the latter part enacted by little Michael, who lay with closed eyes upon two chairs, while Gigia felt his pulse and looked at his tongue; occasionally taking snuff from an imaginary box after the manner of the Viareggio doctor. But Alexis grumbled that he had nothing to do so Gigia decided that he should be a priest visiting the sick man.

Wearying of this game when it was found impossible to persuade Michael to take sand for medicine, Gigia proposed that they should make a procession, and having coaxed Raffaele to give them some crumpled table napkins for vestments, they marched gravely round and round the terrace, and then set about constructing an altar.

'Altars want flowers though,' said Gigia decisively, drawing back to look critically at their erection, and away she darted down the steps to pick some oleander and geranium blossoms from the flower-pots outside her aunt's window in the courtyard below.

Then came a new difficulty; they had nothing to put their flowers in. Gigia wished to stick them in little heaps of sand, but Alexis objected, and said they ought to have vases.

'But we haven't any, you stupid boy,' answered Gigia contemptuously, shrugging her fat shoulders.

'I know where we can get some; there are great big ones in mamma's room,' said Alexis.

'But I'm sure you mustn't take them,' objected Gigia more from instinctive fear of the Countess than from conscientious motives.

'Oh, yes, we may. Mamma isn't here, you know,' answered the boy with a sly look in his eyes. So he ran off into the house, and soon returned with two vases that were standing on his mother's dressing-table.

Now these vases, as ill luck would have it, were of handsome china, real Chinese china, brought from the East long ago by Gigia's great grandfather, and dearly prized by Signora Maria. They were generally kept on the top shelf of a cupboard in the landlady's own room; but

one day, when she chanced to be out of the way, the Russian Countess had sent down an imperious demand for flower vases, and Signor Gianni, seeing no others at hand, had unthinkingly sent up his wife's cherished possessions.

Gigia had once been shown these vases and told their history, but she had quite forgotten all about them; and besides was too much absorbed in the decoration of her altar to take particular notice of what vases Alexis had brought. Certainly the flowers made a grand show in them, and gave quite an ecclesiastical appearance to the improvised altar. Gigia, whose ideas naturally ran upon processions, suggested that Alexis should march about with the altar, while she and Michael followed as angels carrying the flowers.

'No, the flowers belong to the altar. I shall carry them,' said Alexis doggedly.

'Indeed you shan't,' said Gigia just as obstinately, and giving one vase to little Michael, she was about to seize the other for herself, when Alexis, determined not to see his altar robbed of all its ornaments, raised the chair high in his arms and marched triumphantly across the terrace with it.

'Give me back the vase, you unkind boy!' shouted Gigia, who had no mind to be a flowerless angel, and as Alexis only laughed insultingly at her request, she ran after him to stop the procession. At her approach Alexis increased his pace to a run, and in a moment the precious vase had fallen to the ground and lay shattered in twenty fragments at Gigia's feet.

All three children were silent for some moments after this dreadful calamity, and stood still staring at the bits.

'Oh dear! oh dear!' then exclaimed Gigia, 'why did you break it?'

'I didn't,' said Alexis sullenly, 'it broke itself. It's all your fault; you shouldn't have run after me.'

'What will your mamma say?' pursued Gigia.

Alexis shuddered at the mention of his mother. 'I shan't tell her,' he said sullenly; 'and it isn't her vase.'

Little Michael, looking on terrified, no sooner heard his mother's name mentioned, than running to the extreme end of the terrace he quietly deposited in a corner the companion vase which he had been tightly clasping in his arms.

In different ways all felt that a dreadful deed had been done, but while Gigia, without any personal fears, only grieved for the fate of the pretty china, the boys dreaded future whipping, and only thought of how to conceal the accident.

'Let's hide the bits,' whispered Alexis in the tone of a startled conspirator; and he began hastily pushing the tell-tale fragments under a heap of sand, while Michael busied himself in picking up the scattered flowers. But Gigia, never having been harshly treated, had

no instincts of secrecy, and seeing old Raffaele coming out of the kitchen door, she called him up before Alexis could stop her, and recounted the terrible disaster.

Raffaele fully appreciated its enormity.

'Madonna! Madonna!' he exclaimed, throwing up his hands. 'They are the padrona's own vases! How ever did you get them, you wicked little girl?'

Not knowing that they had been in the Countess's bedroom, he of course concluded that Gigia had daringly appropriated them. Poor little Gigia began to cry on hearing herself blamed, while a cunning look came over Alexis's face, and he began to hope that he should be able to throw all the blame upon Gigia.

'I didn't do it!' protested the little girl. 'Nasty Alexis ran about with the al—al—altar and broke the vase. Didn't he, Michael?'

But poor little Michael's experience had taught him that it was safest to be silent during storms, so he only whimpered and said never a word.

'This is a pretty piece of work,' said the waiter, sighing as he picked the bits of china out of the sand. 'The padrona will be terribly vexed with you, Gigia.'

'But I tell you I didn't do it, stupid Raffaele!' exclaimed Gigia, stamping her foot. 'Alexis would fetch the vases from up stairs, and he broke it, not I.'

'I didn't,' asserted Alexis obstinately, but without looking at Gigia; 'you're a story teller.'

Gigia was speechless with indignation, and stood looking at her cowardly companion with wide-open angry eyes.

As for Raffaele he was thoroughly bewildered. 'I must go and fetch the padrona,' he said, and away he went, in spite of Alexis's entreaties that he should hold his tongue and just throw away the nasty bits. Alexis having told his lie, determined to stick to it.

'You know you did it,' he said, 'it was all your fault.'

Poor Gigia gasped for breath.

'You wicked, *wicked* boy,' she sobbed, 'how can you say so! Oh Michael, dear, why don't you take my part? I always take yours.'

Michael began to cry too, and throwing his arms round Gigia's neck, he kissed her again and again, whispering in her ear, 'I know you didn't do it, but I'm afraid to say so.'

And now Signora Maria came up the steps angrier than Gigia had ever seen her before. Rosina came with her, looking as distressed as Raffaele, and old Teresa wore her accustomed grumpy expression. Gigia ran straight to her grandmother, the tears streaming down her face, saying:

'I am so sorry for the pretty vase, Nonna dear, but indeed I didn't break it.'

At first Signora Maria's wrath was too great for words. She looked,

with tears in her eyes, at the fragments of her delicate china, and at the companion vase standing ignominiously in a corner on the ground. She looked from one child to the other—all three grotesque enough little objects, with their drapery of numerous table napkins, and their frightened tearful faces.

'Who dared bring these vases up here?' she said at last, raising Gigia's bent head, and fixing angrily inquiring eyes on the miserable little countenance.

'Alexis,' answered the child with the earnestness of truth. 'He fetched them from up stairs, and——'

'That's not true; they were in my own cupboard!' interrupted Signora Maria, pushing her away.

'It is true, padrona,' 'broke in old Teresa. 'Heaven knows how they got there, but for the last three days I've seen those vases on the Countess's bedroom table.'

'Then it's just witchcraft!' exclaimed the landlady. 'These vases are always locked up down stairs. How on earth could they be in that de—— woman's room?'

And she looked from Teresa to Rosina, and from Rosina to Raffaele, but no one of them could explain the mystery. The French maid, however, might have answered the question, as she herself had received the vases from the landlord's hands; but having only that instant slipped unperceived up the terrace stairs, she was afraid of somehow betraying the fact of her absence, if she spoke before she had made out the cause of all this commotion. When she did understand that one of the landlady's vases had been broken, and that there was some uncertainty about the culprit, she instantly perceived that it would be best for herself to throw the blame on Gigia; and so presently, as the poor little girl was re-asserting her innocence, and Alexis audaciously affirming his, she stepped forward and said that the little girl was guilty.

Cowardly Michael preserved an obstinate silence, and no one, unfortunately, thought of questioning him; but he stood by Gigia's side, and now and then showed his sympathy by kissing the sobbing child. Signora Maria was utterly puzzled; she had never found Gigia untruthful, and yet how could she believe her protestations when both the boy and the maid declared her guilty? Besides, poor Gigia was in too violent a passion to be very coherent, and too young to think of simply saying that the maid could know nothing, as she wasn't there when the accident happened.

Her sobs grew louder and louder, as she saw that no one believed her. 'I'll go to Mrs. Aston,' she cried; 'she won't think I tell lies.' And she began to knock at the closed shutter of the window overlooking the terrace. Alas! no one answered her cries for admission. Her grandmother coldly told her that her friends had gone, without adding the kind messages with which Mrs. Aston had charged her

for the little girl; and taking the poor little thing by the hand, she led her down stairs. By and by, as the child grew calmer, soothed by Aunt Rosina's gentle, serious words, she was able to give a clearer account of the accident—still, however, without mentioning the maid's absence—and succeeded in convincing her grandmother of her innocence. Good Signora Maria mournfully shook her head over the precious fragments, and, locking safely away the unbroken vase, announced her intention of speaking to the Countess as soon as that lady returned.

She was expected by the last train; and Gigia, as her tears were kissed away, began, in spite of her indignation at Alexis's cowardice, to think with pity of the heavy punishment probably awaiting that unlucky boy.

In due time the Countess arrived. Signor Gianni, who had come home a few minutes before, cleared up the mystery about the vases, was very penitent for his own carelessness in lending them, and agreed with his wife that the Russian must be made to pay for the damage her son had committed.

The Countess was at table with her children when Signora Maria came into the room, and, after a short preamble, related what had happened.

The Countess had returned to Viareggio in a less savage mood than usual, and the children had been allowed to eat their supper in peace. Of course the maid had held her tongue about the accident, in order not to compromise herself; but the lady's violent temper speedily blazed up as the landlady stated her case, and exhibited the fragments of the vase. She was mean as well as savage; and the fact of her son's fault entailing a call upon her purse, increased her fury against Alexis. He, to save himself, obstinately denied having broken the vase, and again declared that Gigia did it. His mother was quite willing to believe him, and, turning her wrath upon the landlady, haughtily inquired how she had dared to let 'the girl' play with her children.

'It is far more probable,' she went on with increased arrogance, 'that a rude, common child should break a vase than my son. Go and fetch her instantly; I'll make her confess the truth.'

Signora Maria never stirred: she, too, wished the matter to be cleared up, but she shrank from exposing the child to the trial of being questioned by this furious woman. She began again, therefore, to repeat her reasons for believing the little girl's story—and meanwhile Alexis had sneaked unperceived from the room. He was half beside himself with cowardly fear as he tore down the stairs in quest of Gigia.

Unluckily he soon found her. She was sitting in the entrance-hall quietly playing with her doll, and though her eyes were still red she had quite recovered her usual gaiety.

It was very unfortunate that no one else was there. Had Signor

Gianni or Aunt Rosina been in the way when Alexis came flying towards her, much suffering would have been spared our little heroine. The boy, panting and crying, threw his arms round Gigia's neck, begging her again and again, in the most piteous terms, to take the blame upon herself.

'Pray, pray, say you did it!' he cried. 'Mamma can't whip you, and she'll half kill me. Do, do save me—dear, kind Gigia!'

Poor Gigia felt overwhelmed. She had a tender little heart, and all her anger against Alexis melted at the sight of his misery. He pulled her towards the stairs, and, at the same time, she heard her grandmother's voice kindly but imperatively calling her. She felt compelled to go, but oh! what *did* they want with her? She stopped, frightened, as she reached the dreaded door; but again Alexis whispered in abject terror—

'Save me—save me! Say you did it.'

She looked piteously at her Nonna as Alexis pushed her into the judgment-room; and when she saw the Countess with her face convulsed with fury, and holding in her hand the dreadful birch-rod, she gave a great sob, and buried her head in her grandmother's dress.

'Now, child!' roared the Countess, 'do you dare to repeat that this young gentleman broke the vase?'

Everything looked so terrible that Gigia began to feel as though she were indeed the guilty one. She shook with fear, and clung tighter and tighter to her Nonna.

Signora Maria tried to quiet her, and said: 'Speak up, dear, and just say how it all happened!'

At last she ventured to uncover her face. The Countess looked so terrible with her glaring eyes that the poor child thought she would really kill Alexis. For one moment the room seemed to whirl round, and then the poor little heroine was heard to say in a feeble voice—

'You mustn't hurt him, for I broke the vase.'

Then her courage failed her, and, clinging desperately to her grieved and astonished grandmother, she cried—

'Oh, don't let her kill me! Take me away—take me away!'

(To be continued.)

THE BLUE LADY OF MILDENHALL.

BY MAY PROBYN.

CHAPTER V.

THE 'HOME-LONGING.'

'For it's hame, hame, hame,
Hame fain wad I be.'

ALL this while that Molly was looking and hoping, Reginald was slowly getting better. He sat up now in an arm-chair, and watched

the birds go to and fro, between their nests, and the passers-by. Very soon he would be able to creep down stairs, with the help of Molly's arm; and after that, out into the garden, to sit among the flowers again.

The doctor said he had nothing more to do now but rest and gain strength. Molly differed from the doctor's opinion very largely. She fancied that her father was not yet free of the delirious wanderings. Often he would seem not to notice much what they said to him. He would talk in a confused, incoherent fashion, or seem to speak to Rosalie.

Jeanne and Molly were talking together one afternoon in the little room that led out of Reginald's. The old man was sitting up in the next room at the window, falling into a doze, and waking up again to look dreamily out upon the lime-trees.

'"Tis no use putting it off,' Molly was saying, in an undertone; 'the time is getting on. We must have some place to go into when we leave here.'

Jeanne was of the same mind. She began telling Molly of some houses to let in the town—rooms, rather, for they hardly looked now to have a whole house to themselves. They discussed whether they should stay here, whether it would not be better to move into Paris, or down into the country.

Presently, Jeanne went back into her kitchen, and Molly returned to Reginald. He looked up with a vague smile as she sat down beside him.

'Did I hear you say,' he asked, 'that we are going away from here?'

Molly flushed, and paled again, in agitation. The moment was come then for telling him. Would he take it very much to heart, and fall ill again over it?

'Yes, papa, when you get well,' she answered, tremulously.

'And where are we going, my child?'

His calm unconcern altogether disconcerted Molly. She was so taken aback that she forgot all her intentions of cheering and consoling him over the news.

'I don't know,' she said, dejectedly.

'Suppose we go home again, Molly,' the old man returned, and looked at her with a persuasive sweetness in his eyes; 'I should like to see the old place once again before I die. When we make the move, we might as well go back there as anywhere.'

The girl gazed at him with a world of disquiet in her face. Was he still so ill that he did not know what he was saying? And yet he spoke so reasonably.

'Don't you like to go?' he urged, gently.

'But, dear papa,' said she, piteously, and her lips quivered, 'it does not belong to us any more.'

'Ah! but there's a little corner we could creep into; we shouldn't

take up much room,' Reginald insisted. 'I know all the ways of it by heart. I feel as though I couldn't die in peace without seeing it all once again. Let's go, Molly.'

She looked at him beseechingly, not knowing how to take this new phase.

'We'll see,' she answered, soothingly, stroking his feeble hand. 'We'll see, by and bye. Don't trouble about it, papa.'

The old man agreed, with the same uncertain smile, and said no more, but returned to his nap, and his survey of the sunny garden.

It was not long before Molly came hastily down stairs to unfold her difficulty to Jeanne.

'He is not a bit better,' the girl cried, in vexed sorrow: 'he is quite wandering still.'

She went to the kitchen-door and stood there leaning against it. The soft south wind sighed round her, ruffling her auburn hair into little curly waves, and flirting with the light folds of her blue gown.

Jeanne was busy over her *pot-au-feu*. She called back her answers in a cheery, high-pitched voice, between the hissing of her kettle.

'Not better? He gets on finely. See how he ate up all his *bouilli* to-day. He will be out and about again in a day or two. *Tiens, vous allez voir!* To go to England? Bah! that is only the *caprice d'un malade.*'

But Molly began to think it must be a *caprice* that had taken very fast hold of him indeed, when that evening, Reginald, rousing from his slumber, looked round and reiterated earnestly—

'To be sure—to be sure! We must get home again; back to the old places. Rosalie has not seen Mildenhall yet.'

It was not long after this that Molly began looking for a house to move into, when they should leave their little familiar home.

It was perhaps ridiculous of her to despair already of her lover. But she had thought that his 'very soon' could not possibly prolong itself into such a length of days. It was, after all, not such a very great time that he had been gone; yet it was certainly time enough now to find some little abode to receive them. Perhaps he would come some day and find them out in their new home. The girl thought now of his coming as something put away quite into the distance. She did not think he had forgotten her; she would not think he might be dead. Some misfortune had befallen; but he would come, and it would all be right, some time in the future—when she had prayed long enough.

Some girls, I know, would hardly have begun to be anxious yet about this return; but Molly was a simple little creature. She expected him to come back and marry her in the same haste that he had courted her and left her.

Jeanne had heard of a place likely to suit them—a quiet house where they might have a little set of rooms to themselves.

'One must not lose a chance,' said Molly.

And that same afternoon she went out to look at the rooms, not without some misgivings; for she had been brought up after the manner of most young French girls, and hardly ever stepped outside the garden without her father or Jeanne.

But the time seemed come when Molly must fend for herself. So this afternoon she came out of the little gate by herself, and by herself walked away down the dusty road between the poplars. That one solitary walk served more forcibly than anything had yet to show her the loneliness of her position, that it was she now who had to be the leading spirit of the small household—there was no one else to lean on. Poor little maid! The responsibility weighed heavily upon her.

She looked a charming little figure, coming along among the yellow sunlights, and the tall straight shadows of the poplars. She did not indeed wear the great picturesque hat that completed the costumes of the great ladies at that time; but instead, she had a little blue hood, with a soft, pretty frilling, like a baby's cap, coming close round her sweet face, and white strings tied under the dimpled chin in two bows and ends. She looked like a little Red Riding Hood—only it was blue instead of red.

Round her shoulders she wore a little tippet of clear white muslin, as prim and as dainty as a young field daisy. In her bosom she had pinned a white rosebud, half-opened; it may have been for loyalty's sake, it may have been in remembrance of a like rosebud that once she gave to Miles.

The house that Jeanne indicated did not find favour in Molly's eyes. It stood near the one where Miles had his lodgings, in his fortnight's stay here, close down by the river's edge, in a damp little garden that made Molly shiver, thinking of her father's ague. Neither did the rent agree with her modest notions of economy. Moreover, towards the end, the landlady brought the colour into the girl's face by saying she was 'used to receive none but strictly Jacobite visitors. It was well to mention these things. There had been just lately grave suspicions about—a talk of spies.' After that, Molly, in her vexed pride, would sooner have slept on the roadside, than under this roof. Very shortly she took her leave, with a little stately inclination that compelled an involuntarily deep reverence from the landlady.

Molly walked back very soberly, under the sunset. If this was the light in which they were regarded at Saint Germains the sooner they went away the better!

Reginald was down stairs now. The doctor did not come any more; he assured Molly her father was recovered, except that he must get a little stronger.

He was sitting in the *berceau* when Molly came up the grass path, leaning his two hands heavily on his gold-headed cane, and his chin on his hands.

'Where have you been?' said he; and she came in under the low roof of vines, and stood beside him, with the little shadows of the leaves flickering over her face.

'I have been looking for a house,' she said, wondering how he would take it.

'Why, my child,' he exclaimed, hastily, 'there is no need to do that. Did I not tell you? We are going back to England.'

'Papa!' she said.

She stood looking at him with inquiry, and reproach, and compassion, mingling in her dark eyes. She could not tell how to deal with him.

'Don't you want to go, my Molly?'

'How can we go?' she cried, a little passionately. 'It is full of other people. They would not have us.'

'We will not trouble them,' Reginald answered, in a tone of gentle persistence. 'There is a little place where we can lodge. I know it well. No one will disturb us.'

Molly was perfectly silent.

'I have such a longing to get back to the old home,' he went on, sighing wistfully. 'I cannot die till I have seen it once again. Oh, my dear, it is five-and-twenty years and more since I was there.'

Molly was very grave.

'Papa!' said she, with tender seriousness, 'I do not think 'tis possible. We should have nowhere to go when we got there, and no friends to help us. We should be worse off than we are here.'

To her infinite pain and amazement the old man bowed his head upon his hands and broke into bitter weeping. In his weakness, this great yearning seemed to overpower him.

'I say that I know the little place we would go into,' he said, between his sobs. 'I've lived in a strange land for five-and-twenty years. It's come strong upon me that I must go home and die among my own people, where I was a boy. My heart's set on it.'

She saw that it was. She could not decide which would be the worse—to give way to the infatuation, or to contradict him.

She went down on her knees by his side, put her arms about his neck, and drew his silvery head down on her bosom.

'Papa, do not grieve like this. You will break my heart,' she whispered, resting her face lovingly against his.

The old man stayed his heavy sobs. He was leaning dependently against her, like a little sad child. His thin hands, clasped on the gold knob of his stick, trembled very much.

'Let us go,' he said to her, again and again.

'We will think of it,' she answered, with a short sigh.

And they did think of it; till, from an unfeasible chimera, they came to view it as only a doubtful contingency.

Reginald smiled away all their objections, and seemed to think there was no difficulty anywhere.

'But, papa, do you not forget,' Molly said once, very tenderly, knowing the sore places in his heart, 'that we live here in banishment? You used to say you could not go back because of the law. That is a long time ago, of course.'

'Yes, yes,' Reginald answered, confidently. 'And treason or no, no one will know anything of us in the little place I shall take you to. 'Twill not be long that I shall trouble you, child. And when I am dead you can go away and settle where you please.'

It was a dreary prospect to be left alone in a new country, without protector, and her name blackened with the attribute of high treason. But the old man seemed to think of little beyond the gratifying of his desire. It was this unwonted and amazing indifference as to what should become of her that startled his daughter sometimes, and made her think she had been right after all in her fancy, that he was not yet so well nor so reasonable as they all declared him to be.

Another time she asked if they should take Jeanne with them.

Reginald answered, with some impatience—

'No, no; what would she do but draw attention to us with her French tongue? You manage for me very well, Molly. And there will be the Armitages at the lodge. They would do anything in the world for me and mine. Dame Armitage was a sprack, serviceable woman, when I came away. I used to tell you, don't you remember?—ah! no, 'twas my Rosalie—I used to say she would make a wondrous good nurse for the poor babies. She'll see to you, Molly, and look after you—that is, if they be not dead, or hunted away by the Whigs.'

It seemed to Molly a forlorn hope. One does not expect to find every one in the same case, nor in the same mind at the end of five-and-twenty years.

Jeanne was greatly angered by it all.

'A mere folly! Monsieur would have forgotten where he wanted to go by the time they were ready to start.'

Sad little Molly—she had grown very grave and sad lately—shook her head.

'He will not take a refusal,' said she. 'Nay, I think 'twould be his death if we stayed him from going. And besides, my good Jeanne,' she went on, with something of passion in her low voice, 'Monsieur Gérard tells every one here that we have received spies in our house. They look upon us with suspicion. Do you imagine we could stay *here*—we who have given up everything for the Chevalier, bless him! These misfortunes were none of his doing.'

Ah! there was the bitterness—a life-and-death devotion, and this the end of it!

Molly's eyes were full of tears. She turned suddenly, and went up stairs without another word.

There were not many days now before they started. They were busy making all their earnest, simple preparations for the great move.

To-night Molly had a special packing of her own to occupy her. They could not take all their possessions with them. She was leaving behind her much that was very precious to her. But this she could not find it in her heart to leave.

She opened the old heavy oak-chest, and stood before it with hands clasped. There, glimmering white in the summer dusk, among its sprigs of lavender and thyme, lay the wedding-gown. The girl stood and looked till her dark eyes filled and brimmed over. And then she sank down softly on her knees in front of it, and her tears dropped slow and bitter among the lavender.

'If you had but come,' she cried, under her breath, like a low wail. 'O love! if you had come a little, little sooner. And afterwards it will be too late. Oh! sweet and sweetest heart.'

She put her hands up over her face, and wept to herself in a dumb anguish. For it seemed to her that now she gave up all chance of ever seeing him again. He might come for her by and bye. He would only find an empty house; and that marriage they were both looking on towards would still be put off for ever and ever, and ever.

Ah! you do not know, Molly——!

But still, she would not leave the wedding-gown behind. So long as she lived she would 'keep faith with him.' If he ever happed upon her, were it fifty years off, he should find her ready and waiting.

So she folded up the beautiful brocade, with its sweet herbs in between, and took it with her among the rest of her simple wardrobe. They sold all their furniture; they sold their bee-hives and their dove-cot. And even then Molly counted over her coins apprehensively, thinking of the long coach journey from Folkestone into Dorset. It would surely take a heap of money, with the sleeping at the inns on the road.

The girl had never been farther than Paris in her life. She had only gone there twice with her father on a *fête* day. The long journey before them now seemed rife with dangers. She thought of highwaymen and warrants of arrest, till her heart grew faint with forebodings. Jeanne was to go with them as far as Boulogne, and see them aboard ship; then she meant to go back to her home, a little village on the other side of Paris.

'If you could but have stayed here and given a message to him—to Mr. Miles, when he comes,' Molly murmured, sorrowfully.

Jeanne laughed with a kindly scoff. She gave no credit now to 'fair promises.'

'Would you have one wait till one was white-headed, mademoiselle? *Allez*, I shall be here again next year for the *Fête-Dieu*. If there are any news of him I shall learn them then.'

'*À quoi bon?*' the girl returned.

Next year was as far off as the next world. Jeanne's was poor comforting.

It was the last night.

Molly's young heart was heavy with farewells. To think that this was no longer her home—this still and happy little place, where she had passed all her girl's life; it lay like a weight upon her soul.

She stood by herself under the limes, in the warm hush of the summer night, grave and sad, filled with regrets. She had said all her good-byes, and wept all her tears. She had been to the small churchyard, and looked her last on the low, daisied mound, and the three little graves by its side. She had laid her last cross of immortelles there, and wished for her mother, feeling very much alone in the world. She had lingered lovingly over all the flowers in the border, kissing one here and again in a burst of sadness. She had fed her pigeons for the last time. They would have to go elsewhere now for their food; she had done with them.

Everything was brimful of tender memories, and amongst them all came that one, more sweet, more sharp, and more abiding than any, springing out of one little fortnight, shadowing her whole life to be. It was all over—all over!

She turned from it to a sea of uncertainty—untried, unknown. What would come of it, she knew not. Where the end would be lay in thick darkness.

Up till now she had lived so safe, so peaceably, apart with the kind guardians and good angels of her life. If they had kept a little less to themselves, and made a friend here and there, perhaps they would not have embarked uncounselled on such a project. She looked forward with unspeakable bewilderment—To-morrow! to-morrow!

CHAPTER VI.

'GOOD MORNING, MILES.'

'O how d'ye do and how d'ye do
And how d'ye do again!'
—*Nursery Rhyme.*

THE Comptons had been living at Mildenhall now for the best part of five-and-twenty years. The elder Sir Miles, of worthy memory, was only a younger son, though come of one of the best and oldest houses in Dorset. It was therefore a lucky windfall for him, when early in the campaign of 1715 he, being but a young lieutenant in command of an out-post, began his military career by a brilliant stroke of manœuvre, which won for him shortly afterwards a baronetcy at the hands of the first of the Georges, and the fair Manor of Mildenhall, with its broad acres and goodly farmsteads, confiscated from some unfortunate of the 'rebel faction.' This piece of good fortune befell him just as he was thinking of getting married. And it was very shortly

afterwards that, with pardonable satisfaction and rejoicing, the young man brought home a young and happy bride. Here, as the years went on, their seven children were born, and by the time their only boy was ten years old, there was no one in the county but acknowledged Sir Miles as the real lord of the manor.

Not long after he came into possession of Mildenhall, an estate in Ireland was also awarded to him, that had erst belonged to one of the unhappy lords executed with Kilmarnock and Balmerino. The property was large and wild, and the people rude, and bigoted against Whigs and Protestants. There were endless petty risings amongst them, and endless dishonesties and frauds to be settled with bailiff and agent. The honour of receiving so much favour from the Hanoverian Court was ill repaid to Sir Miles by the trouble of governing these turbulent tenants, and the burdensome journeys they cost him. The property was settled on the second son, or failing sons, upon the daughters. But of that more anon.

One fair fresh summer morning, early in the day, Roddice Dayrell was sitting by herself in the sunshiny morning room at Mildenhall. She stayed with the Comptons so long and so often, that she was less a visitor than an inmate of the house. Latterly, indeed, she had almost lived here. For since their father had died, and John had taken the management of the estate into his own hands, he had been so frequently up into the city or down into the county town, settling his affairs with a marvellous precision, or when he was at home out of doors all day among his farms, that Roddice would have led a very lonely life by herself at Clyffe Norton. Moreover, it did not at all accord with John's uncompromising notions of decorum, that his sister should be installed at the head of a bachelor establishment, certainly not until he was able to be always at hand. It was therefore as much by his desire as the girl's inclination, that she should make a stay for the present under Lady Compton's gentle care.

Roddice sat in one of the long French windows that opened down upon the grass. The park and the garden lay glorious in the first flush of the summer. A soft morning wind went fluttering in and out, bringing fragrant breaths of dewy roses and mown grass. Through the open window came the song of birds to their mates on the nest, the whetting of a scythe, and a sound of children's voices.

A faint smile seemed to linger about the girl's mouth. She had a long piece of many-tinted silk embroidery in her hand, that reached from her lap to the floor, and lay there in a little glowing heap. The needle was ready poised between the slim fingers of her white right hand. And yet I do not think she worked much. She had her own thoughts to untangle as yet. Head and heart were busy enough.

She was very tall and slight, between a woman and a girl. She was just past twenty, and her first dream had not yet been broken. Her brown wavy hair was several shades darker than John's; her

grey eyes larger and more sweet and shadowy. She was like him in the face, but with less of gravity and more of command,—a pale pure skin, with a little flush of colour in the cheeks, like the heart of a blush-rose, and full, proud red lips that looked imperious even while they smiled. She had something of John's deliberate way of speaking, but given in her low, clear, woman's voice, it sounded only cold and reserved, and seemed to come rightly from that little, firm mouth.

She was far from sharing John's Puritan tastes. As she was dressed this morning she might have stepped straight out of a Watteau. Her petticoat was bright rose-colour, and over it came a boddice and train of clear white cambric, with a rosy spray scattered here and there upon it. The sleeves reached coquettishly to the dimpled elbow and ended there in long drooping lace ruffles. Her taper fingers looked more soft and white than ever, peeping out beyond the long black lace mittens. The bib of plaited muslin was so deep that the border almost met the short waist of the gown. The cloudy brown hair, combed high up from her pearly neck and drawn back over a cushion from her low white forehead, was piled in a little dainty pyramid of curls on the top of her small, erect head.

She had been out already, and her hat, thrown down hastily, lay on a stool at her feet, a hat that might have been a Dresden shepherdess's —white straw with a large shady brim, and a wreath of pale pink China roses trailed round the low crown. The whole together made up the most charming costume possible. The little moss-rose in her bosom was hardly more fair and delicate than her sweet, glad face.

It was not imaginable that Lady Compton, regarding this beautiful and happy-minded girl less as a guest than a sixth daughter, should watch and admire her growing up without some thoughts of a marriage between her and Miles. Everything had tended to foster and increase the intimacy between them.

When little John and Roddice were left without a mother, much of their nursery life had been passed at Mildenhall. And later on, when her eldest daughter married and her husband was dead, it was only natural that Lady Compton should delight in long weeks of Roddice's companionship, the girl being in fact almost as another of her children; and yet again, as I said, when Squire Dayrell died, John was not slow to claim the good woman's motherly protection for his sister. It seemed to Lady Compton that the friendship of two generations would end well and fittingly in such a marriage.

Roddice, too, had her own thoughts about it. It would have been strange had she not. The four young things had all grown up together, Roddice a little older than Muriel, as John was older than Miles, in one of those close intimacies as perilous to the woman as they are pleasant to the man. The intense friendship of the two young men had never extended to the girls. It is not often the case. They liked each other passably well, and no more.

If Roddice had been a woman of less large and noble mind, she would have been jealous of both John and Muriel. As it was she could not help seeing that each of them was more to Miles than she was. And the knowledge pained her. This being the case, what otherwise could she think, but divine by the very pain how it was with her heart?

Miles's mind towards her she was not yet able to determine. She never even sought to guess it, but seemed content to abide his pleasure.

But the time was getting on. It was three years now since she had been presented at Court. For three successive winters she had made the round of London balls and routs with a set of young gallants in her train, paying flowered compliments and writing sonnets to her name; and in the three following springs had come back into Dorset to the muter and more steady attentions of some fond and foolish swains in the country. Neither is it to be supposed that this beautiful Miss Dayrell had got so far in her life without an offer of marriage coming in its due place. But both in town and in the country, among the young beaux at Court and the farming squires at home, the girl still went and came with her heart set on the first love of her childhood.

And still, whether her young Sir Miles cared or not, she could not tell. It was easy enough to mistake his gentle chivalrous ways with a woman for love, let alone his affectionate familiarity with his friend's sister.

But just now Roddice was troubled over it. He had left England without ever wishing her good-bye. He had stayed away long enough to make his mother anxious, and seemed not to think that she or any one else might possibly miss him. The girl could only guess at where he was gone, and what kept him there. Certainly he never gave *her* his confidences! After all, why should he? And yet she half expected them, and fretted a little after them.

Yes, undoubtedly she was vexed with Miles this morning. She would not have been sorry to think that he knew how vexed she was.

And then, perhaps, he would not care!

From the top of the hill that wound down into the valley came the blowing of a horn, as the coach from Lyme went through the little village. The sound woke Roddice out of her musings. She gathered up her embroidery into her lap with something of a sigh. The needle began to flit in and out between the white fingers. She had beautiful hands, not very small, but long and slender, with something of power in their finely-moulded whiteness. She began singing half-defiantly to herself as she worked, a little song with a pretty tinkling tune, tapping time with her foot on the polished floor—

'"I am a little milking-maid;
My cows are in the meadow—
Oh! I was sitting in the sun
As he came through the shadow.

He came and took me by the hand,
And brought me into fairy-land,
Where all the birds made love apart
And summer came into my heart.
Sing twitter, twitter—with a chirrup and a coo!
Two and two! Two and two!

'"He brought me down a grassy path,
Where both the hedgerows budded;
And all the birds sang as we passed,
And all the daisies nodded.
He led me down the lilied lea—
He kissed me by the cherry-tree—
'O sweet—and sweet my love!' he said.
The bells rang out—and we were wed.
Ring ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong!
Hear my song! Hear my song!"'

The minutes went by whilst she drew her gay silk thread to and fro. It might have been a quarter-of-an-hour when a step sounded outside in the hall, that put a stop to her song and brought the bright colour into her face, and a young ringing voice called out, questioning the servant—'Where are they all?' Then the door opened and Miles came in with a careless grace, as though he had only left them yesterday.

It vexed the girl more than if he had met her with positive unkindness. She rose to her feet and stood up to receive him, a tall and lovely figure against the light.

Did he care so little? She, too, would care less.

'Good morning, Miles,' she said, and swept him a faultless curtsey.

If he had been a woman, and a man had spoken so, he would have understood the cold greeting aright by the hurrying colour and troubled grey eyes. As it was, he was only excessively surprised to be so listlessly addressed on so sudden an arrival.

He hardly bowed in response to her curtsey, but came up and took her by the hand with the use of long intimacy, and held it whilst he talked to her.

'A very fair good-morrow, Dis! You did not think to see me so soon, did you?'

'I thought nothing,' she answered, with indifference. 'You sent us no tidings that we might think upon.'

He laughed.

'I'll give you plenty to think upon by and bye,' said he.

She looked up, but half comprehending. Her grey eyes softened, her lip quivered a little. Could he mean——?

'What ails you, Dis?' he asked, gently, and he took her other hand, and looked for a minute down into her face. 'You don't look well as when I went away. Is anything amiss?'

'Oh, I am quite well,' the girl answered in haste. The lovely

carnation had come into her face again as his eyes held hers. She was a picture of young fresh beauty. 'I am quite well,' said she.

'I am glad of that,' he said, and dropped her two hands again.

He turned to the window, and looked out into the garden with a sort of anxiety clouding his face.

'Where is my mother?' he asked, rather abruptly.

'She is out cutting the lavender with the little girls,' Roddice answered.

'Let us go and find her,' said Miles.

'If you like.'

She picked up her *bergère* hat, gathered up her rose-scattered train, and drew it daintily through her pocket-holes, giving to light her buckled shoes and slender ankles, with the white clocks running up the black silk stockings.

Then they stepped out side by side, and over the grass together in silence—the young man back in his dreams, the girl in a disappointed constraint.

The smaller lawn at Mildenhall was planted with yews dated many centuries back, and cut into all manner of fantastical devices. A quaint bordering of standard rose-trees ran all round it. At one end, under the old north wall, lay a long bed, dark and thick with lilies of the valley. It was a still, sweet place, filled with the singing of birds. When they were half across the wide bowling-green, the two, still walking silently, came in sight of Lady Compton, busy over the lavender-hedge with basket and scissors, her black dress tucked up, and her pocket-handkerchief tied over her widow's cap; for she still wore weeds in all their sorrowful simplicity. Round her hovered all her little daughters. There were five of them—of every age from seven to sixteen; by name, Margaret and Elizabeth, Katharine, Dorothy, and Anne, more commonly called 'Nancy.' Not one of them had succeeded to the beauty of Muriel. But they were slight, fair, sweet-looking girls, very much alike, and dressed exactly alike, in plain gingham frocks, with very demure crimped tuckers at the throat, holland bibs and aprons, with great pockets, and large white sun-hats.

When they caught sight of Miles, the five gave a sweet, shrill hue of joyous exclamations: 'See, there's brother!' 'Mamma, look—Miles has come back!' and then they all flew upon him in a small rapture.

He kissed them one after the other, with a little affectionate greeting to each; then he put them gently aside, and went on to meet his mother. When he reached her, he fairly took her into his arms, and kissed her repeatedly, partly perhaps to hide a slight embarrassment.

'Well, here I am again, you see,' he said, passing it all off with a tender light-heartedness.

'Yes, thank God!' she answered him, under her breath.

'Why, mother, did you think I wanted to run away?' he asked, smiling. ''Tis not three weeks yet that I have been gone.'

'It has seemed a marvellous long time, waiting,' said Lady Compton, with a sort of apologetic reproach. 'I have so many things, Miles, to say to you.'

'And so have I to you,' he returned. 'Let us come indoors and unbosom ourselves.'

'Where's John?' inquired Lady Compton, as they turned towards the house again.

'John?' said the young man, with a laugh. 'He's dusting his boots and tying his cravat.'

Roddice walked a little apart from them all as they came back across the lawn, watching them with that wistful disappointment still shadowing her face. They seemed so perfectly happy and pleased with one another.

Miles had his arm round his mother. Little Nancy was hanging to his other hand, and the rest fluttered about round him, continually appealing to him in their innocent fashion, with—'Brother, the water-lilies on the pond are out;' and 'Oh, Miles, we have clipped the little yew-tree whilst you were away; and do you know there were three blackbirds' nests in it?'

How fond they were of him! What a charming brother and son and friend he made! Would he not make also a charming—lover?

Presently, John came out and greeted her with a grave kiss, that imparted to her a calm sense of protection, but none of the loving enthusiasm that inspired the Comptons.

Miles and his mother went in at the open French window, and left the others outside on the grass.

Roddice tried ineffectually to sustain a dialogue with John.—'Where had they come from this morning?'—'Lyme.'—'Yes, but before that?'—'Saint Germains.'—'What was Miles doing there?'—'Oh, secrets!' given with a most uncommunicative smile.

Roddice grew impatient under his monosyllables, made a little *moue*, and began turning away.

'Dis, shall we come and finish the lavender?' Elizabeth suggested, gravely.

Roddice accepted the proposal, and moved away among the little girls.

John looked after her for a minute, with some dissatisfaction at her hoop, and the rosy tint that shed itself over all her graceful person. Then he went indoors to unpack his neatly arranged *valise*.

Inside, in the morning-room, Lady Compton and her son were literally *pouring* out their confidences to each other; she sitting in the chair where Roddice had been—he standing in the window in front of her.

She was a tall, sweet woman, a little over forty. People said she looked old for her age. Certainly she had never resorted to the pearl-powder and the beauty-spots of the day. Her somewhat pale face wore the beautiful, chastened expression of gently-matured sorrow. The hair, smoothed away under her widow's cap, was streaked with grey, that yet hardly showed its silver among the fair gold—almost as bright as Muriel's had been.

She was a most loveable woman. I can think of no better word to describe her. Her son, differing essentially from her in both politics and theology, regarded her with reverential devotion. Her little daughters loved her with a passionate fondness, and the two young Dayrells could form no better ideal of what a guardian angel might be like.

Miles stood leaning against the window, looking out across the roses, pondering with some disquiet how to begin his talk. His mother, however, prevented him, and told her news first.

'Did not John say anything about it?' she asked him.

Miles shook his head: 'He only said you wanted me home.'

'So I did, dear—sorely! You will be as vexed as we are. Lefevre is going to marry again.'

'*What?*' cried the young man, hotly. 'The brute! Why, he ought to be still in mourning.'

Lady Compton sighed very sadly: ''Tis a great disrespect to us all. Poor Muriel!'

'And pray who is his choice this time?' Miles questioned with some bitterness.

'Lady Letty March—old Philip March's young widow.'

'That daring thing? Pah!' said Miles, in generous disgust. 'Well, he is determined the second shall not remind him of the first.'

'Yes, indeed.' And then there was a silence for a minute or two, while Miles murmured again half to himself, 'Poor Muriel! Poor little Muriel!'

'He is making difficulties again about the settlements,' Lady Compton went on; 'raising the old question about the Irish estate. You know, Miles, after Muriel, it should come back to your sisters.'

'Certainly. What a paltry dog!' said the young man, in hot indignation. 'I thought we had done for him on that score after the funeral.'

'On the contrary, he is protesting to all the lawyers that it ought to go to him. It is the greatest misfortune that he should have been made co-trustee with you; poor dear Muriel! believing in him to the last.'

'Thank Heaven!—it saved her a heart-break,' Miles said, gently. 'But this man—this Lefevre—does he think we will sit down and swallow all his encroachments?'

'I am afraid, my dear,' his mother said, with some solicitude, 'that he will give you a deal of trouble before you get to the end of it.

It is hard upon you, Miles, to have all the responsibilities thrust on you at your young age.'

'That,' said he, quickly, 'is the least part of the bother. Don't look so sad. I'll go up to town at once and have it out with him and his beggarly lawyers.'

'I am afraid,' said Lady Compton, again, ''tis not so easily quashed. Lefevre is over there now—in Ireland—and making as much disturbance as he can. He has turned off the new agent for some petty pilfering, as he says, and put in a man of his own.'

'What the devil——!' began Miles, hotly: 'I beg your pardon!—but what in Heaven's name does the fellow mean by doing it all, and never writing to me?'

Here Lady Compton might have made a thrust at *him*, and asked 'how any one could write without knowing where he was?' but she forebore.

'I have consulted with Admiral Compton,' said she, in a quiet, reflective tone, that was more like business than her son's impulsive resolutions. 'He is too old now to do anything himself, but both he and John seem to think you ought to go over there, and try and set things straight again. 'Tis no use waiting, and writing, and waiting. I fear Lefevre means mischief. You will find a good deal of insubordination, I suspect—and some unpleasantness.'

Miles considered for a moment before he answered. 'I had thought to be about other affairs. I don't see my way altogether to a stay in Ireland, unless it be a very short one. I am due again at St. Germains very soon,' said he, an involuntary smile lighting up his face. 'Could this tiresome business wait awhile, do you suppose?'

His mother shook her head. Her brows had contracted a little at the careless 'Saint Germains.'

'John thinks, and so do I, that it demands prompt attention. I should have sent to you a fortnight ago, you know, Miles, only I could not tell where to send.'

He was not angered at the reproach. When John and his mother were agreed, he was not used to contradict. 'Very well,' said he, gravely, 'I can go.'

'And after that,' continued Lady Compton, 'the Admiral wants you to go and pay him a long visit.' The Admiral was a great-uncle, and Miles's godfather. 'He writes,' said she, with a doubtful smile, 'there are two beautiful Miss Pembridges staying at the Abbey—heiresses. He is determined you shall make their acquaintance.'

Miles smiled too. 'I shall not do that,' he answered. 'Mother, I have news also to tell you.' He came and sat down on the little stool at her feet, as he had sat times and times to give her his boyish confidences, and told her all his love-story—from the evening that he first saw Molly over the garden hedge, cutting lilies for making a balsam, to that last good-bye of theirs in the rainy morning.

Lady Compton heard it all out in the absolute silence of consternation. She had uttered one remonstrating 'Oh, Miles!' at the first mention of the girl; after that she spoke not a single word, not even when he had left off telling her.

She was utterly aghast at the information. She had had many fears and qualms for Miles during his absence; the mere mention of Saint Germains filled her with uneasiness. But the idea of a marriage question being added to it all had never entered her head till that moment.

She sat perfectly still, realising it painfully, hardly considering yet how she ought to respond.

Miles was the first to break the uneasy silence that had followed his revelation.

'Mamma,' he said, softly, falling back into the old childish mode of address, 'is my news very unpleasant to you?'

Then she roused herself to answer him. 'Nothing ought to be very unpleasant to me,' said she, suppressing a sigh, 'that makes my children happier.'

Miles bent down to kiss the soft, pretty hands that lay folded in her lap.

'You do not know what a dear little darling she is.'

'Yes, I dare say,' Lady Compton acquiesced, absently. And then, 'You are determined, my poor boy, to indemnify yourself with the Jacobites?'

'Don't put down too much to that account,' said he, warmly. 'If she had been a Quaker 'twould be all one to me.'

He had got on his feet again and stood in the window, tall, lithe and graceful, his handsome head thrown back a little, full of young enthusiastic assurance.

'And a Roman Catholic too?' his mother commented again, with some disquiet.

'Trust me,' said the young man, fervently, 'she could not be better than she is. Don't you think, mother, 'tis time I took a wife?'

'I cannot say that, Miles. To my mind you are full young to marry.' She paused, still half-startled at the suddenness of the notion.

'I am not so young for my years as some,' returned her son, in his sweet persuasive way. 'When one has stood in his father's place from eighteen, it makes a man of one.'

Lady Compton, looking up fondly at his slight, graceful figure, could not forbear saying, judiciously or no, 'Dear, it is not every lad would have made such a man as you have turned out.'

'Thanks!' he laughed, with a little bow, and then came and bent down and kissed her anxious forehead. She went on with her counsels, mother-like.

'It seems to me you have done this in a terrible hurry.'

'"Happy's the wooing
That's not long a doing,"'

quoted the young man, confidently. 'So you see, mother mine, instead of being sent off to Ireland, I want to go back and fetch her. For you are not going to forbid it, are you?'

'I have no right to do that,' she answered, half sadly, 'until I have made the lady's acquaintance. I shall ask you, Miles, before you say any more about marrying, to let me invite her here, that I may form some judgment of your choice. It is all very well—oh, yes, I make no doubt she is all you think her! But you know a woman can see things that a man might never notice. You will let your mother pass opinion, Miles, before you pledge yourself for good? You will give way a little to my judgment?'

He hesitated. There was a half-smile in his blue eyes.

'Mother, 'twould make no odds to me,' he said, but very tenderly. 'Nothing that even you could say will ever change my heart to her.'

She knew it quite well. She saw that he had passed out of her keeping. Up to now, his mother's advice had been like an eleventh commandment to him. That satisfactory era had come to an end.

It would have made at least not so great a difference if it had been to Roddice she had resigned her influence with her son; but the thought of this little foreign lady, who added Romanism to all her other defects, filled the gentle woman with grievous apprehensions.

'Until I have become acquainted,' she said, firmly, 'I cannot possibly give my consent. 'Twould be a mere farce, without my knowing to what it was I agreed. Oh, Miles!' exclaimed she, making involuntary confession, 'I have so hoped you and Roddice would make a marriage of it some day!'

'Don't say you wish it, mother.'

'I suppose I must not now,' she answered, with a sigh. And then, feeling she was hardly doing well by him, she made great demands on her sympathy, and began to question him. 'Tell me about your "Molly." How old is she?'

'She is nineteen,' Miles said, 'and as sweet as starlight. Oh, don't augh at me, mamma. How shall I liken her? She is twice as simple, and yet fifty times as sage and discreet, as our dear Dis! She is quite as lovely. But they are two women cast in entirely different settings. Dis is a queen-rose, and Molly—Molly is only a sweet bit of rosemary! Oh, mother, if you once saw her!—But there, 'twill not be long before I am back, and can bring her home to you.'

Lady Compton could not bear to chill his eagerness.

'I fear,' she said, 'you will find it a more tedious business when you get to Ireland than you look for. You will not choke off a man like Lefevre at a sitting.'

Miles laughed at her apprehensions. 'We have right and reason on

our side; and if he sticks to his lie, by heaven 'twill be so much the worse for him!'

Lady Compton was silent; and in a minute he went on, colouring slightly—

'And, mother, suppose we say nothing about this new intent of mine, till I am back from Ireland and something definite is arranged, I don't want folk to smile at it for a boy's fancy.'

'That is as you please, my darling,' she said. She stopped, looked a shade confused, and went on—'Do you think 'twould be but fair to take Roddice into the secret?'

'Oh, mamma, nonsense!' said he, quickly, catching her confusion. 'What should it be to her? Mother,' in sudden alarm, 'you have not said anything to her, have you?'

'No; that is to say, only once—a long time ago, when you were away and she had been looking very grave, I asked her, half in jest, if she missed you. But you know she is so reserved—she would not have it for a minute. She hardly answered me, and went away displeased.'

'Oh, she has thought of it no more than I!' said Miles, positively. 'You should have seen her this morning when I arrived. I half fancied I had offended her already. I thought I had surprised her, but, on the contrary, she got up as if she had been waiting for me. "Good morning, Miles," says she — don't you know the little disdainful trick of her voice?—as careless as though we had only parted last night. Oh, no, *she* is not in the question!'

Perhaps Lady Compton did not agree with him. But she thought it would make it worse to argue the point. Besides, the little girls ran up just then, clamouring for Miles's company. 'Surely he had told mamma everything by this time?'

'Not the half!' said he, springing out to join them on the grass. 'But no matter—come along! To the pond? Yes, if you like. How are the gold fish?'

Miles made one more protest against the Irish plan that evening when the five little sisters had gone up stairs to bed.

Roddice and Lady Compton were busy over their sewing, sitting close under the lamp-light. John was diligently reading up the week's *Gazette* that he had missed while he was abroad. Miles was lounging by the open window, doing nothing in particular, whistling gay little snatches under his breath, intercepting unwary insects that fluttered in towards the light, watching the pretty play of Roddice's white fingers.

'Could not John go in his place?' he suggested. 'It was particularly inconvenient to be away just then. John would manage twenty times as well.'

'I could not do it,' said John, quietly. 'Quarter-day is coming round, and I must be at home then, to take the rents.'

They all smiled involuntarily. It was John to the life!

'But, my dear fellow,' said Miles, laughing outright, 'let your bailiff do it. 'Tis one of the things he is made for.'

'I have made it a rule,' returned John, as deliberately as before, 'always to take the rents myself. Then if there are any complaints they come straight to me, and a great deal of ill-feeling is prevented.'

'John is quite right,' said Lady Compton, looking at him approvingly. '"If you want a thing done well, do it yourself!" By the same rule, Miles, go about this business in person, without depending on John or any one else.'

The little girls were greatly disheartened at losing their brother again so soon. They all went down with John to meet the coach and see Miles off, with much waving of handkerchiefs and calling out of 'Good-byes.' They had invited Roddice to join the procession, but she promptly declined. 'There were better things to do,' she said, 'than for ever watching people away.' The children mistook her gravity for displeasure, and forbore pressing her.

So Miles came and made his farewells to her in the morning-room, where she sat before a spindle-legged table, with a 'Spenser' open before her, and made as if she read. The young man was in no way disposed to be cast down over his departure. He thought to be away a couple of weeks or so, and come back to go after his bride. Face and figure were gay and *débonnair* as he came suddenly into the girl's silence. He had not forgotten then to take leave of her this time!

'I'm off, Dis,' said he; and she gave him a cold, calm hand. He bent down with a little joyous gallantry, and kissed the white fingers where they met the long, grave mitten. 'Wish me well,' he said.

'I always wish my friends well,' she returned; and with all that she could do, the red came into her face.

'I'll give you reason a-plenty for good wishes at this home-coming,' said he, with a smile that set her heart a-quiver. He always chose his speech unfortunately for this girl!

But there was not a thought of her in his heart when the coach clattered away over the brow of the hill, and he lost sight of those five little maids, still waving enthusiastically towards the dust-clouds, with John's sober grey figure towering up in the midst of them.

(*To be continued.*)

ROMANTIC PROBLEMS, A TANGLED TALE.

KNOT I.

EXCELSIOR.

'Goblin, lead them up and down.'

THE ruddy glow of sunset was already fading into the sombre shadows of night when two travellers might have been observed swiftly

—at a pace of six miles in the hour—descending the rugged side of a mountain; the younger bounding from crag to crag with the agility of a fawn, while his companion, whose aged limbs seemed ill at ease in the heavy chain armour habitually worn by tourists of that period, toiled on painfully at his side.

As is always the case in such circumstances, the younger knight was the first to break the silence.

'A goodly pace, I trow!' he exclaimed. 'We sped not thus in the ascent!'

'Goodly, indeed!' the other echoed with a groan. 'We clomb it but at three miles in the hour.'

'And on the dead level our pace is——' the younger suggested; for he was weak in statistics, and left all such details to his aged friend.

'Four miles in the hour,' the other wearily replied. 'Not an ounce more,' he added, with that love of metaphor so common in old age, 'and not a farthing less!'

''Twas three hours past high noon when we left our hostelry,' the young man said, musingly. 'We shall scarce be back by supper-time. Perchance mine host will roundly deny us all food!'

'He will chide our tardy return,' was the grave reply, 'and such a rebuke will be meet.'

'A brave conceit!' cried the other, with a merry laugh. 'And should we bid him bring us yet another course, I trow his answer will be tart!'

'We shall but get our deserts,' sighed the elder knight, who had never seen a joke in his life, and was somewhat displeased at his companion's untimely levity. ''Twill be nine of the clock,' he added in an under tone, 'by the time we regain our hostelry. Full many a mile shall we have plodded this day!'

'How many? How many?' cried the eager youth, ever athirst for knowledge.

The old man was silent.

'Tell me,' he answered after a moment's thought, 'what time it was when we stood together on yonder peak. Not exact to the minute!' he added hastily, reading a protest in the young man's face. 'An' thy guess be within one poor half-hour of the mark, 'tis all I ask of thy mother's son! Then will I tell thee, true to the last inch, how far we shall have trudged betwixt three and nine of the clock.'

A groan was the young man's only reply; while his convulsed features, and the deep wrinkles that chased each other across his manly brow, revealed the abyss of arithmetical agony into which one chance question had plunged him.

LEWIS CARROLL.*

* Answers are invited. The right one will be inserted after the Spider answers.

KORNER AND HIS FRIENDS

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT VIENNA.

THEODOR KÖRNER was nearly twenty years of age when, in August, 1811, he went to Vienna, and a new era in his life commenced. He found himself in an atmosphere which was delightful to him. Vienna was then the most brilliant capital in Germany, though scarcely two years had elapsed since Napoleon's cannon had been thundering against her walls, and she had known the humiliations of a conquered city. She had speedily recovered her spirits when the pressure was removed, and in the close alliance which followed on Napoleon's marriage with the house of Austria, her humiliation had been in great measure forgotten.

Art and science flourished, and the pleasures of society abounded; and though ardent spirits might chafe against French supremacy, outwardly, all went well.

William von Humboldt, then Prussian minister at Vienna, and Frederick Schlegel, both old friends of Christian Körner, received Theodor with the greatest kindness, and he was introduced to the gifted authoresses, Madame Pereira and Caroline Pichler, at whose houses he met the most talented people of Vienna.

The greater part of his day was spent in close study; he was anxious to obtain a thorough knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, and he devoted much of his time to historical research. He had a double reason for pursuing the latter study, for now his poetical genius, which had hitherto only led to the production of songs and ballads, began to aspire to the drama, and in the field of history he found materials for his dramatic works.

His evenings were passed in cheerful society, and in the cultivation of his musical taste.

The preparation of his first plays occupied the latter months of the year 1811, and on New Year's Day, 1812, two short comedies were performed at the Town Theatre, and received with much approbation. The same evening he wrote to his parents telling them of his success. 'I confess that before the curtain rose I was not quite myself; at the same time, the expressions of curiosity, and inquiries about the unknown Körner, were highly amusing, and as soon as the first scene was applauded I recovered self-possession. At the conclusion I repaired to a coffee-house, where a great many absurd things were said. My neighbour, whom I asked about myself, assured me that he knew Theodor well, "and one would not have supposed him capable of such productions—a little fat man, but a tolerably good fellow." You may imagine I had some difficulty in keeping my countenance, but I did not betray myself, and therefore heard other things equally absurd.'

A few days later he announces that his pieces are still being played with full houses, and that a third will shortly appear; also an opera, for which he had written the text.

He received the warmest congratulations from his parents; but his father expresses the hope that he will not attempt to produce too many different pieces, lest composition should interfere with his own mental cultivation, and warns him against the danger of pleasing the public with too little trouble. He now devoted himself to works of a more ambitious character. Two tragedies appeared during the spring, and met with a reception far beyond his expectations. His name now became widely known, and invitations and attentions were showered upon him from all sides.

In all his success and his enjoyments his thoughts turned towards home. He kept up a constant correspondence with his father, who gave him much valuable advice; he would always send his manuscripts for home criticism before submitting them to the public, and his father would make suggestions, and point out the sources of information upon the subjects of his writings.

Christian Körner had kept up his early acquaintance with Goethe, and letters passed occasionally between them; from him he received the heartiest encouragement when he submitted Theodor's first dramatic efforts for his judgment. Goethe wrote, pointing out technical errors in stage arrangement, and making suggestions; he hoped also that Theodor would be able to visit him at Weimar, when he could give him more effectual help. This visit, however, was postponed, and later on Goethe wrote, regretting that he could no longer offer him accommodation, owing to the pressure of the times. The exactions of Napoleon, then on his way to Russia, pressed heavily on all classes. 'We cannot see a day before us,' wrote Goethe, 'and all those little acts of hospitality which were once so natural we must now forego.'

Theodor had, however, the advantage of consulting Goethe by letter, and the latter took care that his plays should be represented with every advantage at the theatre of Weimar. The Duke and Duchess of Weimar were the great patrons of art and literature in Germany, and to win the approbation of that refined and cultivated court was a great encouragement to the young author, only second to the pleasure which Goethe's sincere approval afforded.

Theodor also found great help from his intercourse with Humboldt and Schlegel. He often spent his evening hours with Humboldt's family, where he was quite at home. Humboldt's two little daughters were great favourites with him; he used sometimes to write little plays in verse, or dialogues which they could act, and he took great pleasure in seeing how prettily they went through their parts. One of these, called *The Flowers*, is published among his poems; the little girls acted it on their father's birthday. Humboldt exercised great influence over Körner's mind at this period. From him he learned much

of what had passed and was passing in the world outside his own circle of interest. He heard full accounts of the sufferings of Prussia during the contest with Napoleon and his subsequent domination; his sympathies were called forth for the unfortunate King of Prussia and his high-souled queen, Louise. His sense of the degradation of the country grew and deepened. He longed for the time when Germans should lay aside the petty jealousies of state against state, and should make common cause against the oppressor. At Humboldt's house he met the sculptor Rauch, who was engaged upon the monument to the beloved and lamented queen. He had a cast of the face with him; the sweet, sorrowful features, calm in their dignified repose, touched Körner's chivalrous feelings, and he wrote a sonnet in memory of the queen, which gives expression to those hopes for the future which were springing in his heart.

As his love of country and thirst for freedom increased, he longed to write something stirring which should reach the hearts of his countrymen, to do something more than merely to gratify their love for exciting spectacles or to rouse pleasurable feelings. He sought for a subject which should appeal specially to the Austrian people, among whom his present lot was cast, and he finally decided to take the brave Count Zeriny, the Hungarian Leonidas, for his hero. He studied the subject long and carefully, and then, in the quiet retirement of a little village on the Danube (Doblingen), he worked out his idea. He used to write in the garden under the shady chestnut-trees, his guitar hanging beside him to solace his moments of relaxation. He wrote rapidly after he had made all his preparations, and he worked hard, having, as he tells us, at length learned the art of early rising. In three weeks he had finished the five acts complete.

The incident which he dramatised occurred in 1566, during the invasion of Germany by the Turks under Soliman the Great. The Turks laid siege in overwhelming numbers to the strong fortress of Sigeth, which was defended with intrepid courage by the Hungarian Count Zeriny. He waited long and vainly for relief from without, and at length became aware that the emperor dare not attempt to raise the siege, but that Sigeth was required to hold out to the last to give the emperor time to secure his capital, where he was concentrating all his forces. Zeriny accepts his fate with a lofty courage, which is shared by his wife and daughter, and the young Lorenz Juranitch, the betrothed of Helena. All three refuse to leave the venerable hero, and seek safety by flight through the subterranean passages, though they know that the defence can have but one end. So desperate are the sorties made by the doomed host within the walls that the Turkish troops would gladly retire, but Soliman, upon his death-bed, insists on renewed assaults; and when at length the walls are undermined and every hope is gone, Zeriny sallies forth at the head of his remaining men, with Juranitch by his side, and they fall together, sword in

hand. Helena has previously prevailed upon her lover to place her beyond the reach of barbarian cruelty; and her mother, when she sees Zeriny fall, fires the magazine, and perishes in the destruction of the castle with a great number of the invading host.

The character of Soliman, the stern, despotic tyrant, not without a certain nobility and grandeur, is powerfully drawn. It was drawn with distinct reference to Napoleon Buonaparte, but the timid censorship, afraid of French influence, would not pass it without some alteration. Some months later, when the play had been represented, Förster wrote: 'It is a pity that the censorship has plucked some of the strongest hairs from your Grand Turk's beard, and drawn some of his sharpest teeth; still your Soliman is not altogether so very tame, and if the actor has spirit, he will have allowed the little three-cornered hat and the tricolour to peep out through the turban.'

The character of Zeriny is that of the true hero, invincible in courage, but tender and gentle to the weak. In the young, ardent spirit of Juranitch we see a reflection of Körner's own. A year later, when wounded and hiding from the enemy, he was obliged to write to his father under an assumed name, he took that of Juranitch, and we find him using almost the same words as his hero at a decisive moment in his life.

When Christian Körner read the manuscript of *Zeriny*, he rejoiced greatly, feeling that his son had indeed the vocation of a poet.

Theodor returned to Vienna in July, and soon after had the pleasure of a visit from his father and mother. They had intended to come earlier in the year, but the French were in Dresden, *en route* for Moscow, and with soldiers billeted in their house, the Körner's could not leave home.

It was a great delight to parents and son to meet after a year's separation; Theodor had so much to show them, and so many friends to introduce. He had also another cause for joy in this visit. During those summer months he had won the love of a fair young girl, Antonia Adamberger, and he had been longing that his parents should make her acquaintance. His happiness was now made complete by their approval of his choice. They learned to love Antonia for the sweetness of her disposition, and her gentle domestic virtues, as much as for her beauty and talent. We are not told very much about her, but we know that she was brave and self-denying; we see her as the tender nurse of her aged grandfather, taking upon herself all that was most difficult and distressing, that others might be spared; and Christian Körner describes her as a lovely creature, who was sent to brighten Theodor's life, and whose love was his guiding star.

A month passed quickly away, and then the Körners were obliged to return to Dresden, leaving a blank behind them; but separation was more easily borne now that Antonia could unite with him in love to these dear parents. Theodor's letters home are full of happiness;

present and future alike looked bright, and he could say, 'Who can be happier than I?'

He tells of delightful hours passed with Antonia, of cheerful evening at the houses of his friends, Madame Pereira and C. Pichler, sometimes spent in reading and conversation, sometimes in composing extempore romances, at which Theodor was very clever, or sometimes the ladies would choose subjects for songs, and, as he expresses it, 'Bartholdy and I saddle our Pegasus.' He tells also of the splendid musical festival, the Alexander Fest, when he sings among the basses of the chorus, and feels his whole being thrilled with the magnificent music; and we hear in graver tones of the peaceful death of Antonia's grandfather, and of the solemn moments he has passed at his bedside.

Then there are particulars of his work, the new tragedy of *Rosamund* with which he is occupied, and his plans for the future. He hoped to spend the Christmas festival at home, after which he intended to make the long talked-of visit to Weimar, staying a few weeks in the neighbourhood of Goethe. Just before Christmas, however, he was obliged to alter his plans. The manager of the theatre postponed the performance of his *Zriny*, and this work on which he had bestowed so much thought and feeling, he felt that he *must* see.

At last, on December 30th, he writes, '*Zriny* is to be performed to-night; the boxes are all taken several times over by Hungarians alone. To-day is thrown the die which decides my fate.'

It proved a great success; the audience were impressed as he had desired, and at the conclusion he was unanimously called before the curtain. He held back, as it was an unusual thing for an author to appear, but the audience insisted, and he spoke a few words expressing his conviction, that the gratifying reception he had received was due, not so much to his youthful efforts as to the inspiring recollections of the great deeds of a great nation. Enthusiastic applause followed. A few days later an edict was issued by the chief of police, forbidding any one connected with the stage to appear before the curtain. The following week Körner received proposals from the directors of the two best theatres in Vienna, Count Palfy, and Prince Lobkowitz, inviting him to enter into an agreement. He was to produce a certain number of pieces, for which he was to receive a fixed salary, and anything else which he might write should be liberally paid for. A prospect thus opened to him of making an independence for himself, by the occupation in which he delighted. In Germany at that time, if a poet was to live by his art, an official appointment of some kind was a necessity; Schiller and Goethe had both held appointments connected with the stage, to which, since the revival of literature, the greatest writers had turned so much of their attention.

A dramatic author had great opportunities for making his influence felt, for people then went to the theatre not only to see good acting, but

to hear the best poetry of the day, and to enjoy the great thoughts of lofty minds.

Theodor felt that it was an honourable post, and one which rarely fell to the lot of so young an author.

He decided to accept the proposal of Prince Lobkowitz, and wrote at once to his parents announcing his appointment as poet to the Court Theatre. After relating the terms of engagement, he says, 'Now one word why I did not write to you sooner respecting these offers; I know my father would have opposed my determination, because he would have thought that I was influenced by the wish no longer to be an expense to you; but I have not sold my freedom, I have an honourable post which important men have filled before me, and I have a sure and sufficient income, with the prospect of living only for my art.

'The pressure of the times necessitates great sacrifices from you, and does indeed increase my desire not to burthen you. When I enter upon domestic life I will intrude on your liberality. May heaven now grant us its blessing, I have secured a livelihood, and indeed some thing more. Your THEODOR.'

Christian Körner had feared lest an official engagement should hamper Theodor's freedom in composition, but he was now well pleased with the arrangement he had made, and all his friends considered him a favourite of fortune. He was one of the most popular men of Vienna and was obliged to limit his social engagements lest they should interfere with his work. 'I have hitherto avoided balls and dances, and hope to do so in future. If one had not the nights to oneself in Vienna one would be wholly at the disposal of the public. I arrange that I can go and dine without the formality of an invitation at those houses where I am on terms of friendship, and then one has time for rational conversation.'

The Archduke Charles, to whom Körner had dedicated two martial poems, sent for him to express his pleasure and sympathy in his sentiments, and Theodor had the pleasure of an unrestrained conversation with the hero of Aspern—that one victory which the German arms had gained over Napoleon, and which in the midst of so much that was humiliating Körner delighted to remember.

Everywhere he was received with the greatest kindness, and he had the prospect of an early marriage before him to complete his happiness.

In his own mind, however, all this brightness was uncertain. He would not yet disturb the peace and joy of those who loved him, but his resolution was taken that whenever the time came to strike a blow for the freedom of Germany, he *must* take his part in the conflict; for the present he could enjoy his happy life, but the time might be very near when duty would call him to leave it. Strange things were happening, and hopes long unknown were springing in men's hearts; for now the dull grey cloud which had hung so long over the German sky was changing

to the darker hues of storm; soon, very soon the lightnings would flash, and the thunder crash and roar, and strong hearts hailed the signs of conflict, for though

> 'Many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
> For those who are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,"

yet after storm the clouds might roll away, and the clear light of heaven be seen once more.

(To be continued.)

SHORT PAPERS ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

No. II.

It is a common boast of English people that they belong to a 'law-abiding nation,' that they are free because they respect and obey the law, and that, while France, Germany, and Russia enjoy, in spite of a far clearer and simpler system of judicature, but little liberty, Englishmen, whose laws are vague and uncertain, being founded partly on feudalism of the sternest kind, partly on traditions more or less hazy, and partly on statutes of modern parliaments, can say and do what they please.

Our national boast is a true one; we *are a* law-abiding people, willing, as a body, to respect and reverence the powers that be, opposed to change, too often opposed to reform; and hence we have up to the present time put up with and submitted with little grumbling to a system of law such as no other nation would, I believe, endure for a single generation.

In my last paper I promised to give the readers of the *Monthly Packet* a slight sketch—for slight it must be—of the present state of the law of England, before proceeding, as I hope to do in subsequent papers, to enlarge on those special acts of parliament and portions of the common law which affect Englishwomen, and I must beg my lady readers especially to remember that such a task is no light one, for no lawyer can be said fairly to grasp English jurisprudence in all its bearings. Every *man* may be his own lawyer perhaps in the sanguine imaginations of some legal writers. I can only say that I believe there is no lawyer in England who professes thoroughly to understand the profession he has adopted.

Law is founded on what is commonly called morality, or shall we say on the conscience of mankind? Its avowed aim is to do right and repress wrong; but, as Mr. Justice Smith says in his *Manual of Equity*, a large portion of justice lies beyond the province of human law, and therein the patient must minister to himself.

The law of England is sometimes divided into Common Law, that is traditionary law, which has come down to us from the Middle Ages,

being partly founded on the original customs and rules of a feudal society, and partly on decisions of various courts and judges, or, as they are called, the *lex non scripta*, (*i.e.* law unwritten but abiding in the breasts of the judges), and statute law or laws framed by the Houses of Parliament with the consent of the Crown. Besides these two great branches, however, there is another, namely, Equity, a more generous system of jurisprudence originally administered by the king's chancellor—who was always his confessor or keeper of his conscience—intended to relieve suitors from the rigidity and harshness of the common law judges, which gradually became transferred into the hands of laymen, and which is now mainly administered by the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, formerly the High Court of Chancery, the most unjustly vilified and abused tribunal in England.

As I do not wish to make this paper unnecessarily long or tedious, I shall now proceed to describe the different courts of law in England which, as my readers are doubtless aware, have been within the last few years consolidated or fused into one great court, having two divisions, namely, 'The High Court of Justice,' and 'The Supreme Court of Appeal.'

The oldest court of justice is the Court of Queen's Bench, originally known as *Aula Regis*, in which the sovereign or his representatives did justice, but which, though held as a rule at Westminster, was bound to follow the person of the sovereign wherever he went if summoned to do so, and not being of its nature stationary became less popular than the inferior courts which were established later on, 'The Court of Exchequer' and 'The Court of Common Pleas.'

The Court of Queen's Bench was originally a criminal or Crown court, but it gradually assumed jurisdiction in civil cases by means of a series of fictions more creditable to the ingenuity than the straightforwardness of the mediæval lawyers, fictions which I cannot now enlarge on beyond this that the offence of trespass being originally of a criminal nature, suitors in the Queen's Bench invariably charged their adversaries with trespass in the first instance, and subsequently with the real ground of offence. Thus gradually, besides being as it is still the chief criminal court, the Court of Queen's Bench became to all intents and purposes a civil court.

The Court of Exchequer, or 'Exchequer of Pleas,' was originally, as the name implies, a court in which debtors to the Crown were dealt with; and it, like the Queen's Bench, usurped authority in ordinary civil actions by allowing the plaintiff or suitor to allege in his writ that, whereas by the conduct of the defendant he was hindered from paying his debts to the Crown, the suit was capable of being made the subject of an action in the Court of Exchequer.

The Court of Common Pleas was established to try all actions between subject and subject which did not affect the Crown, and in King John's reign was ordered to be held at Westminster, thus

diminishing the hardships of former suitors in the *Aula Regis*, who never knew where the court would sit, and further allowing suitors to prosecute and defend their actions by attorneys instead of appearing in person. The Judicature Act, which became law in 1874, fused these different courts into one, and they are now styled divisions, not courts; but practically little difference has been made in their administration of justice, and common law actions are still brought under their rules.

The Court of Chancery, now the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, had its origin in the prerogative of the sovereign to do justice between subject and subject when the courts of law either refused redress, or, as was too often the case, pronounced decisions good in law but opposed to public morality. Suitors, in the early ages of our country, smarting from the harshness of the courts of law, fled for justice to the sovereign, and petitioned him to do right as the father of his people; and, as time went on, these petitions became so numerous that the king's confessor or chancellor was deputed to look into them, and, if necessary, summon the parties before him that he might judge of the rights of the case. This duty in time became so onerous that other judges were appointed to help the chancellor, and hence arose the High Court of Chancery, the terror of all wrong-doers and the protector of all defenceless persons, such as women and children, &c., &c.

To describe the duties of the Court of Chancery would take a large volume. It must here suffice to say that the court has jurisdiction in all matters of trust, in cases of fraud, accident, or mistake; that it extends protection to infants, married women, expectant heirs, and even common sailors; and that its chief and guiding maxim is that 'no wrong shall be without a remedy.' I may touch more largely on the help afforded to married women by the Court of Chancery in further papers.

Besides the courts or divisions already mentioned, there is one other court which will demand special notice, viz. the Court of Probate, now the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice. Up to the year 1857 all matters connected with the property of deceased British subjects, whether they died leaving wills or intestate, were conducted by the ecclesiastical authorities, except during the commonwealth, when the Protector Oliver Cromwell, usurped for a time the jurisdiction of the Church. In 1857, however, the authority in these matters was removed from the Church, and vested in a special tribunal called the Court of Probate, which still exercises authority as far as the forms of wills, &c., are concerned, though in any case of uncertainty as to the wording of a testamentary disposition, or the intention of a testator, the Court of Chancery supervenes, on the ground that it alone can do justice.

We now turn to the officers of the different courts. The highest law officer of the Crown is the Lord Chancellor, who presides over the Court of Chancery, and also has special jurisdiction over lunatics. In the administration of Chancery, the Chancellor is assisted by the Master of

the Rolls (the origin of whose authority is very vague) and three vice-chancellors. Under them are various officers, the registrars, the chief clerks, the clerks of the seats, and the clerks of the record and writ office, also the taxing masters, the paymaster-general and his staff, and many other subordinates.

The Queen's Bench Division is presided over by the Lord Chief Justice of England, with the assistance of five puisne judges who rank below him.

The Common Pleas Division has, like the Queen's Bench, for president a Chief Justice, who in like manner is assisted by five puisne judges.

The Exchequer Division has the same establishment, but the judges are all called barons.

The Probate Division has one judge.

The inferior officers of the common law courts consist of masters, associates, and other gentlemen employed to transact the ordinary routine business.

The judges sit daily in term to hear cases in court with or without juries, and also attend in their chambers to conduct minor matters. All judges, except the chancellor, are now liable to attend on circuit.*

Theoretically every man may plead his own case before any of the courts, but practically only qualified practitioners conduct such pleadings, and these practitioners are divided into two classes, barristers and solicitors.

Barristers are gentlemen who are called (*i.e.* permitted) to practise by the different Inns of Court. Originally any man might be called who could afford to pay the necessary fees, but now all gentlemen wishing to practice at the bar have to pass an examination in law, to show that they are duly qualified.

Barristers are divided into two classes—Queen's counsel (*i.e.* barristers appointed to serve as counsel to Her Majesty) and ordinary barristers. Besides these two classes, there are a certain number of gentlemen called serjeants, who originally could only practise in the Common Pleas.

Barristers occupy to a certain extent in the law a similar position to physicians in medicine. They are not expected to master the routine of the public law offices, or to see clients, but only to study the law in its more grave aspects; they conduct cases in court, draw pleadings, give opinions on points of difficulty, and are in every case employed by solicitors, who instruct them. Nor are barristers officers of the court, strictly speaking, since they cannot be silenced or dismissed by the judges, but only by the benchers or trustees of their respective inns.

Solicitors occupy practically the same position in the law as ordinary doctors in medicine, they are in fact on one side the representatives of the public, on the other qualified officers of the courts of law, and liable to be dismissed by the judges for misconduct. Their work is of a far more comprehensive kind than that which falls to the lot of an ordinary barrister, since they are expected to have a general knowledge of the law

* I am not sure whether the Master of the Rolls is bound to attend.

in all its branches, while barristers as a rule confine themselves to one particular branch, to be versed in the general routine of the different law offices and courts, and further to be able to conduct and understand many details of business not strictly legal. At the same time solicitors are not expected to master very difficult questions of law, or to give opinions on intricate matters, as in such cases they are bound to ask the advice of barristers, whose opinions, if carefully followed, exonerate them from the consequences of mistakes for which they otherwise might be made liable to their clients. My lady readers must therefore understand that their solicitors are not prepared to advise them on all matters, and though of course having recourse to counsel materially increases expense, a solicitor, whose daily routine of practical and often mechanical work prevents his being able to give much time to deep study of the law, is obliged, in order to do his duty to his client, to consult counsel in all matters of extraordinary difficulty as much as a doctor is bound to call in the assistance of a physician in cases of serious illness.

A young man wishing to become a solicitor is obliged to serve as clerk to a duly qualified practitioner for five years (in special cases a shorter term of service is allowed) and also to pass three examinations. The first of these examinations is confined to questions in general knowledge, and its object is to prevent uneducated people from entering the law. This examination must be passed before the intending solicitor can enter into articles. The second examination is merely in elementary law, and is as a rule passed during the third year of articles. The third and last takes place either during the last year of the articles or after they have expired, and is considered to be a test of due qualification to practise.

The reader will thus see that it is impossible for any one to be a solicitor who has not a fair knowledge of law, and though, as in all professions, all solicitors cannot be said to be good lawyers, still the careful supervision of the Law Society and the judges prevents incompetent persons from practising on the public.

A lawyer's relations with his clients are of course of a very delicate and confidential nature. Like a clergyman, or a doctor, he is bound to secresy, and has to exercise considerable tact and forbearance in his dealings with those who consult him, and it would be a good thing if people would more often remember that their solicitors' work is of a most anxious and harassing nature, and his time most valuable, so as to confine themselves entirely to the matter in hand when consulting him; also that no business can be faithfully and properly conducted without perfect confidence on both sides, for a solicitor can only act on information supplied to him by his clients, he is not bound to *verify* all that he hears.

One word more before I quit the subject of solicitors—about their bills. People never seem to understand the principle on which a solicitor's bill is made out. They find endless small charges, for attendances, letters, &c., &c., and are wont to think that their legal advisers are apt to enter into petty details and look out for

opportunities of increasing expense, but no idea is more false than this. A client is surely entitled to know what his solicitor has done for him; he should in common fairness be made acquainted with every step of any proceedings taken for his benefit, and as the ordinary course of practice involves many minute proceedings, such as attendances on the client, attendances possibly on counsel, attendances at the public law offices or courts, letters to solicitors representing adverse interests, a solicitor's bill is generally a very long and wordy business. No doubt it would be more satisfactory if solicitors were not paid as they are, but remunerated by a definite fixed sum, so that the client could know exactly what he had to pay before consulting his solicitor; but it would be most difficult to fix a fair rate of payment without robbing either the public or the profession. Strictly speaking, a lawyer should be, and is, paid for what he knows, not for what he does; but until the exact value of a man's brains can be satisfactorily settled, I see no remedy for the present somewhat galling system to both parties of small items of work and small charges, amounting often to a large sum in the aggregate. Two things might be remembered with advantage on either side—first, the lawyer should recollect that he is often working in the dark as far as his client is concerned, who cannot understand what advantage he reaps from his solicitor's innumerable attendances, &c., &c.; and secondly, the client should remember that all law proceedings require a considerable outlay in stamps, fees, &c., and carefully consider how much of a formidable bill of costs really is paid to the Government.

I have, I trust, now given my readers some insight into the system of English law, and some information as to those who administer it. It would be impossible in a magazine article to write an exhaustive review on so great a subject, but I hope I have done something to explain the present state of our law, and the position of its practitioners with regard to the public generally.

R. J. F.

THE 'PASSION PLAY.'

A VISIT TO OBER-AMMERGAU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST,' 'LITTLE TIJA,' ETC.

THE approach to Ober-Ammergau is very pretty, through a line of *châlets*, painted pink, and blue, and yellow, and green, with rustic eaves and balconies, backed by wooded hills and sloping pasture lands. Then into the straggling village, whose great, roomy, picturesque dwellings are decorated with immense frescoes of saints and Madonnas, and scenes from Bible history. Two pretty long-haired boys were sitting by a fountain. We felt sure they would be in one of the *tableaux* on Sunday. We asked them the way to Madame George

Lang's. Hers is an immense house, with the name in gigantic letters over the door. We looked in, and I asked for the Frau Wirthin, in the innocence of my heart; but the stoniest of gazes from a couple of young chits of girls in the wood-carving shop was all my answer. When I repeated the question somewhat more diffidently, one said with injured dignity, '*Das ist kein Wirthshaus!*' (this is no inn!) So then I said, 'Where is Frau Lang?' and the reply was, '*Die Dame is oben*' (Madame is up stairs).

We felt of course considerably reproved, but a veil, as it were, had at the same time fallen from my eyes, and I knew that the primitive simplicity had passed from this mountain village. The *Tante* of these girls having been at length summoned, all our queries were answered pleasantly and unaffectedly enough. She immediately turned to my name in a little note-book, which seemed to contain a list of all applicants (those who do not write in advance have no chance at all); and a smiling damsel of some two or three-and-twenty was charged to conduct me and a German lady and gentleman, who had arrived at the same time, to quarters in her house. Mr. B—— had written for rooms to Johann Lang direct, so he stopped at his house, a very large one, covered all over with Bible pictures and texts. My new friends and I went a few yards further to a small whitewashed cottage, with a porch, and a picture of a blue and pink madonna over it, and a tiny garden of vegetables in front, paled in and netted all over. You know how scarce and valuable vegetables are here. We had to clamber up to our apartments by a ladder! How the stout lady and her tall, elderly husband got after me, I can't think. At the top, we arrived at a good-sized landing with an alcove, with a bed in it. This was occupied for the nonce by the Hausfrau, but we were told that very often visitors are glad to take it, when the place is very full. The accommodation otherwise consisted of a very tiny room, washed very white, with very clean boards, and a very clean-looking bed, the walls covered with little pictures of saints, and little holy-water shells, and miniature altars; the furniture consisting of one chair, and a table-toilette, washing-stand and all in one. It had three little casement windows, looking in three different directions, without letting one see very far in any, and all had very white curtains. The window next the eaves was protected by a wire-gauze from the bees, which had their hives there. This magnificent and original apartment was allotted to me, while my companions were shown into the opposite one, which was of the same primitive character, but of course larger, with its two beds. I learnt afterwards that people requiring single-bedded rooms always come worst off, because naturally where there is space for two, they put two people, or even three. One could not dispute the reasonableness of this, but a gulden for a bed on the top of a ladder seemed to all of us a good deal, and we fixed the price at forty-eight kreutzers a night, which was accepted. There seemed to

be no such thing as compounding for board and lodging, and we were told we must live at the inn, which sounded very inconvenient. However, we did it the first evening, and then the German lady, who was a very comfortable, pleasant sort of person, arranged for our getting all we wanted in the house. She ordered the meals, and I joined them, and paid my share. The old woman made this come in the end to more than it would have cost at the inn; and I found that Ammergau honesty has not been proof against the temptation to make the most of unwary strangers. At least, one must not measure it against the standard of our good Tyrolese, amongst the hills of Innsbrück and Ischl.

When we had brushed ourselves up a little we went and had coffee in the inn garden, and there Mr. B——, who had made great friends with Herr Johann Lang, and got very good quarters in his house, joined me; and we wandered about the rambling village, and watched the carriages arriving, and the people marching off to their quarters, and the ruddy sunset, and the goats and cows coming in from pasture with their tinkling bells; and sent many messages by returning carriages concerning our baggage, none of which did any good; and compared notes with our fellow-travellers concerning quarters, and then at length determined on getting some supper at the inn. There are five inns in the village, but '*the* inn' seems to be the 'Alte Post.' Here, in the very small guest-room, we found a party of Englishmen assembled. The two pseudo Tyrolese, one of the tall Scotchmen, a clergyman, and one or two Americans, occupied the table, and were already at supper, apparently enjoying the whole affair as a very good 'spree.'

We seated ourselves at a small side-table, and after a considerable waiting-time,—for the good folks here know nothing of railway speed or haste, as yet—our supper of soup, cutlets, and salad, appeared. When it was over, carriages were still arriving with guests. I was quite tired out, and said good-night, and found my way to my bed. The damsel 'Martha,' for it was in her house that I lodged (alias Anna Maria Lang), was on the look-out to help me up the ladder, and to attend to all my wants and wishes for then and the morrow; and if it had not been for my tearing cough, I should have had a very comfortable night, in the midst of my saints and angels.

The next morning, after breakfast, I made my way to the theatre, where the long-thought-of, long-talked of, and long-dreamt-of Passion Play was to be held. Here the principal character and 'Judas,' and one or two others, were directing or working at an alteration of the boxes, bringing these more forward, and sending the peasants more to the sides. By far the larger portion of the theatre has by degrees been covered in with a horse-shoe shaped rude timber roof, and to this was now added a large striped awning stretched across the centre, which rather reminded me of the description given to us at Nismes of the manner

in which the arena was protected in olden times from the sun's rays. The area of the theatre is immense. It is inclosed all round with a tall hoarding, and stands between two rows of slender poplars, whose waving tops mark the site at a distance. The best seats occupy the chief part of the centre, and are divided into first, second, and third box tiers, priced at two, two and a half, and three gulden. The second are, to my mind, the best. It is not well to be too near. The brilliant colours of the costumes and scenery are mellowed by a little distance. The very front places, and all down the sides, are occupied by the country folk, who pay from thirty kreutzers to a gulden per seat. These are not numbered or reserved, but are quite good and comfortable. The stage is very well managed, and the effect of its mimic streets and houses is excellent. A pelican feeding her young broods symbolically over the centre, and below is a representation of the Virgin and Child.

Whilst I sat and sketched the scene, pondering over the various opinions so rife concerning it, and their rights and wrongs, half-trembling, yet anxious to see and judge for myself, I could not help being struck by the quiet, almost reverent manner in which the workmen did their work. There was little sound save the twitter of little birds as they flew in and out, or the tinkling of the goats' bells on the pastures close at hand. The blue gable and brown roof of a hay-*châlet* peeped above the 'streets of Jerusalem,' in which now and again a little group of newly-arrived peasants appeared, curiously peering about and around them, picturesque enough in themselves, in scarlet and blue skirts and aprons, orange and green bodices stiff with whalebone, black kerchiefs knotted about their heads, and brilliant umbrellas of enormous proportions under their arms; the men quaintly dressed in broad-brimmed hats, knee-breeches, and long-waisted waistcoats, with gigantic metal buttons, the more of them apparently the better.

While I sat, other visitors came in to look about them, and to choose where they would like to sit, and I generally had a little chat with them all, for everybody spoke to everybody here and considered themselves at home. However, we could none of us select our own places. Our names were down in their respective books; and it was not until the last *Stellwagen* and post had come in on the Saturday evening that the seats were distributed and appropriated. I then found that by good chance I had a middle seat in the second *Logen* — about the best place I could have. Poor Mr. B. was in despair, because his place was in the very midst of an overwhelming party of Americans, several ladies and two gentlemen, who were all staying at Johann Lang's house, and who could none of them speak a work of German, and required him perpetually to translate and interpret for them, and were noisy and loud and generally oppressive. They all ate and drank and slept in the house, so that he had no respite night or day, and

pitied himself greatly. His solace seemed to consist in retailing it all to me. His imperturbable good nature was edifying, but to sit with them, shut in right and left during the play, that went beyond him. The next morning he effected an exchange with a stiff old German gentleman who sat behind me, his only compunction being at thus sacrificing another fellow-creature. But I suggested that the *locum tenens* would not understand the American chatter nor be troubled by its twang.

All Saturday, visitors continued to arrive. There were fewer peasants than usual because of its being the height of the hay season. This I was sorry for; however, there was quite a crowd of them to be seen about towards evening, especially after supper, at about eight o'clock, when the band of musicians with drums and trumpets made the round of the village, followed by the whole troop, who finally settled into little groups all round the theatre—as one has seen the pilgrims do about a church or shrine—and then they dispersed to their night quarters, wherever these might be, for on that head no one seemed very clear. Certainly one rustic slept in the little ground floor apartment immediately below me that night; his snoring seemed to come from beneath my bed, the ceiling was so low and so slight. All must have found shelter somewhere, for when we wandered in the dusk towards our several lodgings all was quiet and still everywhere. The theatre was deserted, and a solemn quiet pervaded its precincts. The poplars waved their tall heads gently to and fro, and the star-lit heavens formed a splendid canopy, while fire-flies flitted through the gloom and added to the peculiar charm of the hushed, strange scene. As we turned away, the night-watch, armed with their long shafted spears, approached. 'Who goes there?' they said. '*Das Theater muss frei sein bei der Nacht.*' A very good rule, I thought, for I had had a sort of an idea that it might be converted into a sort of serai for the occasion by the peasants. A little scene in a village garden that evening had rather jarred upon one's Ammergau feelings, and I wished I had not witnessed it. I was sitting sketching before supper, and Mr. B. had just brought his Baedeker to show me the best route to Kempten, when one of his American friends and persecutors came up to invite him to join their party at the house of 'Mary.' 'It was so very nice!' 'She was so charming!' 'The whole family so delightful and interesting!' 'And everything coming along the road could be seen; wouldn't he come? and would I come too? They were such an agreeable party.' It was difficult to decline, so I went, the lady chattering commonplaces about the Flunger family all the way. Mr. B. looked like a martyr, well assured, apparently, what to expect. We were ushered into a little green garden, which for the nonce had assumed a regular tea-garden aspect. At a table under a tree beer was being drunk, coffee dispensed, and some one was having supper. The landlady, got up for the occasion in white bib and apron, was bustling about in true

Wirthin fashion. One lady in a scarlet opera-cloak was fanning herself in an attitude, another in a head-dress was simpering at the charming scene, which a third called upon me to find 'very nice.' A gentleman was assiduously uncorking soda-water, while a roar of laughter accompanied each unexpected pop and explosion. And—where was 'the Mary?' Standing in the porch between two young dandies, one of whom was chattering silly nothings in her ear, while the other held her forefinger in his palm, the better to fix a strip of plaster which he had strapped over a cut. There was no real harm in all this, perhaps, but still there was a *je ne sais quoi* which repelled and hurt. At the first possible moment I slipped away on the score of wishing to finish my sketch; and in the open road again, amongst the peasants, one breathed a better atmosphere, I thought. Mr. B., I believe, soon followed. The company we had left were all Americans. The 'Mary's' pure simplicity seemed to me spoilt, and in every respect I would rather have had Martha for that character, who indeed had only missed it by *one* vote, as her old aunt told me.

She is a very sweet and gentle-mannered maiden. I bought her photograph, but it does not do her justice; it has not her soft expression, and it looks far too old.

She was very simple and unaffected about her part and acting. I asked her if she was nervous, and she said very quietly and smilingly, 'Not at all.' We breakfasted at seven that morning, and she was busy serving us to the last moment, not in the least anxious or pre-occupied about her dressing. Her pink and green robes, and white veil hung on a peg in the little room where we ate, side by side with those of her elder sister, a far sterner and more strong-minded young woman, who represented Queen Vashti. None but maidens are permitted to act or take any part in the Passion Play. When one marries another takes her place. Much pains and trouble are taken with the little children, and those parents who have too much to do or who are too poor to spare the time to train them, are obliged to renounce what they evidently regard as a great honour. The rehearsing begins at Christmas for all the actors, and from that time they begin to let their hair grow, I believe. It is worn long and flowing over the shoulders by all, so that in the chorus it is almost impossible to distinguish the male *Genien* from the female. In walking about the village beforehand it was always a source of interest to speculate which character this one or the other, whom one met, would fill. The young fair-haired, blue-eyed 'S. John' whom I saw for the first time coming in from the hay-field, with his wooden rake over his shoulder, was quite unmistakable. Johann Lang, a tall, fair man, with fine, clear-cut features, represented the High Priest Caiaphas, and well he performed his part, which however he called *eine undankbare Rolle*, meaning that it was not a character to attract. His unaffected manner greatly charmed me, and he was at his house door attending to his guests immediately before and after and between the parts, as if

he had nothing at all else to think of. This was what one had fondly looked for, and what one found in some measure; still it was impossible not to reflect that the scene had changed with the times, since the day when, twenty years before, Dean Stanley and his one companion unexpectedly entered the solitudes of this narrow mountain valley and found themselves in the midst of a village of natural, unsophisticated actors, far more advanced in the power of representation than those cultivated by art. And what a difference in the audience then and now! Where we looked around upon a fashionably-dressed assemblage from the capitals of Europe and America, they saw none but the peasants of the surrounding villages, who had probably never left their native mountains in their lives, and never had travelled but on foot, dressed in their holiday best of homespun blue and scarlet, to be instructed in the Bible-story and its sacred mysteries by means of the Passion Play. For such was the intention of the devout performers and originators of the *Passions-Spiel*. It is not indeed their fault if something of a change has come over the spirit of the thing. But unless nine years of quiet can efface the effects of one year of excitement, another Passion Play will find Ammergau sadly deteriorated, I fear.

The play itself is wonderfully given: one cannot say too much for the artistic effect of the scenes. The dress, colouring, and pose are just like the quaint old pictures in the Munich Gallery. The dialogues too are very well carried out, and so much more effectively, because so much more naturally than anything one knows in an English theatre. The Sanhedrim reminded me strongly of the Durbar I witnessed in India. The Eastern dress and grouping, the colouring and action, were all given to the life. One could but gaze in silent wonder. Of course they have got their costume from the old pictures, and their action and pose besides, and more still have they gathered from their simple childlike study and rendering of the Scriptures. Still one could but wonder. Amongst the so-called *Vorbilder*, the descending of manna in the wilderness was one of the best. And one of the most beautiful scenes was the entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem amid the multitude crying 'Hosanna!' One's attention was riveted throughout, and one feared to lose anything. The movements of the nineteen *Genien*, or members of the chorus, as they divided right and left, when the curtain drew up, were very graceful. One could scarcely realise that these were peasants, the chief part of whose lives is spent in working in the fields, or other rough labour. The singing was often very good, always pleasing, but a really good treble was wanting. You know that when the Crucifixion is represented the chorus appear draped in black over their robes, with black, starred diadems on their brows, instead of the golden circlets they have worn before. The singing changes to a sad declamatory intonation, which is very solemn, and one's heart stands still almost with expectation. One does not wish to see, and yet one is constrained to look when (the sad and

woful story concluded by the choir) the curtain rises in deepest silence, and one beholds the three crosses raised in front of the stage!

The Crucifixion itself was to me the least impressive part of the whole Passion Play. One knew so well that the figure was a living one; and yet when the side was pierced before one's eyes, and forthwith came forth blood, it did seem terribly real. But I had been told beforehand that this was managed by a bladder inserted beneath the fleshings. The Taking Down from the Cross was a solemn moment; but the most touching scenes to me were the Leave-taking between the Mother and Son after the anointing in Simon's house, and the Agony in the garden. Tears stood then in the eyes of many, perhaps of most of the spectators, and few had probably ever before so realised the history of our Salvation and the World's Redemption. The Washing of the Disciples' Feet and the Last Supper are amongst those that one can never forget. The scene in the council when Judas receives his thirty pieces of silver is dreadful in its reality of human passion, and the assembling of the High Priests and Elders and Scribes before Pilate's house, the dialogue between them and him, and the persistent calling of the multitude for Barabbas, seemed to make one understand it all as one never had before.

But there have been so many descriptions of the Passion Play that it seems useless to attempt a less good description now. I could not resist this slight sketch of what has occupied so many of my thoughts of late, as in another ten years it will do those of others. It was pretty to see the little children, when released from their parts, running off from behind the scenes across the grass, with their little garments of many colours in their arms. Their reward is a bright new kreutzer apiece as soon as the act is over, and with this they are so delighted that the distributor cannot give out the tiny coins fast enough! On the morning of the play, some English lady sent in a sovereign to be divided between the Christus and Barabbas! A singular idea to connect the two! 'English, of course,' said my foreign friends, when Martha told us this between the parts while we were at dinner. 'The English must always do something peculiar!'

We were allowed rather more than an hour for dinner, and then all assembled again in the theatre. Strangely enough the brilliant day had begun to cloud over, and the sky was dark at the time of the Crucifixion, so that when the mock thunder reverberated in the hills behind, one was not quite sure whether it was not real. A sharp shower broke, but the heavens were again bright and blue when the Resurrection and Ascension scenes were given, and the sun fell warm on the dripping mantles of the chorus while they sang, again draped in their rainbow tinted folds, a joyful '*Hallelujah! Ueberwunden hat der Held!*' When they ended in triumphant unison with, 'Praise and glory to the Highest, to the Lamb that was slain. Hallelujah!' the whole audience in the *Logen* (boxes), which had until now been wrapt in the deepest

silence throughout, and in a fearsome, awestruck intensity of expectation, broke forth into loud clapping of applause. I had hoped that this would not be: it jarred.

However, scarcely two minutes had passed when the theatre was empty, and people were already hastening to their carriages, and preparing to leave this quaint village in the mountains, where they had seen strange things, such as on the face of the wide earth they would never see again, and where, even when they could not wholly approve, the most earnest, at all events, had found deep food for contemplation.

I, too, was about to leave. Mr. B—— had heard of a return carriage to Schöngau, a five-hours' drive towards Biessenhofen, the nearest point on the railway line, which I was most anxious to reach. It was too good an opportunity to miss, and if I had I might have been stranded at Ober-Ammergau for days; but I must be ready to start at six o'clock at latest, the driver said.

I must not forget to tell you that services had begun that morning in the Church at three o'clock, and continued till past seven, during which time seventy masses had been said and attended by the peasants. I believe all the actors received the Sacrament.

Well! I packed my box, and changed my dress, and paid my bill, and drank a hasty cup of coffee, and said good-bye to Mrs. and Miss —— who had followed me hither the day after we met at Munich, and off I drove in the little country carriage, the only vehicle I had been able to hear of, and for which I was most thankful, though it had no covering whatever, so that I had a good wetting, or should have had but for waterproofs, before we reached Schöngau. From Schöngau I went by *Stellwagen* to Biessenhofen, and thence, *viâ* Kempten and Lindau, to Zurich.

I was soon in the region of the Alps. They looked glorious in the summer sunlight, and the air seemed purer than any I had breathed yet. I felt thankful to have reached safely the end of so long a journey. I had come from friends in Danzig to visit friends in Switzerland, and I was received with open arms. . . . .

The days have passed, since last I wrote, uneventfully enough, which, in fact, is what I wanted and wished, for head and mind were too over-full with all the impressions of my late journey. What I needed was to be quiet and to think, as far as possible, of nothing! I fancy that the life is doing me as much good as a week's run of a farmhouse does a child whose schooling has been stopped by order of the family doctor. The family party is often of the most mixed; seldom without some foreign or friendly element. The servants sit 'below the salt,' in true old Swiss fashion, and cousins, relatives of distant degree, neighbours and acquaintance drop in to most meals, and there is always enough for all, by some marvellous process of Swiss hospitality.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

(Chap I continued.)

FILIAL piety was a distinguishing trait in the character of Ducis, even at the age of eighty he could say, 'There is not a day that I do do not think of him, and when I am fairly satisfied with myself, I catch myself saying, "Art thou pleased, father?" I could fancy that a sign of his venerable head answered me, and was my reward.' Born of a family who came from Haute-Luce (Alta Lux) he kept something of pure and heavenly inspiration in his whole life, whether in the theatre, in the loose society of the day, or when spending his Sunday with some humble *curé*. As Sainte Beuve remarks, the tall, ruddy old man was not unlike a gnarled and sturdy oak, in a hollow of which the bees have stored honey.* He kept his faith unshaken amid the tempest of the eighteenth century, rejected Bonaparte's advances, 'being,' as he said, 'a Catholic, poet, republican, and hermit,' and received with delight at the hands of Louis XVIII., that Cross of the Legion of Honour which he would not accept from a usurper. We could not wish Shakespere a better worshipper, even if we could have desired a more capable translator.

German literature, which had strongly influenced England, now began also to affect France. After having been enslaved by Louis Quatorze and the brilliant constellation of authors who clustered thickly around him during great part of the eighteenth century, Germany became hostile to all that was French, and turned to England, her ally in the Seven Years' War. Instead of Corneille and Racine, the Germans read Shakespere, and believed in Ossian; and a native literature sprang up, which became known to France through *De l'Allemagne*, when the Restoration allowed it to circulate in France. Goethe, though he did not by any means like its brilliant author, accorded it the remarkable eulogium that it had broken down the barrier between two nations. German thought was indeed too alien to the French mind to take deep root there, but a great impulse was given to the writers and metaphysicians of France by thus coming in contact with the works of German authors, and the desire was strengthened to cast aside rules and traditions out of which the spirit had long vanished, though their authority was still recognised. But France was to have as lyrical a singer as any German, and a new poetical era began for her with Lamartine.

* *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. vi.

III.—LAMARTINE (*first part*).

In *La Maison démolie*, the last work of that charming writer, Joseph Autran, a lively picture is given of the universal enthusiasm raised by the *Méditations* of Lamartine (1820). Not only did all the youth of France copy out his verses, weep and dream over them, but business men, lawyers, grave and reverend seniors, learned them by heart, and triumphed in the fact that at last France possessed a lyric poet, a true singer, harmonious as the best writers of the classic school, yet simple, natural, and free from mannerism. This new poet, 'who dropped one morning no one knew whence,' as Sainte Beuve says, spoke to all hearts. He was a Christian poet, and struck a chord which vibrated in many hearts; for the early part of the present century, unlike the latter half, was characterised by enthusiasm and faith. Scepticism was there, soon to become weary indifference, but as yet doubt sorrowed that it doubted, and could feel the beauty of faith even when it disbelieved.

The general feeling towards Lamartine was expressed by Cuvier, when the poet was received as a member of the French Academy:—'When in one of those moments of depression which sometimes overcome the strongest minds, a solitary wanderer chances to hear afar some voice uttering in sweet song feelings answering to his own, he is thrilled by a glow of sympathy, and feels those fibres which depression had relaxed new-braced; if this voice which describes his sufferings gradually suggests hope and comfort, life seems to revive in his breast. Already he loves this unknown friend, already would fain embrace him, and tell all he owes him. Such has been the effect of your *Méditations* on many. . . . From the first, men have, with one accord, hailed you as the Singer of Hope.'

In fact, no work had produced so strong an effect since *Le Génie du Christianisme*. This fresh, pure, musical poetry was as unlike the polished artificial style of Delille and others, who had been held as models, as was the poetry of our own Cowper to that of Pope. For the first time a true love of nature appeared in French poetry. Descriptive poetry had indeed existed, and even flourished under St. Louis and Philippe le Hardi, but it disappeared with the Renaissance. The feeling of the classic school for nature is exactly expressed by Corneille, when he says—

> 'Que la Nature entière avec tout son éclat
> Sans l'Olympe et ses dieux n'offre rien que du plat.'

We have already mentioned the constant mythological allusions habitual to poets of the eighteenth century, but the study of Homer and Virgil might at least have taught them to observe nature accurately, and not to talk about myrtles and roses where only long pines

and gnarled oaks would have grown. It would seem as if true love of nature could not exist without Christianity, though a close observation of her often is consistent with materialism. Lafontaine is always exact in every touch, *e.g.* his heron with its '*long bec emmanché d'un long cou*,' or his description of the swallow, '*frisant l'air et les eaux*,' and catching this to feed her open-billed nestlings;* but there is not a trace of delight in nature in all his fables; he only uses her to point an epigram. The eighteenth century, however, piqued itself on its appreciation of nature. St. Lambert says superbly, 'The ancients loved and sang the country; *we* admire and sing nature!' They proved it by verses on agriculture, the months, a kitchen garden, a herb-bed! Such a poem as *Le Lac*, or the tenth of the *Harmonies*, came as a revelation.

'La cascade qui pleut dans le gouffre qui tonne,
Frappe l'air assourdi de son bruit monotone;
L'œil fasciné la cherche à travers les rameaux;
L'oreille attend en vain que son urne tarisse;
De précipice en précipice,
Débordant, débordant à flots toujours nouveaux,
Elle tombe, et se brise, et bondit, et tournoie,
Et du fond de l'abîme où l'écume se noie,
Se remonte elle-même en liquides réseaux,
Comme un cygne argenté qui s'élève et déploie
Ses blanches ailes sur les eaux.'

Even to an English ear the poems of Lamartine are exquisitely musical, though we are apt to think that French rhymes, with their artificial rules, are no rhymes at all. That he was a master of both rhyme and rhythm is proved by almost all his poems, and his prose is as harmonious as his verse. He was in no haste to publish, for he had reached the age of thirty before his first work appeared, to be received by a long cry of admiration throughout France, soon echoed by all Europe. Up to that time his name was unknown. By birth he belonged to a poor but noble royalist family; his father had impoverished himself by refusing to profit by the new law, which divided the parents' fortunes equally among the children, and left his portion in the hands of his eldest brother—a sacrifice to sentiment rather hard on his own large family. We see that at every step his wife was hampered by dependence on the will of richer relatives. This charming mother was devotedly loved by Lamartine, and her death by a fearful accident was the great sorrow of his life. She had been brought up with the children of the Duc d'Orléans, by Madame de Genlis, whose views of education were founded on Rousseau's, and Lamartine's education was strongly influenced by them. He ran barefoot on the hills with the village children, roasted chestnuts with them, and was brought up much like the Edgeworths, whose education was also directed on the principles of Rousseau's *Emile*. 'My education,' he says, 'was all in the eyes, more or less serene, and the smile, more or less glad, of my mother.' His soldier father seems to have had little—too little—

* Livre x. table vii.

influence over him. Deeply religious herself, spending much time daily in meditation and prayer, Madame de Lamartine seems to have felt an unconquerable reserve as to giving any direct religious teaching to her son. It is evident that a more definite and severe training was needed to enable him later to meet temptation bravely. Although, as we have said, he published late, he had written verses from boyhod; they used to float singing through his imagination, 'thrilling him as the soft spring breeze thrilled the boughs above his head, drawing music from the leaves.' * His studio was in the open air, where forty-five great oaks stood, at considerable distances from one another, forgotten for centuries by the woodman, on the edge of a ravine. White, purple, and pink heather carpeted the ground beneath them; wild bees, butterflies, and nameless insects fluttered and hummed almost level with the ground, and a little stream tinkled near, its course marked by the dark shining iris leaves. We have another picture of this spot in one of his poems:

'Ces bruyères, ces champs, ces vignes, ces prairies,
Ont tous leurs souvenirs et leure ombres chéries.
Là mes sœurs folâtraient, et le vent dans leurs jeux
Les suivait en jouant avec leurs blonds cheveux,
Là, guidant les bergers au sommet des collines,
J'allumais des bûchers de bois morts et d'épines,
Et mes yeux, suspendus aux flammes du foyer,
Passaient heure après heure à les voir ondoyer.
Là, contre la fureur de l'aquilon rapide,
Le saule caverneux nous prêtait son tronc vide,
Et j'écoutais siffler dans son feuillage mort
Des brises dont mon âme a retenu l'accord.
Voilà le peuplier, qui, penché sur l'abîme,
Dans la saison des nids nous berçait sur sa cime,
Le ruisseau dans les prés, dont les dormantes eaux.
Submergeaient lentement nos barques de roseaux,
Le chêne, le rocher, le moulin monotone,
Et le mur au soleil, où, dans les jours d'automne,
Je venais sur la pierre, assis près des vieillards,
Suivre le jour qui meurt de mes derniers regards.'

Or he wrote in his little room, late at night, or sitting at his window so early, that the hill tops yet stood dark against the sky, the world yet slept, and not a ray of dawn had stolen up the pale chill sky. Take as a pendant to this a passage from *Les Confidences*, in equally perfect prose. Lamartine and a friend are on board a Sicilian fisherman's boat; his grandson, almost a child, is at the helm; a sudden squall has turned the sea into a world of tossing billows, only one chance remains, to reach the strait between the mainland and Procida:—

'Le vieux pêcheur n'hésita pas. Du sommet d'une lame où l'équilibre de la barque nous suspendit un moment dans un tourbillon d'écume, il jeta un regard rapide autour de lui, comme un homme égaré qui monte sur un arbre pour chercher sa route, puis, se précipitant au gouvernail: A vos rames, enfants! s'écria-t-il; il faut que nous voguions au cap plus vite que le vent; s'il nous y devance, nous sommes perdus.

* *Manuscrit de ma Mère.*

'Nous obéîmes comme le corps obéit à l'instinct.

'Les yeux fixés sur ses yeux pour y chercher le rapide indice de sa direction, nous nous penchâmes sur nos avirons, et tantôt gravissant péniblement le flanc des lames montantes, tantôt nous précipitant avec leur écume au fond des lames descendantes, nous cherchions à ralentir notre chute par la résistance de nos rames dans l'eau. Huit ou dix vagues de plus en plus énormes nous jetèrent dans le plus étroit du canal. Mais le vent nous avait devancé . . . et en s'engouffrant entre le cap et la pointe de l'île, il avait acquis une telle force et un tel poids, qu'il soulevait la mer avec les bouillonnements d'une lave furieuse, et que la vague, ne trouvant pas d'espace pour fuir assez vite devant l'ouragan qui la poussait, s'amoncelait sur elle même, retombait, ruisselait, s'éparpillait dans tous les sens comme une mer folle, et cherchant à fuir sans pouvoir s'échapper du canal, se heurtait avec des coups terribles contre les rochers à pic du cap Misène et y élevait une colonne d'écume dont la poussière était renvoyée jusque sur nous . . . Le pêcheur jeta sur le cap éclairé par sa colonne d'écume un regard que je n'oublierai jamais, puis, faisant le signe de la croix : Passer est impossible, s'écria-t-il, reculer dans la grande mer encore plus. Il ne reste qu'un parti ; aborder à Procida ou périr . . . nous mêmes le cap sur Procida, et nous voguâmes comme un brin d'herbe marine qu'une vague jette à l'autre vague, et que le flot reprend au flot.'

'WAIT, HE IS SURE TO COME.'

DEATH OF THE LAKE NEEPIGONG BOY.

Copied from the 'Algoma Missionary News,' June, 1879.

DIED at the Shingwauk Home, on Saturday, May 17th, Frederick Oshkahpukeda, aged 14.

'It is a sad, touching, yet sweet story that I have to relate.' The first part is only a repetition of much that has been already told in the Lake Superior tour. Let us speak more particularly of that which concerned 'Ningweninna.' Such a good dear boy he proved, and every one who knew him at the Shingwauk Home loved him. So gentle in his ways, so quiet and polite in manner, so pleased at any little attention, and so quaint in his efforts to speak English.

The Bishop took a great fancy to him, became his godfather, and baptised him in his own name—Frederick—on the 27th of October. Although the time was so short since he had had the opportunity of receiving Christianity, he had nevertheless a fair knowledge of the Scriptures at the time of his baptism, and, what was more, the Holy Spirit had, we believe, taught him in his heart the meaning of the great sacrifice made for sin on Calvary, and he had learnt to love his Saviour.

But, poor boy, he was laid on the bed of sickness. His mother had died of consumption, and that terrible hereditary disease was secretly poisoning his veins and sapping his life. At Christmas time he was sick with bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs.

From these attacks he never thoroughly recovered. There was a hollowness of the cheek, and an unnatural brightness about the eye, and yet otherwise he had become well enough in himself and was again occupying his place in school and pursuing his studies along with the other boys.

Just after his recovery from this illness he wrote a short note in English to the Bishop, composed and written (with a little assistance in the spelling) by himself in pencil. It was a short little epistle, but in quaint pretty language—'Me not learn much book, all the time sick me,' and so forth.

Shortly after this he was much delighted at receiving a letter from his father. His poor father spoke of the longing he felt to see his loved son once more, and how anxiously he was looking forward to the spring, when he hoped to see him again. The Bishop also kindly wrote to him in reply to his little letter, exhorting him to try and live as God tells us to do in the Book which He has given us; and concluding with the earnest hope that when he died he might go to that happy place where the Saviour Jesus Christ is preparing to receive all who truly love Him. 'Good-bye, my dear boy,' added the Bishop, 'may God bless and make you good.' This letter Frederick fondly treasured to the time of his death.

On Sunday, March 28th, Frederick was at church in the Sault with the other boys. There was administration of the Holy Communion after the service, and the other boys who had been confirmed remained to partake. Frederick remained with them, and innocently came up with the rest to kneel at the rails. I was very sorry to turn him back, but whispered to him a hurried explanation in Indian that only those who were confirmed were about to take the Sacrament, and he quietly withdrew to his seat. Afterwards I explained it to him, and a day or two subsequently wrote to the Bishop asking him to arrange if possible to hold a confirmation before the boys dispersed for their holidays, so that Frederick amongst others might be confirmed. Had I known that he was so soon to die I would not have turned the dear boy back. Too often do we, perhaps unwittingly, act the part of the disciples who hindered the little children in their approach to Jesus.

On Sunday evening, April 27th, Frederick came in for a little talk with me after service. He seemed very earnest, and spoke very nicely of his trust in the Saviour. I said to him (in Indian) 'I want you to get quite well, Frederick, before you go home, perhaps your father will be angry with me if he sees you sick.' He looked up in my face to see if I meant what I said, and seeing me smile replied—

'No, I am sure he will not be angry, he entrusted me to you. My grandfather said before he died that we were to wait for an English teacher, and that when he came we must listen to him and do what he told us. That is why my father gave me up to you.'

The following Sunday, May 4th, the poor boy was suffering greatly; he had been two or three days in bed with what appeared to be rheumatic pains, with impaired vision and feverishness. In the evening he wanted to get up and come down to the service in the schoolroom, and I allowed him to do so, but he could not remain through the service. He became giddy and faint, and had to return to his bed.

The dear boy seemed to have some presentiment that he might not

live, and expressed himself on the subject in his quaint, broken English to one of our little children who had taken him up some canned peach and bun.

'All the time my head just like broke. All the time sick me. By and by I guess me dead.'

A few days after, the severe symptoms set in, and the doctor was sent for. On the 10th of May he became delirious and had to be held in bed and watched constantly both night and day. We never have any difficulty in procuring night-watchers among our Indian boys. Quite a forest of hands generally goes up when the question is put after evening prayers, 'Who will stay up to watch to-night?' Two boys stay at a time, and the change is made every three or four hours.

For three days and nights poor Frederick lay in a perfectly unconscious state, taking neither medicine nor nourishment. The doctor pronounced it to be organic disease of the brain, the result of a consumptive tendency in his system, and gave but faint hopes of his recovery.

Day and night we watched him and were glad when on the fourth day he showed signs of returning consciousness. His brain never seemed to become quite clear, but he had intervals of intelligence, during which he would often answer questions in a rational manner and attempt to repeat verses of Scripture. The verse 'Suffer little children to come unto me' he said through. He attempted also 'God so loved the world,' but only got so far as 'believeth in him.' Two nights before he died he tried to say the Lord's Prayer, but his breathing was short and seemed to be an effort to him; at the words 'as it is in heaven' he stopped, and after a pause said, 'can't say my Father. Too much run away me.'

After a little I asked him, 'Who was it that died on the Cross for us, Frederick?' He rambled a little for a moment or two, and then, as the meaning of my question had flashed upon him, spoke out in clear accents—'Jesus Christ.'

Very little longer only was he to live. We had prayed very earnestly and constantly for his recovery, but it was not God's will. On Saturday evening after prayers I perceived that he was sinking, and told the boys who were watching him that I did not think he would live through the night. He was breathing heavily and quickly, and groaning as though in pain. He would take no notice when spoken to, and could not swallow. An hour or two sped by, it was ten o'clock, and he was now breathing with great difficulty, gasping frequently for breath, and his pulse scarcely perceptible.

I called to his bedside those boys who had made the Lake Superior trip with me last summer, and we stood watching him. Then as his end drew near, we knelt, and I offered up the beautiful commendatory prayer for sick people on the point of departure, and we joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer.

As we rose from our knees the dear boy gave one more faint gasp

for breath and expired. How wonderful are the ways of God, how little can we understand His dealings! We yield up the dear boy to his Heavenly Father, humbly, willingly, thankfully, persuaded that his soul was washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and that he is now with Jesus; persuaded also that this ordering of God's all-wise providence will tend, in some way which we see not yet, to the glory of His name and the furtherance of His cause.

We had earnestly hoped that Frederick's father would have arrived in time to see his boy's body before its burial, and for that reason we we kept it twelve days packed in ice, but instead of the father came a letter written for him, full of expectancy and longing to see his son. This seemed to make it sadder still, but as there was no chance of his coming for ten or twelve days more, the next day we buried him. I prepared a slab to serve as a headstone for his grave, on which were inscribed the words—

FREDERICK OSHKAHPUKEDA,

A boy from the wild regions of Lake Neepigong. Was baptised a Christian Oct. 27th, 1878, and was taken home to his Saviour May 17th, 1879.

Aged fourteen.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

The Bishop read the service at the grave.

We had a plain coffin made in the carpenter's shop covered with black cloth, and flowers were placed upon and around it as it lay on a high bier in the schoolroom.

Quite a number of the Indians from Garden River had come over to be present at the funeral, and all took a last look at his calm placid features before the coffin was closed. The Bishop, myself, and Chief Buhwujjenene each gave a short address during the service in the schoolroom, and then we set out to the grave, which had been dug at the foot of a huge stone in our cemetery. All the boys wore a white badge with a scrap of crape on their arms, and the six bearers had also white sashes crossing the breast. As we walked slowly along an Indian hymn was sung, which sounded plaintive and pretty through the thick trees of the bush. And again, while the grave was being filled, we sang in English 'Here we suffer grief and pain,' and 'There is a happy land.'

Thus poor Frederick now rests in peace. His career as a Christian was indeed short, yet I believe a happy and a trustful one, and he now rests with his Saviour.

The last message that Frederick sent to his father through an Indian companion two days before his death was this:—'Give my love to my father, and say I wish he were a Christian.'

The following is the letter received by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, principal of the Shingwauk Home, after hearing of his son's death:—

'*Red Rock, May 31st*, 1879.

'DEAR SIR,—I learn that my poor boy is dead, so that our talk is dead, for I will not send any more of my children to the Home; but if you want to

follow out the engagement you made then put up a school-house somewhere round here, so that our children may learn, for after what has happened I don't think that any of the Indians at Neepigong will let their children go to the Home. All my brother's children were going to learn. If you could put up a small school apply to the Government for a piece of land to put your school-house on and we will help in paying for it. I don't think that we will be able to visit the grave of my poor boy. I would have been very glad if you could have sent the body in the steamer. I do not send the five dollars back that you sent until I see you do not come to make your promises good. I feel very sorry for what has happened. My heart is sore. Did not my poor boy say anything before he died? Surely he said something about his father. If so let me know when you write. I do not blame any one about the death of my boy, but I am most happy for the care you have taken with him. I want you to send me an alphabet and a small book with words of two or three letters about the school.

'There is one building here, but it is on the Catholic Mission; but we would like to have one outside of anybody's land so that there would be no bad feeling, for we do not want the priest to have anything to do with it. I have nothing more to say. I am very sick at heart. My respects to you, and I hope to see you soon or hear from you about my son's last words. I would like very much to know.

'Your sincere friend,
OSHKAHPUKEDA.

'P.S.—Tell all the boys I send them my love, and the boy that he loved best I shall think him my son. Good-bye.'

AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.

'IF you are a teacher, teach.' This little rule is very easily laid down, but not quite so easily carried out. It requires, moreover, some preliminary consideration; for too often a governess finds herself in charge of five or six children of various ages and capacities, but with absolutely no training. Some do not know how to employ themselves independently, others perhaps have not learned to write or to read, others again have no notion of anything, not even how to sit still. An *experienced* governess will have prepared her time table, her list of lessons in each subject for the term, the portion for the week, and the lesson for each day, for her classes, before she meets her pupils on her 'opening day.' It is a very good plan also to prepare three papers of sums, one of addition and subtraction, one of multiplication and division, and one of compound multiplication, and a set of 'copies' of various degrees of difficulty; so that instead of sitting at the table with a disorderly mob of children around and half over her, to be questioned as to their attainments, she may *instantly* seat the children in the places which she has already determined in her own mind, and supplied with ink, blotting paper, a pen, and a pencil, and give out gently but promptly an order to all to write out their names at the top of the

paper, and then—we will say—the 'Duty to your neighbour,' from memory; then 'the counties which touch Middlesex, and the countries which touch Germany;' then 'all that you know about William Rufus, Charles I., and George III.' While these tasks are being performed she can examine any books or exercises already forthcoming, mark the sum and copy papers with names according to what she sees of proficiency in the tasks already set, and will be ready to receive each preliminary paper for future criticism, and supply farther employment without delay.

If you have the choice of one large, or several small tables, choose the latter without a moment's hesitation. Each child really ought to have a little table to itself; but if this cannot be, on no account place them close to each other. The light should fall on each child's left hand if possible. Do not set them so that you cannot see each one, nor so that they can look over each other's writing. Make the thing *impossible*, and then you will not have to punish for it. Take care that the children's feet are supported, and their writing table of such a height that their elbows naturally lie just over it. Those who sit too low for this must have cushions or little boards to raise them, and their hassocks in proportion. Those that sit too high must place the boards under their paper. It is a bad lesson to lend music books to be used as cushions or desks; make-shifts generally are undesirable. Good writing and good carriage, and even, sometimes, good health, depend on the school seat and school desk being well arranged; therefore do not yield to small obstacles in your quest of proper seats. And be at least equally pertinacious in requiring footstools of some sort, for the strain upon the spine caused by the weight of dangling feet is injurious, to say nothing of the ceaseless fidgeting caused by the discomfort they entail. Keep a thermometer in the schoolroom, hung up, out of reach of little hands, and try to maintain an equable but moderate temperature; but never sit with both window and door shut or open, for stagnant air and draught are alike injurious to teacher and pupils. If it is absolutely *impossible* to keep the room properly ventilated while the children are in it, you must not let them remain there more than an hour; turn them all out, and out of harm's way, for one, two, or five minutes, and open doors and windows, so as to refresh the air completely before re-admitting them. The insidious mischief of soiled air is worse than ignorance of accomplishments, at least. Having ascertained whether your pupils can be arranged in two classes, or must divide in three, you will be ready to draw out a time table. If you are allowed to do this without any control, I advise you to arrange for an hour's work before breakfast. People think this plan injurious to girls; but after many years' observation of delicate boys and girls, I believe this opinion to be erroneous. The children should go to bed early. No girl in the schoolroom ought to be *out of bed* at ten; at fourteen and fifteen they ought to *be in bed* about nine; up to twelve years old half-past eight or eight o'clock is late enough. 'Parties'

whether at home or out ought *never* to be allowed during 'term' to keep the children up; it is a cruelty to excite and fatigue young creatures and then exact their full tasks from them; but it is an evil lesson that duty *can* be put aside. Sensible parents can, if they will, invite one or two pleasant children to share the half holiday, or combine for a walk, without the fuss of dressing and general consumption of time and strength which is sometimes miscalled 'society.' If children have a bit of bread and a little milk as soon as they feel hungry, they are quite ready to begin some steady occupation by seven o'clock, if they have had eight, nine, or ten hours' rest. Practising, drawing, and writing copies, tax the brain very little; and if you have the use of several pianos, it is an unspeakable relief to get the noise over before teaching proper sets in. The eldest girl or two may however, be glad to secure your help in this hour for languages or arithmetic, and it will do them no harm to employ the early hour in this way. Only you must not let yourself be engrossed, if you have no pupils who can be trusted to hold their pens, or to practise, without being watched; for your lessons in mechanical arts will be vain unless you enforce them practically until correct habits have become strong. After breakfast you should have an hour's exercise, if possible in the open air. If this cannot be attained, household work with open windows and doors—not make believe, but real exertion—is a very good substitute. If you and your girls may not make beds and sweep and dust for an hour, you must resort to calisthenics, or romping games, and allow plenty of noise.

By ten o'clock you will all be ready to begin afresh. Scripture lessons should come first, and should have half an hour, or if you have three classes, an hour, for in that case either the first and second can prepare for half an hour while you read and hear verses for the third, or the second class, if very backward, must join the third. In either case begin with the youngest, for they require a fixed lesson with a teacher to get them into the working attitude at the beginning of the day. Then send them away from your table, while you take the senior Scripture class, for it is not well to forestall odds and ends of Scripture lessons. Do not let them sit near each other, while you are occupied with the elder children; let one practise in one corner, another draw, and a third sew or knit; do not on any account mention that this separation is by design; but always remember how seductive agreeable society is, and prevent, rather than punish, idling, whispering, or wrangling. Silence should be a strict rule during school hours. After the senior Scripture lesson, the first class ought to go to separate tables, but at any rate as far off as possible, and study diligently for an hour; then join the others in ten minutes' calisthenics, if possible out in the passage so as to air the schoolroom, and sit down again at ten minutes past twelve to study until one o'clock. Meanwhile the second class will work sums in silence, separately, for half an hour, while you teach the third class their principal lesson for the day; then come to you for

their principal lesson of half an hour; this brings you to eleven o'clock, when you can take a lesson in language with the two younger classes in succession. When the little ones have finished their oral lesson they can reverse the order of practising or needlework until twelve, while the second class is with you At twelve you will make all go through calisthenic exercises as before mentioned, and then send the youngest children to play in the garden or nursery, taking care that play means *play*, not reading or sitting still. You will now take a music lesson until one o'clock; if pressed for time, the fifty minutes will have to furnish two lessons, which is rather short measure, but enough if well directed. From one to three o'clock you should rest your mind from lessons of all kinds, and ought to get a second walk, or to spend an hour in gardening—not make believe, but work earnest enough to engross your thoughts. If you cannot get out, you must try to really *play* with the little ones some part of this time; and you may perhaps get a quarter of an hour for music, drawing, or fancy work for yourself. Due *recreation* is of *vital* consequence, as well as exercise; and you ought to let it be distinctly understood that you will be invisible in your room during some part of these two hours. If the weather is intensely cold, put on all your wraps rather than not get this quiet time in seclusion. Dinner at a quarter past one, or even ten or five minutes past, is much better and more wholesome than if it comes later. Few children can make a longer morning than three hours between breakfast and dinner, but by the arrangement I have described an additional hour is secured—from seven to eight. At three the little ones must come to you for half an hour's lesson, and then work, draw, or write, or practise. A nurse who can really *teach* plain work or knitting and darning is a very great comfort, but seldom to be found. If such a person be in the family, it is well worth while to make friends with her so far as to induce her to have a set time for her instructions, just when you can dispense with your little people. But she must not let them sit long. Quality is of more importance than quantity for the first year in needlework. While your afternoon 'infant' lesson is going on, the second class must learn lessons, and this will probably occupy quite an hour and a half, the latter part of which you and the first class will spend in two lessons, generally of unequal length. If the younger girls have finished before you, they ought silently to put away all their things, and go away to a good game of play before tea. But when your first class is preparing for University Local Senior, and your second for Junior, examination, they will require either to go on until six, or to have their tea at five, and study from six to seven. Before they go to bed some active game or dancing should occupy at least a quarter of an hour. It is a sad thing that dancing should be misused, for real, well learnt reels and quadrilles are the very thing for a winter's evening, or a cold wet evening in summer. The steps and figures ought to be *very carefully* learnt in nursery days, for *learning* to dance is irksome to great girls. There is

no reason why vanity should be associated with rhythmic movements, and children would not combine the two if no one suggested it to them. If you cannot have a dance, you must find something else which will produce running and laughing, and a little shouting perhaps; only no squealing and shrieking; these must be reserved for times of real danger, which I hope neither you nor your pupils will experience. To return to your time table. After five o'clock you must 'mark' all the exercises of the day, and enter the marks in a book nicely ruled and spaced. This must be done regularly, and the numbers carefully added up each week, so that you may be acquainted *distinctly* with the intellectual position of each of your pupils. Every lesson which requires preparation should have a distinct value in marks known to the children; the principal lessons, such as geography, history, &c., which require an hour's careful preparation, twelve, and lighter lessons half that number; a page of dictation or short sums, four; and so on. Full marks belong to an absolutely faultless exercise or repetition, and must be strictly reserved for such; two-thirds is a 'very good' mark, half 'not bad;' quarter marks ought only to be given when the quality is good but the quantity small. If the parents of your pupils will give some reward for 100 marks you will find it a great help, and a much safer plan than prizes. Competition may be needed among large numbers, but in a small school it does not work well on the characters, and in a family the effect is pernicious. I cannot see any objection to the earning of pocket money by marks, their value being graduated according to the labour required to procure them. There are certain little 'offices' also (such as *e.g.* filling the ink bottles) which are much sweetened by having a salary, a penny a week or so, attached to them. Only there must be no doubt as to responsibility. If an office is undertaken it must be understood that each instance of neglect causes a fine. Lawless negligence is too common a reproach among women, and must never be tolerated even in a trifle.

Besides the day's marks, there will generally be some forfeits to be entered, each of which will cancel a mark at the end of the week. The children ought to be told clearly *what* faults cause a forfeit, and a list ought to be within reach, from which you must never deviate, for their sense of justice is intense, and most children become ungovernable if they think injustice is meted out to them. The faults sufficiently checked by a forfeit are unpunctuality, untidiness, faults of gesture, attitude, and movement, faults of word or tone, and careless waste. Many a personality can be avoided by keeping firmly to a sort of *code* of this kind during school hours, and reserving every display of feeling as much as possible for private and confidential intercourse with your pupils, one at a time. There are a few children whom it is necessary to warn that want of personal cleanliness, unpleasant tricks, violence with doors or chairs, and upsetting ink, bring heavy penalties. Only in every case give the *first* culprit 'law'; simply make her repair her mischief, and *calmly* say that after this notice such a penalty

will be exacted; and then do it. If nobody else will give the children any kind of reward for their marks, you will buy peace of mind and 'smooth waters' very cheaply by doing it at your own expense. Something to expect at the end of the week without fail is delightful to all but the worst children, and a rule of government soon tells on even refractory ones.

You must also prepare the next day's lessons. Leave *nothing* to be looked out, cleared up, or delayed about, during school. The secret of a quiet room is to be awake, prompt, and composed, the whole time, and to have not an idle hand or eye in your classes. I am quite sure that many mothers and governesses will see that the day's work thus drawn out is too much for a weakly girl to undertake five days in the week, forty weeks in the year. It can be done, it has been, and is being done; but it is too much. Two classes are really enough for a governess; but a class may consist of six or eight girls of equal capacity without greatly increasing her labour. If the pupils are not classified, such an arrangement as I have described must be attempted. It is, however, simply impossible to do justice to a large number of subjects and a large number of children. I *often* hear of the advice not to 'worry' about schools where there are five, or six, or seven, girls, but to get a 'really accomplished' governess and pay her well. If a woman is tempted by a high salary to undertake impossibilities, the blame must be divided between her and her tempter; but the punishment will fall on her pupils, who, being different in age and power must be forced up or down to suit her physical capability, with as much injury as if their shoes were bought on the same plan. There are defects in the system of every school, however large; but the classification of the pupils is at least possible.

I have said nothing about punishing moral faults. A governess must expect sometimes to encounter disobedience, falsehood, and deliberate unkindness among the children. She must *never* betray suspicion, or act except on evidence; but always punish these serious faults. Sitting in absolute silence and isolation, or perhaps the old-fashioned penalty of 'bed,' are generally the only safe punishments for a governess to inflict. You must say at first how long the penance is to last, punctually release the offender, and say no more at the time. Afterwards, when you see her alone, you can make whatever remarks appear necessary, but school time cannot be spared. All parents ought to know of such an occurrence as this, and a good plan is quietly to mark it in the mark book, which, I hope, the father or mother will at stated intervals, look through. You must in general give your mind to the work of teaching, and ignore any little unamiability which does not interfere with work; but answering and argument cannot be tolerated. You must punish for the disobedience of speaking after you have ordered silence; and you must explain that you will not allow *any* thing to waste school time. Be sincere in this as in everything else, and you will find your earnestness gradually caught

by your pupils. Having thus indicated the general course of your 'school,' we will now take the different subjects which an ordinary governess is expected to teach, and I will offer a few practical hints on the method for each.

Experience suggests remarking, what would otherwise appear to common sense a self-evident fact, that you can not and must not attempt to work fancy work during school hours. If your hands are afflicted with restlessness, which is indeed second nature in some most womanly women, provide some *absolutely* plain knitting or crochet, which requires neither looking at nor counting, and keep it in a bag pinned below the edge of the table, so that it will drop in if you want to get rid of it, as you certainly must, at a moment's notice. Import nothing that can divert your pupils' attention, or your own, from the duty in hand. If you are not already provided with your travelling boxes for books, I should like to recommend an inexpensive way of keeping them, which I find *highly* conducive to comfort. Let a carpenter make for you two or three packing cases of deal, the lids mere flat boards, with holes, so that you can put them on with small *screws* and remove them without splitting, &c. Stain these, inside and out, with any cheap stain, and have a larger hole bored in the side of each, to hold a good sized screw with a nut, which any blacksmith will find for you. When you arrange your schoolroom, these lidless boxes, one fastened on another by screw and nut, give you a neat bookcase, which you should set close to you, at right angles to your table, so that you can take out any book without leaving your place. The screw holes will do to put 'screw hooks' into, for hanging thermometer, work bag, &c. The lids, which, like the boxes, must not be too thin, nor made of 'green' wood, being flat and smooth, will be valuable for raising or lowering your writing table. If you are carpenter enough to join two of them by screwing on hinges for the 'term,' you have a sloping desk; and an oak lath with two or three pegs will form a movable rest to convert it into a reading stand.

Children ought *never* to read or write at a flat surface. The sight of *your* cheap luxuries will probably induce parents to spend a few shillings on similar contrivances for them. All that is required for a book desk is a firm board with a lath, or second board, hinged to it, behind, and a broad lath either rigid or hinged to it *at right angles* in front. Never let them finger a book. Have a thick lath or flat ruler laid across to keep it open.

INFLUENCE OF INDIA ON ENGLISHWOMEN.

THERE is much advice offered, and there are many assertions made, to those about to reside in or to visit India; but as to the soundness of the one and the truth of the others, only the experience of each person can decide for himself.

To begin with trivial matters. A lady is told by one person that

silks are nearly useless in India; by another that, provided the right colour be chosen, they are peculiarly suitable to the demands of the climate; by one that elastic will not wear, by another, that it will last as long in the tropics as in England. She is confused by conflicting suggestions as to the coolness of shoes, and the protection that boots afford against the attacks of mosquitoes; by the variety of hats which are recommended to be worn, and by the contrary opinions as to the desirability of riding-habits made of cloth or of some washing material. She is probably told that no 'dhoby' can 'get up' frills (a libel so far as the Madras 'dhobies' at all events, are concerned), and that coloured prints and muslins fade after the first washing. One going out as a bride is informed that she will have little or no housekeeping to attend to in India; or, on the other hand, that, owing to the untrustworthiness of Indian servants, she will find it peculiarly necessary there to look closely after household matters. The first of these statements would be true with regard to the wife of a man in a high station—perhaps a wealthy civilian—in India; the second, with regard to one who has married a man of small or even moderate means.

Then ladies are sent to India for the benefit of their health, or those who are obliged to go are told that the climate is sure to suit them; the result of these prophecies often being a return to the old country after but a short sojourn in the East, or a long, perhaps a life-long, state of impaired health; or an early return is predicted, and a long and prosperous stay is the result. One cause of discrepancies between such prognostications and the result is, that people forget that there are different stations, and consequently different climates in India, and that 'the hills' do exist as a summer refuge.

There is one assertion though in particular which is often made, and which is of a graver character than any of those mentioned, the truth of which certainly nothing but a residence, and that perhaps a long residence, in India, can decide to any one's satisfaction. This is the often-repeated remark that 'Indian ladies,' as they are called, are in some way or other inferior to those who have neither been born, grown up, nor resided in that country.

This accusation of inferiority is not always a very definite one; still it is implied that some slur is cast on the character of a gentlewoman by a residence in India, and we are generally given to understand that something of fastness and frivolity is meant. Is this true, or is it not so? Probably there are few moderately thoughtful people who can live in India for even a few months without seeing pretty clearly that the accusation is at least not without some foundation; but the reasons for this are not so apparent as is the fact.

The young ladies in India are as a rule a little too knowing, a little too self-assertive, and rather more dependent on excitement than perhaps even the majority are in England nowadays; or else they appear listless, formal, devoid of all liveliness and of interest in life. Of course the entirely frivolous, or apathetic, or fast, will be so

anywhere; but some of those young girls in whom in India the characteristics mentioned above are more or less seen, might at home be entirely without them. It is not too much to say that an ordinarily intelligent observer can generally give a guess, on first seeing any young girl out in that country, whether she has lately arrived from England or has resided there for some time.

Then the married women in India are apt to become either frivolous or narrow-minded; either utterly undomesticated, or else entirely engrossed with household and maternal cares; and though of course these tendencies would be perceived also in England, yet India appears to be the hot-bed which affords them the means of rank growth. There are those, too, who have neither the reputation of being very worldly nor very domestic, who manage their houses and their children well, but, as far as their neighbours are concerned, are wanting in sympathy and interest or in any hearty kindliness. There are some though who remain in India just what they would be at home (unless, it may be, a little tainted by the inevitable atmosphere of gossip which pervades at least all small stations in India)—as unselfish, as interested in others' well-being; and to whom the necessity (if such be their case) of attending more closely to household matters than in England only serves to give more frequent opportunities of pleasing husband, children, and neighbours.

Foremost amongst the reasons why Englishwomen are apt in India to deteriorate more or less in character, is the climate, which unduly stimulates certain faculties, to the utter relaxation of others, and this relaxing influence is perhaps productive of more harm than is the other, besides being the one most prevalent. The nerves are weakened, but are rendered unusually active and irritable, whilst the brain and the system generally are enervated to a painful degree. There is great difficulty felt in fixing the mind for long together to any study; at times the slightest exertion is felt to be a trouble, and this general inertness is apt to affect both the whole moral character and the religious life.

The great temptation of a tropical climate—where it is difficult to distinguish between necessities and luxuries—is self-indulgence, and this cannot be yielded to and at the same time a high moral character be preserved. What is easy is apt to be chosen rather than what is right, or even expedient; so no wonder that many become vapid and frivolous, and that even in the very faces of the majority is apt to be seen a want of purpose, of earnestness, and of thought. Then the fact of having to deal with native servants is, along with the irritability of nerve produced by the climate, one great cause for the deterioration in good temper, and the increase of a domineering spirit, so often seen in those who have lived for long in India. The reason of this is, the intensely provoking ways of any but the best of Indian servants, and the knowledge that they will bear much more from us than will any English servant.

For the dependence for enjoyments on small daily excitements, so apt to be felt in India, the causes are not hard to find. The enforced confinement to the house during the day-time, and in many cases the consequent comparative solitude—the want too often of any engrossing occupation, and the inability for exertion where there is one—produce *ennui* and a desire for some change; therefore *some* society (though it may be the same evening after evening) besides that of our own and of our nearest relations, is deemed a necessity. There is none of our quiet English scenery to tempt to a pleasant walk; indeed walking is apt to become in India, except to the very strongest, only another name for weariness and fatigue. And there are no friends to visit, for every one is out at this time; therefore driving, riding, or a 'badminton' are the only excitements within easy reach. Visiting the poor is not excitement enough for many, though by a few it is regularly pursued as a duty, and often a pleasing duty.

The girls brought up in India are, as a rule, only half educated; what wonder then if they become narrow-minded? But as to society, why should it be more full of cliques and jealousies, more hollow in its character, than even that of a provincial town in England? Why should loyalty and reverence decrease? Why, but for the reasons given above for the degeneration of the moral character generally? It is want of charity, and indolence which cause such open disregard of good manners as is often seen in India, and want of religious feeling which prevents people from rising above small jealousies and animosities.

And who can tell how far many indirect influences are at work in India? Is it too much to say that if the aspect of our churches there were less unsightly, less bare and (metaphorically) chilling, with everything tending to make us forget that we are in a church—if all this were improved, might not women's lives be improved also? It is said that good feelings are the result of good works, but they are often also their precursors; and we can perhaps hardly tell how much of a help it might be to wanderers and exiles in that weary land if, week by week, it were possible to be transported to one, even the plainest and smallest, of our English churches, and, under the influence of its calm and soothing atmosphere, join in our Church's service.

Of course it is not to be understood from all that has been said that it has been intended to describe, without even many exceptions, our countrywomen in India; but it is true that with the majority, unless blessed with thoroughly good health, it needs all the power of religion first, and domestic happiness next, along with a well-balanced and cultivated mind, to bear up against the influence of a foreign and uncongenial country, of an enervating climate, an artificial mode of life, and too often of failing health.

E.

Spider Subjects.

LET us hope that the Parliament of 1880, in course of election as we appear, may deserve no such title as some of those here collected! Bubbles is the best and fullest. Meg, who is good, adds the *blessed*—1351, excluding papal appointments, but has not so many. Wakatu has the 'band,' so called from ribbons to mark the parties. This attacked the Spensers in 1321, and the *Parliamentum Diabolicum* which attainted the future Edward IV. in 1459. Marsh Mallow is also very good. The New Thistle, whom we must call Carduus, has, in common with some of these, mentioned the first Scottish Parliament, called 'the Drunken.' Nightingale likewise gives this. Dicky Bird takes the first Septennial; but this, with the British, and the Reformed, which are also mentioned, hardly come under our definition. Pipes too scanty, also Chipmunk.

NAMES OF CERTAIN SESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.

1.—*The Mad Parliament* was summoned at Oxford on June 11, 1258, by Henry III. at the instigation of the discontented Barons, with Simon de Montfort at their head. They passed the celebrated Provisions or Statutes of Oxford, which enacted four clauses extending the power of the subjects at the expense of that of the monarch. This was called by the Royalists the 'Mad' Parliament, probably because many of the Barons appeared in armour; but there is reason to believe that the name was not given till a subsequent date.

2.—*The Good Parliament* (1376) is so called on account of the wholesome reforms it accomplished; and it is celebrated as the first occasion on which the Lower House became a powerful engine wielded by persons of high rank. It passed Acts against the peculation of persons in office, and exiled Alice Perrers, a woman who in Edward III.'s old age exercised a pernicious influence over him.

3.—*The Wonderful Parliament*, which met February 3, 1386, insisted upon forcing upon Richard II. a Council of Government, whereby the royal functions were to a great extent taken out of his hands. It also impeached his favourite, De la Pole, and others of his party.

4.—*The Merciless Parliament* (1338) deserves its name, from the bloody measures it adopted at the instigation of the Duke of Gloucester, in carrying out former impeachments and framing new accusations.

5.—*The Unlearned Parliament* (Parliamentum Indoctum) met in 1404, and fully deserves the epithet applied to it, from its monstrous ignorance, and from the fact that it did not make a single good law. The incompetency of its members for their post is so evident, that it was suspected that Henry Beaufort, the king's half-brother, had issued instructions to the sheriffs of the counties to return no educated men, in order that he might have no difficulty in carrying out his schemes for the spoliation of the Church.

6.—*The Parliament of Bats* (so called because many of the members attended armed with clubs or bats, as they were forbidden to wear

their swords) was held at Nottingham in 1426, and the young king Henry VI. attended in person, and accepted Beaufort's resignation of the Great Seal.

7.—*The Addled Parliament*, so called because not a single bill was passed during its only session, was called by James I. on April 6, 1614, and spent its existence in endeavouring to induce the king to relax some of his claims of prerogative, refusing to grant him supplies until he attended to their demands.

8.—*The Short Parliament* was called on April 13, 1640, want of means compelling Charles I. to take this step; but as they refused to grant supplies till their grievances were redressed, they were dissolved the 5th of May following.

9.—*The Long Parliament* was the fifth called by Charles I., and assembled November 3, 1640. They were turned out by Cromwell, April 10, 1653, and finally dissolved themselves March 16, 1660. Their most important acts were to abolish the Star Chamber, to impeach Strafford and Laud, to pass the Bill for Perpetual Parliament, to expel the Bishops from the House of Lords, and to frame the celebrated Remonstrance.

10.—*The Mongrel Parliament* was the name given by Charles I. to that summoned by him at Oxford, January 22, 1644, after he had irremediably broken with the Long Parliament, which sat at Westminster. This Assembly, at which the number of members of the House of Commons was very small, tried in vain to negotiate between the king and his rebellious subjects. Forty-three peers and 118 commoners signed the proposal for overtures of peace sent to Essex.

11.—*The Rump Parliament* is the nickname by which the fifty or sixty independent members remaining after "Pride's Purge" are generally known. This took place when the Commons had resolved to accept the king's concessions; which so displeased the army that Colonel Pride was sent to surround the House with soldiers, and to prevent the Presbyterian members from attending. The Rump continued in power until literally turned out of the House by Cromwell, in 1653. To this Parliament is attached the eternal shame of having countenanced, and in a great measure formed, the High Court of Justice before which the king's mock trial was carried on; and to the Rump belongs the responsibility of his condemnation and execution —the darkest blot which ever stained the pages of English history.

12.—*Parliamentum Reipublicæ Anglicæ* was the title adopted by the Parliament of 1650.

13.—*The Little* or *Barebones Parliament* was summoned by Cromwell's Council of State in 1653, and almost equalled the Rump in ignorance and ferocious fanaticism. It took its name from one of the leading members, a leatherseller in Fleet Street, who being a Fifth Monarchy man, rejoiced in the name of Praise God Barebone.

14.—*The Convention Parliament* is the name given to that which followed immediately after the dissolution of the Long Parliament, and assembled on April 25th, 1660. It was this Parliament which restored Charles II. to the throne.

15.—*The Pension Parliament* (so called on account of its receiving bribes from the French king and other foreign powers) met about a month after Charles II.'s coronation, in May, 1661.

16.—*The Reform Parliament* met June 14th, 1831. It gained its

name from the fact that almost all the members were elected as being favourable to the Reform Bill, which had been brought forward by Lord John Russell in the preceding session. This celebrated Bill passed the House of Commons in the September of the same year, but was rejected by the Lords. The rejection of this popular measure caused frightful riots throughout the country. In March 1832 the Bill was again thrown out by the Lords; but it was finally passed, and obtained the royal assent in the June of the same year.

BUBBLES.

Carduus and Cape Jessamine are both so good on Gray's Ode, that we know not which to choose. Spinning Jenny is good, but not so complete. Pipes too short.

GRAY'S ODE.

GRAY'S 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College' is supposed to have been written in the autumn of 1742, and to have been the first of his English productions to appear in print, being published in folio in 1747. This ode, like every other poem Gray wrote, shows an extraordinary amount of erudition and finished composition. It is remarkable that Gray never wrote a poem in the 'rough' and corrected it afterwards, but finished and polished off line by line as he wrote.

The ode of which we are now speaking was writen after a visit paid to Eton, some years after he had left it as a school-boy. It opens with an address to the spires and Castle of Windsor, overlooking the 'silver winding Thames,' the sight of which recalls to the poet's mind his happy childhood. It next appeals to the river, describing the boys now playing on the 'green grass of the river's bank,' bird-nesting, trundling hoops, playing football, conning over lessons in play-time, or even breaking bounds—a questionable pleasure, which even 'as they run' causes them 'to look behind to hear a voice in every wind, and snatch a fearful joy.'

Having described the health, pleasures, and freedom of boyhood, Gray goes on to enumerate the sorrows which may overtake these 'little victims.' In youth their minds will be torn by anger, love, and jealousy, as vultures tear the flesh of a dead body, and in the prime of manhood, ambition, scorn, infamy, falsehood, unkindness, remorse, and madness will assail them; and in old age, seized with sickness, poverty, and all the miseries attendant on it.

The Ode ends with words that have passed into a proverb—

'No more;—
Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

A poet like Gray has of course been most severely criticised, both favourably and unfavourably. Dr. Johnson, though allowing the great amount of study apparent in every line, stigmatised as puerile the address, 'Say, Father Thames,' asking 'why Father Thames should know more on the subject than anybody else?' He forgot, apparently, that he had himself in 'Rasselas' addressed the Nile in much the same strain; and that Virgil did the same to the Tiber, touching the obsequies of Marcellus. Dr. Johnson also regards the epithet '*buxum health*' as inelegant, and says that Gray could not have understood the

word, forgetting apparently that the old meaning of '*buxom*' was 'flexible' or 'lively,' which makes the sense perfect. He also disapproves of 'gales' being termed 'redolent of joy and youth,' and that Gray must have thought his language more poetical the more it was removed from common sense, whilst he thinks that the words 'honey redolent of spring' in one of Dryden's fables was the source from which Gray copied these, to him, objectionable words. The late Lord Carlisle objected to the line—

'To chase the rolling circle's speed'

because he regarded trundling a hoop not generally a pastime among Eton boys.

The line

'Disporting on thy margent gran'

means on the green grass of the river bank, the word margent coming from '*marginus*.' 'Still' in the thirty-eighth line is employed for '*constantly*'; and '*grisly*' in the eighty-second is an old Anglo-Saxon word meaning 'grayish' or 'white locks.' With the excepton of Dr. Johnson's, adverse criticisms on Gray's poems are unknown. Byron, Goldsmith in the *Monthly Review* of 1757, Hazlitt, Sir J. Macintosh, William Cowper, Horace Walpole, and Temple all speak in his praise.

The ode on Eton was little noticed at the time of its publication, but careful reading shows the study spent on every line. The expressions adopted from the classics, Milton, Shakespeare, and Pope, prove how well read he was in these authors. The expression 'moody madness,' in line seventy-nine, is imitated from Dryden, 'Madness laughing in his ireful mood,' and from Chaucer's *Knyghtes Tale*, where we find the expression 'moody fury.' In the sixty-ninth line Gray speaks of 'grim visaged, comfortless despair,' an expression taken apparently from Shakespeare (see *Richard III.* Act i. sc. 1). Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, speaks of 'gnawing jealousy,' which may have suggested the sixty-sixth line of this ode to Gray; and in Milton's *Comus* much the same sentiment is expressed as in line ninety-five of this ode—

'Yet ah! why should they know their fate,' &c.

Gray has been called the modern Pindar, the style of his odes showing that he took the Greek lyrist for his model.

THISTLE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

The history of the romance of *Télémaque*, and an outline of its contents.

A description of the Feast of Tabernacles.

Stamps received from Fossil. We must remind our Spiders that many more are owing, and Chipmunk has sent none.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The January subject has been attacked, more or less successfully, by twenty-six members. Several have given a fair sketch of the life and system of Linnæus. Between some of these, however, there is a suspicious resemblance, as if the same biographies had been consulted, not to say transcribed. Not more than one or two make any allusion to what was, after all, the most important, because most enduring, innovation of the great naturalist—the Binomial system of nomenclature.

Vertumnus, hoping that the advancing spring will give full occupation to members in collecting and preserving specimens, proposes no other 'exercise' for April than the genus *Stellaria*.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

F. S. D. asks where she can procure the poem entitled *The Soul's Farewell to the Body*, and by whom it is published?—Does she mean the Rev. Dr. Monsell's *Near Home at Last*, published by Bell?

Why is an eagle particularly appropriate for a church lectern?—*Pug.* It is said to represent the Mighty Angel with the Everlasting Gospel in Rev. xiv. 6.

Wife.—What others of the same station commonly wear.

M. F. B.—Buttura's *Dictionaire Italien Français*, Heferieux Giudici's *Storia della Litteratura Italiana*, Villari's *Savonarola*, Botta's *Storia della Guerra dell' Independenza degli Stati Uniti d'America.* Read one long prose work before beginning poems or fiction. *No* translations. Manzoni, the first of moderns; Azzlio; Grossi Cantù. Poems by Prati, Janelti, Aleardo. Metrical tales by Arnaldo Fusinato.

On anything that concerns southern languages, *M. F. B.* may safely consult M. Rolandi, 20, Berners Street, London, W., who has a large collection of Italian books. He also can furnish *Catalogo delle Edizioni di C. Barbera Tipograph Edito in Firenze.* His own advice is valuable. —*A. D.*

W. H. B.—Eugénie de Guérin, Craven's *Récit d'une Sœur*, *Vie de Catherine de Bourbon.* Any work of Erckmann-Chatrian or Madame de Witt. *Gold Else*, *Lichtenstein.* For other German works consult Thimm, Brook Street, Bond Street.

Safrano.—Appliqué or crewel work on repps in a good pattern; but we protest against an altar-cloth being inexpensive. You had better consult Miss Higgins' *Handbook of Embroidery* (Sampson Low).

Verses for Holy Seasons, edited by Dr. Hook, are by Miss Humphrey, now Mrs. Alexander, and are published by Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

The French tricolor was devised in the reign of Charles IX. of France by Mary Stuart, as a livery for the Swiss Guards. The white represented the royal house of France; the red Switzerland, in compliment to the Guards themselves; and the blue Scotland, in compliment to the young queen's native land.—Brewer's *French History.*—*A. F. M. B.*

There is at 3, Rue Pierre Charron, Champs Elysées, Paris, an institute for governesses and artists; for a small subscription, access to a library and piano. Free on Sundays. A luncheon at 1·30; tea at 5·30 for church goers. Open on other days from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.

A copy of *Janet's Home*, 1st edition, *Castle Daly*, 1st edition, *Sydney Grey*, *Mia and Charlie*, and the *Rival Kings*, much wanted by Miss Keary, 16, Campden Hill Gardens, Kensington.

Can any one tell me the story of Darby and Joan, and where can it be found? Also, does any one know in the song, *The Living Dead* (words by Owen Meredith), whether the girl really is *not* dead, or whether it is imagination on the man's part that he sees her?—*The Muffin Man.*

SOCIETIES.

Wanted Rules of an easy German Society. Address *Miss I. J. C. Ashcroft, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire.*

An Untrained Governess.—Ladies who take in *The Monthly Packet* and are willing to lend the numbers to *poor governesses only*, will do kindness by giving names and addresses. Applications already received for such loan in the neighbourhoods of Chelsea and Bedford.

M. H.—The local examinations for women for Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh degrees still go on. Information may be obtained at any local centre, of which there is sure to be one in any large town.

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

For the Daisy Chain Cot, 5*s.* from *F.* and *E. Stafford.*

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, 5, *Arlington Street, St. James*, begs to acknowledge for the above :—Rev. F. G. Lee, 10*s.*; Mr. J. Ramsay, 1*l.*; Mr. S. Cope (Calcutta), 1*s.*; Miss H. A. Cope, 1*s.*; per Mrs. Parry Cox, 17*s.* 6*d.*; M. S., 1*s.*; London, W., 1*s.*; G. C. F., 2*s.*; S. G. R., 2*s.* 6d.; C., 5*s.*; Mrs. Luke, 1*s.*; A Friend, 1*s.*; C. E. W., 1*s.*; Thankoffering, February 22, 5*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; London, 1*s.*; L. Ph., 1*l.* 15*s.*; per Mrs. Lower, 1*l.* 407*l.* received. Only 58*l.* required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

*** 'E. Wilberforce, 5*s.*,' should have been, E. Wilberforce, 5*l.*

Wait, He is sure to come.—Lake Neepigong Mission.—Mrs. Bromfield thankfully acknowledges the following sums :—Miss R. Lascelles, 2*l.*; Stephen and Mother, 10*s.* 3*d.*; Mrs. Kempe, 1*l.*

QUOTATIONS ASKED FOR.

'She doeth little kindnesses
Others leave undone or despise,
For nought that sets one heart at ease
Or giveth happiness or peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes.'

Miss Maitland.

All seasons pass unheeded by
No change to him they bring,
Angels await his latest sigh
Heralding Eternal Spring.'

Eadygth, Poem in which these words occur

Even the
Every? Cloud
That veils the love
Itself is love.

A Constant Subscriber.

'Not learned, save in gracious household ways.
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts.'

Also what is the meaning of *A. I. E.* that one sees on lockets.

R. A.

Greek, *For Aye* or *For Ever*. It has been answered several times before. We wish people would look back, instead of reiterating old questions.

M. O.'s is a question she ought to ask a friend, rather than publish it. Has she no one who will look back for her?

'Our cedars must fall round us, ere we see the light behind;
Ay, sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need Thee on the road,
But woe being come, that soul is dumb that crieth not to God.'

Is there any more? and if so, what is it?

'She dwells with beauty, beauty that must die,
And joy whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu!'

'Then breaking into tears, "Dear God," she cried, "and must we see
All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to Thee;
We cannot guess Thee in the wood, or hear thee in The wind."'

Allegra.

QUOTATIONS FOUND.

A Constant Reader.—'One small head, &c.' Goldsmith's *Deserted Village.*

The lines beginning—

'Thou wilt destroy this temple,'

form the second verse of a short poem printed in 1837, in a little book called *Poetical and other pieces*, by *E. R.* It has recently been published by Nisbet, in a large book entitled *Justice and Mercy*, which contains a memoir of the authoress.

A. E. B. begs to inform *J. H. B.* that the line

'Shall gravitation cease *if* you go by?'

occurs in Pope's *Essay on Man*, Epistle four, line 128.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1880.

VENI CREATOR.

VENI Creator Spiritus!
Come, Holy Ghost, and dwell with us
In these most beauteous summer days
'Mid flowers whose fragrance' self is praise.

Thou must be here if anywhere,
Where life and sunshine fill the air,
Where white birds float o'er waters still,
And through soft grasses glides the rill;

Where thrushes warble in delight,
And sunrise steals the hours from night,
And hawthorns broad, with silvery spray,
Make moonlight every morn of May.

And sweet shy bluebells drop between
The rich green sward and beeches green,
And softened light through tenderest boughs
Is shed at noon on world-worn brows.

Thou must be here! yet, Breath Divine,
Not *only* here! Pale faces pine
For Thee, for Thee, with cravings strong
As prisoned souls for flowers and song;

In city lanes, by deafening mills,
In mines beneath the tunnelled hills,
On shipboard, or in workhouse cell,
Nor less where lords and princes dwell.

We pray for all, O Holy Ghost!
For those who own Thee not the most,
For many a spirit in despair
Who knows not how to frame a prayer;

For souls whom no pure hopes uphold,
For natures wild and uncontrolled,
For all whom passion drives astray,
For all who load themselves with clay;

For scorned and outcast womanhood,
For feeblest strugglers back to good,
For all the weak, the dull, the vain,
For all who rise, yet fall again;

For strong and self-sufficing minds,
For genius whom no conscience binds,
For prosperous folk who never knew
A fate unkind, a friend untrue;

For all whose life is one bright blaze
Of high success and dazzling praise;
When most they win the smiles of men,
O Blessed Spirit, help them then!

For one just trembling on the verge
Of some ill deed, when devils urge
And angels plead, O may he know
Thy voice, and Satan's powers o'erthrow!

For children when they feel within
The first assault of conscious sin,
Help them, unknowing Thee their Guide,
To choose the best, the hardest side!

For him, who at this moment lies
With tense white brow and failing eyes,
And all but speechless lips, and brain
Worn to its weakest throb by pain;

Who scarce on holy words can think,
Who hovers on the misty brink
Where this world ends, yet scarce can say,
'Help, Lord, in this my dying day.'

O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,
And make that trembling soul Thy care!
And when *our* dying hour is told
Beneath Thy pinions us enfold,

And bring us to Thy garden sweet
In heaven, O Blessed Paraclete,
Where, as the angels walk in white
Their shadows seem alive with light.

VERITAS.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

LUCY VIVIAN has accepted the situation offered her; she is to enter upon it this day month. The chief satisfaction I feel in thinking about it is that she is better prepared for her duties now than she was a year ago, and is not a *sham;* but can do all which she professes to do. How important this foundation of reality is for the character, I suspect few of us really recognise. I have only begun to appreciate it myself of late years, from seeing the natural working of unreal intellectual claims, and observing how the attempt to support them may mar—indeed, almost destroy—integrity and honour. I went to the rectory to announce the final arrangement, and thank Mrs. Malcolm for her kind help, but I could not see her. Mr. Malcolm, however, seized upon me. He was deep in consultation with two gentlemen—Mr. Henderson, his squire, and Mr. Wainwright, the rector of Earlham—about a scheme for a large so-called Middle Class Boarding School for girls, which they are anxious to set on foot. It has been talked of for a long time, and looking upon me as having the education mania strongly upon me, they thought I should give them sympathy, if I could not offer advice.

I am afraid I startled them not a little by at once announcing that the idea did not approve itself to my mind. I was answered by exclamations and questions. 'What did I mean? They had quite reckoned upon my help. It was impossible to do anything if every one came forward with private crotchets. Surely I thought that girls of the middle classes required education?'

'Unquestionably,' was my reply; 'but before we go any farther let us quite understand what we are talking about. What do you mean by the middle class? Do I belong to it?'

My three friends looked uncomfortable and hesitated.

'I never thought—of course not—there are different grades—one can't exactly define.'

'That is just the point I wanted to reach,' I said. 'We can't define,' or at least we do not attempt to define, what is meant by the middle class, and therefore in use of the term we are likely to fall into error.'

'But there are distinctions of rank which we *feel*,' said Mr. Malcolm, 'though we can't define them. A tradesman belongs to the middle class.'

'And a professional man?' I said.

'May or may not,' replied cautious Mr. Wainwright.

'You can't carry out the distinction,' I said. 'The lawyer, and the medical man practising their respective professions in a country town, and the London tradesman who has his country house and his carriages and horses, must hold very much the same social position. England allows every one to rise, and English cultivated society must therefore ultimately accept every one who has risen. Give a man a good education and refinement of tone, and no one really troubles himself much about who his grandfather was, and even his father is not of much consequence.'

'I don't quite see the weight of your objection to the term middle class, in the question before us,' remarked Mr. Henderson with a stiff politeness of tone, which made me feel that he rather resented the idea of a woman's having an independent opinion.

'Only,' I replied, 'that if we found a school we must know for whom it is intended; if it were only that our advertisements might not mislead.'

'You say *we*,' observed Mr. Wainwright, 'and yet you do not go with us.'

'I say *we*,' I replied, 'because I believe we have the same object in view, though we may take different means to attain it. You would have a good school for the middle classes, I would have a good school for the professional and mercantile classes, whose incomes are limited.'

'Rather a wordy title,' said Mr. Henderson.

'Even so,' I replied. 'It is not a good title; but my wish was to explain my meaning.'

'But is not middle class almost synonymous with professional and mercantile?' asked Mr. Henderson.

'No!' exclaimed Mr. Malcolm, who is always very particular in his choice of words. 'Middle class is vague; professional and mercantile are definite.'

'Definite to a certain extent,' said Mr. Wainwright; 'but I fail to see the special advantage to be gained by using those terms.'

'Middle class,' I replied, 'refers to social distinctions about which most of us are very foolishly touchy. You hesitate, for instance, when you are called upon, to say that *I* belong to the middle class, though unquestionably I do, if there are but three classes. But if I were a lawyer, you would not in the least object to calling me a professional

man, and if I were a tradesman, you would feel that you rather saved my dignity by recognising me as one of the mercantile class. To speak of the middle classes is, in fact, making an invidious distinction, and people are apt to resent it; and let your school be ever so good, the foolish parents of the professional class, who are always especially anxious to guard the gentility of their daughters, will stand aloof from it, and the foolish parents of the mercantile class will object to anything which marks a distinction of grade, and will send their girls in preference to a young ladies' seminary. I say girls—rather than children—because social distinctions and jealousy belong mainly to women, from the fact that their comparatively retired lives foster exclusiveness.'

'Then it is only the name of the proposed school which you object to,' said Mr. Malcolm. 'That is a matter easily altered.'

'I am afraid it is a good deal more,' I replied. 'You propose, if I understand rightly, to set up or found a large boarding school for girls. Is it to be in the hands of a company, or of shareholders?'

'No!' exclaimed all the gentlemen together.

'We have little doubt that we can raise the money needed amongst persons interested in education,' said Mr. Malcolm; 'or, at any rate, we can obtain guarantees for the amount. We reckon upon the school being soon self-supporting, and possibly there might be some arrangement by which certain large sums should be accepted only as loans; but all this will be a matter for after consideration. What we want to do at this moment is to enlist the public sympathy in our undertaking, and to have its importance recognised. And that is why I am so disappointed that you don't go with us.'

'But I do go with you,' I said. 'I sympathise with your object cordially. The only difference between us is that you would fain establish one large school, and I should wish to have four or five small ones. Your large school would contemplate receiving—how many children?'

'At least a hundred,' said Mr. Malcolm.

'And my four small schools would be prepared each for twenty-five boarders, and an unlimited number of day pupils. I should have the advantage of you there.'

'But what is your objection to a large girls' school?' asked Mr. Henderson.

'I will reply by another question,' I said. 'What is the ultimate destination of girls—home life or public life?'

'Public life, according to the supporters of Women's Rights,' answered Mr. Wainwright, ironically.

'Not quite a fair representation of their aims,' I said; 'but I can't discuss that now. It is an undoubted fact that women's duties in the world lie more in their homes than elsewhere. There may be, and are, exceptions, but these only prove the rule, and the question in

my mind is how can girls best be trained for this — their natural destination?'

'But a vast number of girls cannot live at home,' said Mr. Malcolm. 'They are compelled to go out into the world.'

'But only for the most part to exchange one home for another. A governess in a private family is still in a home; and I don't think any one is as yet prepared to give girls of eighteen and twenty the independence which is often allowed to boys of that age. They must be under some protection.'

'And you don't think a large school is a preparation for home life?' said Mr. Henderson. 'But can any school be so?'

'Not entirely,' I replied, 'because there must be greater variety of companionship and stricter rules than will be generally found in homes. Numbers, in fact, necessitate strictness; but what I feel is that the foundation principle of the school ought, as near as possible, to be that of a home, especially with regard to the personal influence of the governesses.'

'But we should be excessively particular,' said Mr. Malcolm. 'We should have no one but a very first-rate woman at the head, and we should be prepared to give a very good salary.'

'But how many girls out of the hundred would your head governess have anything to do with?' I replied. 'A school of that size must be arranged in divisions. It cannot otherwise be worked.'

'The under governesses might be carefully chosen also,' said Mr. Henderson, quickly. He evidently disliked my pertinacious objections, and I am afraid I answered rather sharply—

'But if the children are left to the under governesses, what becomes of the valuable influence of the head?'

'The large school works very well with boys,' said Mr. Wainwright. 'I don't at all see why it can't do so with girls.'

'Because they require the influence of affection rather than of system,' I replied. 'Look at our great public schools. No doubt their respective popularity varies from time to time in a certain degree, according to the character of the head master; but it is only in a certain degree. A boy educated at Eton or Winchester goes into the world stamped not so much with the impress of the head master, under whom he has worked, as with that of the traditions and spirit of the school itself, which are, in fact, more powerful than the master. There is nothing of this kind amongst girls' schools.'

'It would be better for them if there were,' said Mr. Wainwright. 'It would enlarge their minds, and give them strength of character.'

'Probably,' I replied; 'but I greatly doubt whether any system of public schools for girls would not in the end be found to have fostered what you call enlargement of mind and strength of character at the expense of the peculiar graces and virtues of womankind. A girl educated away from home is morally starved without the personal

interest of her governess, and too often becomes morbid and discontented, and bestows her affections on unworthy objects, simply because she has no one at hand upon whom to expend her feelings.'

'But we are supposing she would have a most worthy object,' said Mr. Henderson. 'The head governess would be quite sufficient, I imagine, for the worship of any sentimental school-girl.'

'No doubt,' I said, 'if they should be brought into immediate contact. But supposing the girl to be dull, backward, relegated to the lower school, her intercourse with the head governess is nought.'

'And do you suppose that it would be different in a smaller school?' asked Mr. Wainwright. 'Would not the dull girls naturally be left to the assistant mistresses?'

'And you spoke of an unlimited number of day pupils,' observed Mr. Malcolm. 'Your school, therefore, might really be as large as ours.'

'But the day pupils do not come into the question,' I said. 'They have their homes—mother and father, and sisters and brothers, at hand. There is no moral starvation for them.'

'And the five-and-twenty boarders,' said Mr. Henderson. 'Would they all necessarily come under the personal influence of the head mistress?'

'Certainly,' I said; 'though they might in many ways be left to the assistant teachers, just as a little child will often be left to the care of an elder sister. With a small number of pupils, the moral working of the school can be influenced and guided by the head governess in a way which it seems to me must be impossible in the case of large schools. Of course I am not for a moment saying that a cultivated, high-minded woman will not make her influence felt by the tone which her very presence must give to the society over which she rules, and I do not think we shall ever in England worship order and system to the ignoring of individuality, as I believe they do in some of the large schools in France; but I confess I think there is a danger almost inseparable from them.'

'I don't know anything about French girls' schools,' observed Mr. Henderson.

'And we are certainly not likely to imitate them,' said Mr. Wainwright. 'But what is it that is so objectionable in them? The teaching is uncommonly good, I fancy.'

'I was merely referring to one peculiarity,' I said, 'but it is very striking; and to my mind gives a clue to the system of French female education, except, I imagine, in the convents. In some of the large girls' schools in Paris the pupils are merely known by their numbers—220, 380, &c., as the case may be. The mere fact of the pupils being thus known by a number, instead of a Christian name, must have the effect of diminishing the personal influence of the governesses, and tend to reduce education to a mere question of intellectual machinery.'

'Still I can't see why, if education by rule and system works well

with boys, it should not do so with girls,' persisted Mr. Wainwright. 'There is no such fundamental difference between them as would prevent it.'

'Only that a girl is so much older than a boy of her own age; just as a woman is often said to be ten years older than a man. Certainly she is six or seven years older, and therefore, when we are considering the matter of education, we must, to judge rightly, place the last years of a girl's education at school on a level with the completion of a boy's education at college, when we should all feel that the personal influence of older men is likely to stamp the character for life.'

'It may be all very true,' said Mr. Malcolm, 'but I think we are wandering from the mark in these abstract discussions.'

'And it seems to me rather a waste of time—if Mrs. Blair will pardon me for saying so,' observed Mr. Henderson, stiffly, 'to trouble ourselves about the comparative merits of large schools and small schools, when the question as to which we shall set on foot is already decided.'

'Of course,' I replied, 'if the matter is decided there is no good in discussion. It only struck me that the money you are thinking of collecting might be more profitably expended upon the foundation of three or four small schools than upon one large one.'

'But it would be impossible, surely,' said Mr. Malcolm, 'to found four schools for the same sum as that which is required for one.'

'How much do you think will be needed for your large school?' I asked.

'From what we have heard of other schools of the same kind—not less than 6,000*l*.,' said Mr. Wainwright.

'It sounds a large sum,' remarked Mr. Henderson; 'but it is well to be on the safe side.'

'And how long do you calculate it will be before your school is self-supporting?' I asked.

'One can't say,' replied Mr. Wainwright, 'it depends on so many circumstances.'

'Suppose we say five years,' observed Mr. Malcolm; 'it will scarcely be less.'

'And you will build, I suppose?'

'Build, or find some large house which may be converted into a school. There are many such in England.'

'You will require a room fitted up as a chapel,' I said. 'You can't take a hundred girls to church. And you must have a large playground; for you can't take a hundred girls out walking two and two.'

'Pity forbid we should,' exclaimed Mr. Wainwright. 'I don't see why girls should be treated like prisoners, and not allowed a good game of play as well as boys.'

'I entirely sympathise with you,' I said. 'I was only in my own mind calculating expenses. But it is quite true there are houses to be found with grounds attached to them which may well be appropriated to

your purpose. Still—it may seem very presumptuous—but I think I could undertake to found my four schools for a hundred girls—boarders, and an unlimited number of day pupils for half the sum which you require for your large school.'

'But how? What do you mean?' exclaimed the gentlemen.

'I should be much less ambitious than yourselves at first,' was my reply. 'I should begin on a small scale, and work upwards. Let me have subscriptions to the amount of 200*l.* for three years, with the addition of a donation of 200*l.* more for purposes of furnishing, &c., and I feel tolerably sure that I could establish a flourishing school for twenty-five boarders, and a large number of day pupils, in any town of moderate size in England.'

'Eight hundred pounds!' repeated Mr. Wainwright, thoughtfully. 'It is a large sum to collect for an object which would not excite general interest. Don't you agree with me?' and he turned to Mr. Henderson.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'If we were to attempt it, the natural answer we should get would be, "Why do you trouble yourselves to establish a small school in some special locality which may already be well provided? Let every place provide for itself." What we want is some work which shall arouse attention to the fact that the Church is at length undertaking the education of girls of the middle classes and needs support. The sympathy of Church people would then be generally awakened, and we might hope for success; but a school such as Mrs. Blair upholds would be a petty drop in the ocean, and no one would care about it. Mrs. Blair must forgive me for thus stigmatising her pet schemes, but we really do need to show that we understand the magnitude of the task before us.'

'Most certainly it is necessary,' I said, 'and I can quite understand that at first sight my plan may seem wholly inadequate for the end in view. Perhaps I should be wiser if I stated what my ultimate object is; you would then see that I feel as fully as you do how great the work is, and how earnest must be the spirit in which it is carried out if it is ever to succeed. My object—if I had the power of awakening the Church to her duty—would be to provide a network of such small schools as I have described, spreading over the several dioceses; bound together by certain fundamental principles, and working in the main upon the same system; schools which should be professedly and essentially Church schools, subject to Diocesan as well as University inspection, and recognising the Bishop as the ultimate appeal in all disputed cases.'

'And the Nonconformists would be left out in the cold then?' said Mr. Henderson, rather sharply. (He is a Churchman, but he is also a politician and a Liberal, and his seat in Parliament might be less secure if he were openly to declare himself against Dissent.)

'They would certainly not be left out in the cold if they had any wish to come in and enjoy the warmth,' I replied. 'For day pupils I should be quite prepared to grant a conscience clause. I would not

compel them to learn the Church Catechism, or to be examined by the Diocesan inspector. I should only require them to attend the Scripture lessons, which would be given regularly. My experience of this kind of school has convinced me that the pupils are for the most part so lamentably deficient in Scripture knowledge that it requires all the time which can be spared to give them the outline of those Bible facts which are important to Church and Dissent alike. The special Church doctrines, though they must be stated, should occasion require it, must almost always constitute a distinct lesson.'

'But there are to be no Dissenters amongst the boarders, I suppose?' said Mr. Malcolm.

'Certainly not. The boarders are the family *par excellence*. There must be at least external unity in a family upon religious topics, so long as the children are subject to their parents, and it would be the same in what I will venture to call a Diocesan school. The governess would stand to the boarders in the place of the mother. The mere fact of attending a different place of worship would be fatal to the maternal influence. One sees how that kind of indifferentism acts in the case of girls educated at foreign schools, where some of the children are Romanist, some French or German Protestant, whilst the English girls are allowed to attend the English service. The religious element in such a school is *nil* as regards the heads of the society, and the establishment is in fact nothing more than an instructional machine. We shall never meet the needs of English girls by such means.'

'And the social grade of the children whom you propose to educate would be—what?' asked Mr. Wainwright.

'Anything you like,' I replied, 'so long as they can pay the school fees, and are willing to conform to the school regulations. Practically I think you would find that the day pupils would chiefly be taken from the families of the tradespeople in the town, whilst the boarders would be taken from the families of the professional classes, who have very small incomes, and find the education of their girls a difficulty.'

'The school would in fact be a middle class school, such as we propose,' said Mr. Malcolm, 'only on a smaller scale.'

'It would be a middle class school if you choose to call it so; and the term would not be objectionable, if it were understood to designate, not the social grade of the pupils, but the fact that social distinctions are not recognised in it.'

'The danger appears to me to be,' said Mr. Wainwright, 'that in setting up schools such as you propose, you really may be paying for people who ought to be able to pay for themselves. It is an objection which, if you remember' (and he turned to Mr. Malcolm), 'I brought forward when first we talked over the possibility of establishing a large boarding school. It is different when a school is in the hands of shareholders. There is no charity in the matter. The persons who invest in it, in the long run get their *quid pro quo*, but if I understand Mrs. Blair rightly, she does not

propose that the profits of her schools should go to the original contributors in the form of interest or repayment of capital.'

'No,' I replied, 'I do not propose it, for several reasons. Low terms involve risk and small profits; and as the original outlay on each school would be comparatively little, it would scarcely be worth while to attempt to repay—after the lapse of some ten or twelve years—the few pounds which each original subscriber had contributed. Five pounds for three years would be a liberal subscription.'

'And do you reckon that it would take ten or twelve years before the school could be in a position to repay even fifteen pounds if it were desired?' asked Mr. Henderson. 'That certainly would not be tempting to shareholders if there were any.'

'I reckon it so,' I said, 'because the school would not be safe until it had a reserve fund. An epidemic might at any time decrease the number of pupils so as to bring it into debt, and ruin it, if there were not such a fund.'

'Then what do you propose to do with your profits ultimately?' asked Mr. Henderson, 'for I take it for granted that you contemplate making some profit, however small.'

'First, I would have a reserve fund,' I replied. 'Then I would raise the salaries of the governesses so as to make it really worth their while to devote their energies to the work they undertake. It seems to me a miserable thing to spend money in providing schools for the young people who form the staple of our governesses, and then, when they are well-educated, to give them a pittance which makes it almost impossible for them to secure a provision for old age. One great good of the new High Schools is, that they are able to offer good salaries, and thus indirectly have helped to raise the standard of payment for teachers throughout the country. But this must be a question of time with the diocesan schools of which I am dreaming; at first it would only be possible to give the ordinary salaries.'

'And would the additional salary for three or four governesses swallow up all your profits?' asked Mr. Henderson.

'How can I tell?' I said. 'First establish the school, then reckon the profits, then settle how to dispose of them. That is all I can say definitely. But if you ask me about my dreams I will tell you plainly that if I could see—say four diocesan boarding schools, established in two or three dioceses in England, and each making a profit of 50*l.* a year after the governesses' salaries are paid liberally, I should desire to have half these profits paid into a central fund in the hands of trustees, and applied partly to the setting on foot of other schools, and partly to the formation of an education fund, which should give grants to the different schools, so as to enable them to reduce the school fees in certain cases.'

'I don't quite understand,' said Mr. Wainwright. 'I thought you said these so-called diocesan schools were to be cheap schools.'

'So they are,' I replied; 'but just consider; you have to provide board and lodging and instruction for a girl. She must have a comfortable house, good servants, plentiful food, and first-rate teaching from well-paid governesses. You ask, perhaps, thirty guineas a year. From your own experience of house expenses, how far will that sum go? At the very utmost, it will only secure board and lodging and servants. The governesses' salaries cannot possibly be provided out of it in a school of limited numbers. The undertaking would fall to the ground without day pupils, whose payments are clear profit. But the parents of the child look upon the case differently. Thirty guineas, with an addition of payment for the laundress, and probably for French and music lessons, which will amount to 10*l.* more—making a sum total of 42*l.* is, in a vast number of cases, a sum utterly beyond their power to provide. They have boys to educate, and the boys are to be the bread winners for the next generation.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Wainwright, 'they must be thought of first.'

'And they are thought of,' I said. 'And for the girls—it is hoped they will marry. When men fall in love, they don't inquire much about mental attainments. There is truth in the old song, "My face is my fortune, sir, she said." So the girls are left untaught. If they are not pretty and pleasant, and don't marry, they will get on—somehow. There are friends who will help them, almshouses, and workhouses, and lunatic asylums; and if they don't find a refuge in these, why they will starve, and God will take them to a happier world.'

'You are severe, Mrs. Blair,' said Mr. Henderson. 'No parents with any principle would neglect their girls in this way.'

'I don't know whether parents have or have not principle,' I said. 'I only know that the girls are neglected and untaught, and that the common excuse is, "We are obliged to spend so much upon our boys." I happen to be behind the scenes in what is usually termed a middle class school, and the cases which come before me perpetually requiring help make me feel very strongly upon this subject.'

'People ought not to marry upon nothing,' said Mr. Henderson, rather sharply.

(He is a man born to wealth, and though really kind-hearted, he has not the most remote idea of the trials and temptations of poverty.)

'Certainly, they ought not,' I replied; 'but then, we all ought not to do a great many things which we still persist in doing. And even if marriage were ordered on the strictest principles of prudence, there would still be a large number of cases in which poverty would be traceable to misfortune.'

'As in the case of the Glasgow Bank!' said Mr. Wainwright.

'You don't call that misfortune do you?' exclaimed my careful friend, Mr. Malcolm. 'For my part, I look upon any investment bearing more than 5 per cent interest as wild and sinful speculation.'

'We won't discuss that point now,' I said. 'I am far too old to hope

to reform the world, and therefore it signifies comparatively little to me whether the young girls whom I meet with are untaught, and unable to obtain a respectable livelihood, because their parents have been unfortunate, or because they have been imprudent. There they stand, needing education, and unable to obtain it. It is for them that I desire to establish an education fund; and if the diocesan schools which I am dreaming of could by degrees be set on foot, and their surplus profits could be paid into a central fund, I believe it would be quite possible to make yearly grants out of this fund, which might be distributed according to the judgment of the managers of the separate school.'

'And so, in fact, you would give a bonus as an encouragement to early and improvident marriages, by providing for the girls' education,' observed Mr. Henderson.

'I hope not,' I said. 'The utmost that I would do with an education fund, would be to give extra lessons, or to assist certain cases to the extent of five—or possibly ten—pounds a year, so as to enable the school itself to remit certain charges. I don't see why an education fund should encourage improvidence any more than a benevolent society, or a governesses, home, or any other means provided for helping those who cannot help themselves. The education would be an evil, I grant, but the small assistance given by such an education fund as I am speaking of would still leave the larger share of the expense to be borne by the parents and friends; whilst the relief which it offers would be sensibly felt and accepted in cases in which it would be painful for the individuals benefited to accept a personal obligation.'

'Your scheme is certainly a comprehensive one,' said Mr. Henderson; 'but I am afraid, as in the dream of Alnaschar, in the Eastern story, it is built upon a very uncertain foundation, for you would not, I imagine, expect to be able to set on foot these diocesan schools all over the country at once; and one here and there would be a very slow process.'

'Slow but sure,' I said. 'Impatience seems to me to be the besetting evil of the day. Like children, we plant our institutions full grown, and then wonder that they do not flourish.'

'And you look upon our projected large school as a full-grown institution, I am afraid,' said Mr. Wainwright, 'and therefore likely to fail.'

'Full grown to a certain extent; but I do not quarrel with it merely for that reason. In the present day, when education is so much the rage, I believe it may do extremely well. What I do feel is, that it is an isolated experiment, requiring a large outlay, and which does not really meet the great needs of the Church in England.'

'And will you tell us, then, definitely, what you would have us do?' asked Mr. Henderson.

'You ask such very difficult questions,' I replied. 'It is hard upon me. I am required to develop out of my own brain a plan which would require the deliberation and discussion of the cleverest and best men in

the country. All I can say is, that I should like to have a meeting, presided over by the Bishop, in which it should be proposed to raise funds for the establishment of one or two such schools as I have described, in specially chosen towns in the diocese. The precise mode in which each school should be begun to be determined by circumstances. It might be better to have only a day school at first, and to admit boarders afterwards. On the other hand, it might be better to prepare for boarders. I am inclined to think that the latter is the best plan, because you must either provide your governesses with board and lodging, or give them a larger salary, which comes to the same thing in the end.'

'You speak of governesses,' said Mr. Malcolm. 'Would not one governess be sufficient at first if the school is to begin on such a small scale?'

'One governess might be sufficient for eighteen or twenty day pupils; but the moment you get beyond that number, or have boarders in the house, assistance would be needed. But remember I am not suggesting the purchase or rent of a large house. My own experience of such a school, one which has prospered fairly from the beginning, and is now quite a success, is that a portion of a house—lodgings even if you choose—with a room for the school, will do very well for a time, unless you have at once a prospect of a sufficient number of pupils to require more. Debt is a thing to be absolutely avoided.'

'But who is to take the superintendence and management of these separate schools?' asked Mr. Henderson. 'You will want machinery, committees, &c., for each.'

'Defend me from committees!' I exclaimed. 'The idea of governing a school by a committee is despair. A school must, it seems to me, be by its very nature autocratic, up to a certain point, if it is to answer. To suppose that any cultivated woman, capable of undertaking the moral and intellectual training of five-and-twenty girls in her own house, will submit to be interfered with by a set of outsiders, each having his or her own special crotchets, and carrying the day by votes, is an absurdity. If your head governess is worth anything, she must be capable of forming her own plans for her pupils, and carrying them out without interference.'

'But I don't quite understand,' said Mr. Malcolm; 'you propose to us to set a school on foot by subscriptions which we are to collect, and then, if I understand you rightly, we are to put it entirely into the hands of a head mistress, and have no control over it. This certainly seems to me unwise, and scarcely, if I may say so, honest; for the persons who give us their aid will do so in the belief that we are responsible for the institution or establishment, or whatever you call it, which we profess to found.'

'But you do not understand me rightly,' I replied. 'There must be responsibility and superintendence from without, but it need not be in the form of a committee. The school I am alluding to has a lady super-

intendent and a clergyman visitor. They help the head governess by their advice and sympathy. They are expected to know the general arrangements of the lessons, and to be present at the examinations; and when any particular case of difficulty arise, they are consulted, and their judgment is accepted as decisive. But, as a rule, they do not interfere with the school.'

'And supposing the lady superintendent is called away, who takes her place?' asked Mr. Henderson.

'She has four assistants—vice-superintendents. They are supposed to take sufficient interest in the school to be willing to work for it, if occasion should require, though they have no authority except as regards the choice of the head mistress, in which case they have a vote.'

'But what can there be for them to do?' asked Mr. Malcolm.

'Very little which is obligatory, except for the one who is kind enough to be treasurer, and who helps the head mistress in the settlement of the quarterly accounts, and sends in a yearly report to the four gentlemen who are the school trustees, and who have the financial responsibility. But, in a small school such as I have been describing, there are opportunities of showing kindnesses to individuals, and giving pleasure and help in little ways, which add greatly to the enjoyment of the children, even if they do not actually lessen the labours of the governesses.'

'And who chooses or dismisses the assistant governesses?' asked Mr. Wainwright. 'Has the head mistress everything in her own power?'

'The superintendent and the visitor have a voice in the matter,' I replied, 'but no one else. One must always remember that, if persons are to work under a head mistress, they must be pleasant and agreeable to her, and if they are not, no one from the outside can make things go well.'

'Then the head mistress is to be a tyrant,' said Mr. Henderson.

'She is to be supreme so long as she remains head,' I said. 'There can be no question, it appears to me, of upholding an inferior against her wishes. If she cannot govern well, and make her fellow-workers happy, she is not fit for her post, and must be dismissed, and another mistress must be appointed. But a divided authority, or anything like a school party—one siding with the head, and the other with the subordinate—must be destructive of all discipline.'

'But a governess may be very satisfactory as regards the pupils, yet very unsatisfactory as regards her assistants,' said Mr. Malcolm. 'It is one thing to rule your inferiors, and another to be kind to those who are all but your equals. One sees that continually in a family. Duty to equals is the more difficult of the two.'

'Agreed!' I replied; 'and I suspect we should find on inquiry that the chief difficulties in every educational institution arise from the governesses and teachers, and not from the pupils.'

'Then we, who are on the outside, but have assisted in founding

these schools, are to have no power at all as regards their management?' observed Mr. Henderson.

'No power in the form of actual interference with rules and regulations,' I said, 'but a good deal in the form of remonstrance if it should be thought necessary, and should that be unsuccessful, the chief power of all in the form of dismissal. A head mistress, who knows that she will lose her situation if she indulges in humours and tempers, or is negligent, or partial, or tyrannical, will have every possible incentive for being on her guard and exercising self-discipline. But all these things are matters of detail. A little experience will soon teach persons interested in schools how much or how little they may interfere with advantage. I am perfectly certain, however, that non-interference is a fault on the right side, if the head mistress is in the least fit for her position.'

'And supposing the external managing body quarrel amongst themselves, what is to be done then?' asked Mr. Henderson. 'Who is to dismiss a trustee, or a superintendent?'

'Dismissal,' I replied, 'could scarcely be required in such cases. If a person feels that he or she cannot agree with the other members of the corporate body, the natural resource is to retire. But in the school to which I have referred there is always an ultimate appeal to the Bishop in case of any great difference of opinion amongst the authorities; and I doubt if anything more is needed. After all, the governing body really consists of only two persons—the visitor and the superintendent. The trustees have nothing to do with the school management; they are only expected to see that the accounts are satisfactory, and that the school does not run in debt.'

'And you really feel that a net-work of small schools for girls spread over the country would be better than a few large ones?' asked Mr Malcolm, in a doubtful tone.

'I am perfectly sure of it,' I said. 'Such schools are more within the grasp of the managers. They are on a quieter and simpler footing. There is less excitement; the classes are smaller; separate attention can be paid to the children who are backward, and a personal interest can be taken in them which is all important for the well-being of the vast number of young girls who have to make their way in the world, and need every kind help which can be given them.'

'Your interest lies, as I have often heard you say,' said Mr. Malcolm, 'with the incapables.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I am not ashamed to own it. I care little, comparatively, for the clever girls who carry off the prizes in public examinations. They have my good wishes, but I leave them to themselves. God has bestowed upon them gifts, and they have but to use them. The great need of English education now is tender, sympathising, fostering care and discipline, and instruction for the backward, penniless girls, who have to compete with those of good ability of all grades, and who, in the rush of the present day, run the risk of being thrust aside

and mentally trampled upon. What that involves in the way of struggle, and suffering, and hopelessness, we may well shrink from imagining.'

'Your scheme is benevolent, then,' said Mr. Henderson, 'not educational. We differ in the foundation.'

'Do we?' I replied. 'I hope not. At any rate it is for the Church to take thought for the little ones whom the world despises; and, in the Name of the great Head of the Church, I would earnestly urge that what I have proposed should be weighed before it is rejected.'

'Courtesy requires that,' said Mr. Henderson, rather less stiffly than before, as we shook hands, and I departed to think over my scheme—which I fear is likely to remain a scheme—whilst the gentlemen discussed, and probably prepared, to carry out theirs.

One may sow a seed in the ground, but it may be months, even years, before it will spring up, and then it will probably take a form quite unexpected. But whatever comes of my suggestion, I cannot expect to live to see it in its full development. I am content to leave it in God's Hands. May He vouchsafe to bless it.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'—ISAIAH xliii. 2.

IT was Sunday night: I had been to the evening service, and sitting in my arm-chair by the fire, was thinking over the second lesson and the sermon. Both had been about 'the pool of Bethesda.' I had always been struck with the peculiar pathos of the story of the poor man, who never was put into the pool, but somehow to-night my mind was full of new thoughts on the same subject.

As I gazed into the glowing embers, the whole scene seemed vividly depicted; there were the five porches, the pool, and the angel, and I could almost hear our Lord's voice, 'Go, and sin no more.'

Then it all vanished, and I found myself standing among a crowd of people on the shores of a large lake.

The beauty of that lake no words can tell; the water was pure, clear, and smooth as glass, and not a ripple could be seen on its bright surface. On the opposite side, a long way across, stood a noble church, and the peal of the organ within rose and fell over the water. I turned to the crowd; it seemed chiefly composed of mothers with infants in their arms; but I noticed they had not the innocent, happy look I loved so well on our babies' faces. Other women and men stood round, and all seemed deeply interested in something about to happen, and eagerly watched the lake. Then I looked behind me, and I thought far away in the distance I could see other figures moving, and as I watched them, I heard the words coming from their direction, 'I have no man when the

water is troubled to put me into the pool.' A gentle-looking woman near me answered my wondering look. 'Those,' she said, 'are the voices of the heathen in far-off lands, calling to Christian believers here; God pardon us our past neglect! and these infants are about to be baptized, and received into God's Holy Church.' As she spoke the organ burst out louder than ever, and the choir inside the edifice chanted the *Gloria* in full, rich tones; this was taken up by the crowd joyfully, and methought above it all I could hear a triumphant chorus, high in the sky, joining with that on earth. Then the church door opened, and two angels in dazzling white came out; one carried a sword in his hand, and walking down to the edge of the lake, struck the water with it thrice, and 'it was troubled'; first tiny ripples appeared on its surface, then larger waves, and at last, rippling and sparkling, it heaved to and fro; and the angel, entering it, came over towards us. He received the children one by one, and leading them tenderly through the water, gave them up on the other side to the angel waiting for them in the church porch, who bore them inside the building, the choir softly singing, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' the while. Every now and then I could hear that sad cry in the background, and once I am sure the angel heard it too, for he stopped and looked back at us with a reproachful, troubled look. The last child had now passed over, the crowd had disappeared, the water was quiet again, the church door closed; and then from within, with a great shout, came to me the sound of the *Te Deum* over the lake, and, awestruck, I sank on my knees, as I too praised God for all He had done for me.

Again the scene changed. I was now by the side of another water, far more beautiful even than the last, and it seemed, I thought, to flow from out a golden throne, far, far away. I was not alone, either, for I stood in the midst of impotent folk, suffering from divers diseases.

In the centre of the water, walking to and fro on its surface, was One of wondrously beautiful countenance, and He stretched out His arms lovingly towards the sick people, saying, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'

A poor blind man near me, started up at the words, and stumbling down to the water's edge with, 'I believe' on his lips, drank deeply and long; and then came from behind the throne a sound of glorious music, so sweet, so thrilling, and so clear, that it was unlike any I had before heard; 'Surely,' thought I, 'the angels rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth.' And now a lame man limped painfully towards the healing waters, and again the shout of triumph burst forth, and the face of the beauteous Being on the lake shone with love and joy.

Then a poor sick woman, weary and trembling, came forth from the crowd, and hurried to 'The waters of comfort,' and behind her was 'one sick of the palsy,' 'a leper,' 'one possessed with a devil,' 'a dumb man,' and 'one who had great possessions,' each drank, and each went away,

'praising God'; and the Lord, for I saw now it was He, whispered to them as they turned back to the world, 'Watch, and Pray.'

One still remained: he was bed-ridden, and could not move; and ever and anon, I heard him praying to himself, 'Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' and the Lord heard him, and came to him. Yes, He came Himself; He did not send His angel, but left the waters, and coming near the poor man, laid His hand on him, saying, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee'; and methought at that moment I would have changed places with that sick man, in spite of his infirmities. In awe I bowed myself before my Lord and Master; but He came towards me too, and raised me up, with, 'Be not weary in well-doing;' 'I will give thee a crown of life'; and I looked up again with a sweet peace in my heart; but everything was gone, the water, the Saviour, and the sick folk; and once more I was alone.

And now for the third time I stood by a lake, but very different to the others; the waters were dark and gloomy, and the people standing on their edge, preparing to cross them on a narrow path, seemed fearful and trembling. Some were very old, worn out, and feeble, some were quite young; here an infant a day old, there a withered old dame; here a sweet-looking girl, there a man in his prime; some looked longingly towards the other side, but many were gazing behind; some were parting with those they loved (and bitter this was to watch), others seemed quite alone, with already one foot on the terrible path.

Over on the other side I could see a glorious light, and beautiful angels with heavenly countenances were walking on the dark, dark water, singing in chorus the words, 'The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the Lord is upon many waters.' And those on the brink looked up comforted and strengthened as they heard them; and then I knew what it all meant.

One now set out on the path; he looked only in front, and walked firmly and trustfully, and passing safely, was received, with the music of chimes of bells, into the glorious light. Another followed, and another; some seemed more afraid, some stumbled, some were more reluctant to set out; but all, I could see, reached in safety the country for which they had longed; and as I was left behind, hearing in the distance the songs of triumph, and 'beholding the land very far off,' I yearned, oh! how I yearned, to cross too, with 'those faithful departed,' 'the valley of the shadow of death'; and just as I felt I *could* not stay here to struggle, and stumble, and faint, I heard *once* again our Lord's voice, saying, 'I came, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me'; and I found myself back in my room, still gazing into the fire.

Perhaps it may have been all a dream, though it seems to me *so* real; but I know I thanked God in my prayers that Sunday night for the blessed visions He had shown me.

November, 1879. ANNIE CAZENOVE.

THE PASSION PLAY.*

(*Translated from the German*).

'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.'—S. JOHN xiv. 27.

DEAR CHILDREN.—It was at Whitsuntide that our Blessed Lord completed the work of grace on the Apostles—a work which He had for three years been building up in them.

The first sight of the Divine Teacher had so impressed them that they at once believed in Him, and followed Him.

During the three years of close converse with Him, the unspeakable sweetness of their Master had more and more strengthened their faith. This faith, somewhat shaken by the terrible events of the apprehension, judgment, and death of their Lord, was re-awakened and firmly established by His resurrection and glorious ascension; and now the promise of Him who had returned to His Father was to be fulfilled.

By the sending of the Holy Spirit the Apostles of the Lord were endued with light from on high, and armed with courage and strength, not merely to continue in the faith, but to carry that faith into all lands, and to convince, with irresistible force, both Jew and Gentile.

May the Holy Spirit, the spirit of light and power, who from that most blest Whitsunday, lived and worked in the disciples of the Lord, penetrate us all with His divine light.

May He not only confirm you in the faith of the Lord Jesus, and His holy teaching, and in love to Him your loving friend; but also enlighten and strengthen you to glorify the name of Jesus the Crucified, and enkindle to renewed zeal the faith and love of thousands of your fellow men.

Dear friends, you are called upon this year to fulfil a great and holy vow, you will, as it were, in some measure take part in the apostolic office. From the Day of Pentecost the Apostles went into all lands to preach Jesus the Crucified, His doctrines, His deeds, His life and death, His resurrection and glorification, to show to men how ancient prophecies, how the types of the old covenant were fulfilled in Him; and in Him alone was salvation to be found.

We are not now to go forth into the world to make known the name of the Crucified, but thousands will, during this year, come to us—the pious and the lukewarm, the faithful and the unbelieving; and ours will be the privilege to represent before these thousands what the Apostles preached. His most holy teachings, the sublime example of His love, His bitter passion, His sacrifice for man, His glorious triumph over death and hell, the fulfilment of all types and prophecies in Him.

* An address given at Whitsuntide by the parish priest of Oberammergau, before the representation of the Passion Play in 1870.

If we work together with holy zeal worthily to represent these mysteries, then may we hope, with God's grace, that great blessings may ensue. How many pious Christians, touched by the representation of their Saviour's death, will return home edified, strengthened in their faith and love, with renewed resolutions to continue His faithful disciples.

How many of the lukewarm and frivolous, unable to throw off the solemn impressions they have received, will in the future show that the seeds of a more Christian life were sown here.

It may be that the sight of the Redeemer's great love for mankind, of His bitter sufferings for their sin, may draw tears of repentance from the eyes of sinners, and these tears, aided by God's good Spirit, may be the beginning of a sincere conversion, and this gazing on the passion may be the way by which the Good Shepherd seeks and finds His lost sheep. And who can tell whether it may not be, that some led here, either by curiosity, or coming to this Passion Play as to any other play, merely from the love of theatrical representations, or to criticise and laugh at our faults and imperfections—it may chance, I say, that some will depart with far different feelings, that some memories will linger behind in their souls which years hence will spring up and bear fruit for eternity.

But, dear friends, we can only hope that God's blessing will rest upon our work if we undertake it with pure motives and holy zeal. Alas! we can hope for no blessing if we are only actuated by selfish and vainglorious motives. God will look down upon us with displeasure, we shall be misusing and dishonouring the most sacred things. Then we shall we reap to ourselves, instead of honour, blame; instead of gain, most bitter loss.

In a time of sore need our forefathers solemnly vowed to the Most High, to represent the passion of our dear Lord, with this pious aim, thereby to promote the honour of God, in grateful remembrance of our Saviour's sufferings and death for us, and for their own and their neighbours' edification. With this holy intention, and with no other, let us this year fulfil the vow. Let us have this end only before our eyes. It matters not to us whether those who come here for other reasons than godly edification, blame or praise us. If only we ourselves, and many with us, depart, moved, edified, strengthened, the object we have in view will be attained.

It is not our aim to shine in the art of acting, that would be presumptuous and ridiculous in simple country people; but it must be the earnest desire of each one to try and represent worthily, before assembled Christians, this most holy history.

Let us therefore strive to carry out with fervent zeal what we begin with pious intent.

Each one who takes the least part in this work is a necessary link in the great chain; let him endeavour to fulfil his task to the best of his power, and thus contribute to the success of the whole.

You, who have only the mechanical part to do, if done with diligence

and accuracy, then, though unseen by man, yet in God's sight your merit will be the same as if you had taken a more prominent part in the representation.

You, who have to personate those who hated and persecuted our dear and loving Lord, must strive to show forth their characters in all their malice, hypocrisy, and hatefulness, and thus fill the hearts of the beholders with abhorrence for their wickedness. By this means will be exhibited in brighter light the gentleness, the innocence, the dignity of the Saviour.

It is the shadow that throws up the light in a picture.

And you, whose part it is to represent those who basely mocked at and ill-used Christ, must try not to exaggerate, and so render their conduct ridiculous. But you must endeavour to awaken in the hearts of others, hatred for the crime, pity for the innocent sufferer, and admiration for His greatness in the midst of His humiliation.

And you who are to be the disciples of the Lord, His friends, His companions; let your whole being be filled with love and reverence for your Divine Master, with obedient attention to all His words, with the most devout sympathy in His predictions of coming events, with the deepest grief for His sufferings, with brotherly love to each other.

Let the world see in you, who surround your Lord and Master, an assembly of good men, a pattern to all Christian congregations.

Thus each one doing his part, the types, instruction, explanation, music and singing, will form one harmonious whole, and the impression left on the hearts of the spectators will be elevating and instructive.

Then the work we are undertaking will be really holy and well-pleasing to God; the representation of this most sacred history will produce in the hearts of those present somewhat of the effect which followed the teaching of the Apostles (eye-witnesses of these scenes), in the early days of the Church.

But as the Apostles taught men, not alone by word, but by their holy conversation, so must we also, if our work is to be blest to the hearts of men, endeavour, not merely before the public, but in our private life, to show by our Christ-like moral conduct the salutary effect produced on our souls by the consideration of the atoning death of our Lord.

Let nothing go on, either within or without the theatre, in the streets, in the houses, or in the church, which can give occasion of offence.

Dear friends, the eyes of many strangers will be fixed, not only on our play, but ourselves. Let us so live that we may have nothing to fear from the all-seeing eye of God, and the scrutinising eyes of our fellow men.

Beloved, I cannot conceal from you that I formerly heard this harsh judgment pronounced, namely, that the representation of the passion was not beneficial to the peasantry of Ammergau. It was even considered prejudicial to them, because the people got accustomed to treat holy things with indifference, even to drag them through the mire.

Whether this judgment was true and well-founded of former times, I know not. But this time, dear children in the Lord, we will refute it.

Throughout the time let nothing occur which can give occasion for such a judgment; on the contrary, let us from this time show by increased zeal for our holy religion, deep reverence for holy things, greater love for our Divine Redeemer, pious efforts to imitate Him, pure morals, careful avoidance of all sin, renewal of all virtues; that the representation of the passion is not only of spiritual benefit to others, but to ourselves.

Oh! if this *is* the case, if this congregation is indeed built up in a livelier faith by the representation of the sufferings of our Lord, as the Apostles were by the living remembrance of Him; if this parish should be the means of extending the knowledge of the Lord, and glorifying His name, even as did the Apostles, then all hail to this parish—God's blessing and favour will rest upon it.

Our pious forefathers, who made this solemn vow, will rejoice over us even in Paradise. Also will the hearts of those noble ones be gladdened, who, forty years since in Christian wisdom, remodelled this Passion Play.

God grant it may be so; but without God's help and grace man can do nothing.

Let us then to-day, when we celebrate the descent of the Holy Spirit, pray fervently that that Holy Spirit may assist us in the task we have undertaken.

May that Blessed Spirit who, as on this day, poured forth the riches of His grace on the disciples, shed His grace abundantly on us.

May He ever be with us, and work in us.—Amen.

A. M. W. Dorking.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXIV.

THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

1568—1572.

The deaths of Egmont and Hoorn, and the cruel persecution raging in the Netherlands, while all the rights of the states were trampled down by Alva and his terrible army, angered rather than daunted the sturdy spirits of the Hollanders. William the Silent was the man to whom all looked. He had hitherto been a Roman Catholic, not very devout nor regular in life, nor had the subject of religion interested him; but on the one hand, Philip's conduct could not but disgust him with the Church that accepted and promoted such services, shocking to the natural instincts of humanity; and on the other, as the champion of the liberties of his country, he could hardly work with the

Reformers while adhering to the Church that persecuted them. So he examined their forms of faith, and ended by declaring himself a Calvinist, but at the same time he recommended the followers of Luther and Calvin alike to sink their differences in their resistance to the common enemy.

Meantime he collected German troops, and when the Emperor Maximilian, who had just given his daughter to Philip, commanded him to desist, he replied with an elaborate justification, showing the legal rights of the Low Countries, which the Spaniards were trampling down.

On the 31st of August he put forth a proclamation, headed with the motto, '*Pro rege, lege, grege*' (For king, law, and flock), and with these verses from the Book :—

> 'The hope of the righteous shall be gladness :
> But the expectation of the wicked shall perish.
> The way of the Lord is strength to the upright :
> But destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.
> The righteous shall never be removed :
> But the wicked shall not inherit the earth.' (Prov. x. 28—30.)

With this challenge of the justice of his cause, he declared the King to be misinformed, pronounced that the Spaniards were subjugating the country, and claimed the right to withstand them as patriots, thus making the war, not rebellion, but resistance to foreign invasion. He therefore called for contributions to enable him to raise his army. 300,000 crowns were promised by the chief merchants and gentlemen, but only 12,000 were brought to him, not from the rich, who were afraid to stir, but from the very poor, who could hardly afford what they sent, by the hands of a preacher.

William collected his troops at St. Trond, in the province of Trèves. Some were German mercenaries, others volunteers from the Low Countries. Among these was Lumey, Count de la Marck, a descendant of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, and like him in savagery. He had vowed never to trim his hair or beard till the freedom of his country was gained and the death of his kinsman, Egmont, revenged; and his troop were as ferocious as himself, bent only on plunder and indiscriminate revenge, and ready for any atrocity.

Orange crossed the Rhine, with 90,000 foot and 8,000 horse at S. Feit, a place which was his own property, and on the 4th or 5th of October, likewise crossed the Meuse so unexpectedly that the tidings were not believed at Amsterdam, and a burgher was scourged at the whipping-post for only mentioning the report.

Alva marched out with his veterans, resolved, however, not to fight, but to starve his enemy out. So in vain William offered battle, the enemy did nothing but follow him, and cut off his supplies. In one month he had changed his encampment twenty-nine times, Alva keeping close behind him like his shadow, while the soldiers were wild with

provocation at being thus dogged, and with want of pay, forage, and provisions. They grew so tumultuous that on one occasion William's sword was struck out of his hand, and the mutiny could hardly be appeased.

But William's hope was in a body of French Huguenots, who were being led by the Count de Genlis, to the assistance of the Dutch. They were to meet at Waveren, and the Dutch had to cross the river Geta to come up with the French. Count Hoogstraten, with 3,000 horse was left as rear-guard. Don Fadrique de Toledo Alva's son, and Count Vitelli were detached to cut him off. They did so, and were ardent to attack the whole Dutch army; but Alva would not hear of this, and they had to content themselves with the slaughter of the whole rear-guard. Hoogstraten escaped with a wound, apparently slight, but which caused his death a few days later.

Orange went on to Waveren and joined Genlis, but the French—being afraid to leave their families behind—had brought such a number of women and children as to add to the general penury. Genlis wanted to persuade the Dutch to return with him, and assist in the French war. Orange himself would gladly have done this, but his followers would not hear of it, and he was obliged to lead them back across the Rhine, having done nothing but lose the brave young Hoogstraten. Alva was rewarded for his success by the gift of a hat and sword from the Pope—emblematic gifts, as he was reminded in a letter from the hand of Pius V. himself, betokening the helmet of righteousness and the sword of the Spirit.

The Duke then set himself to regulate the finances. He had promised the King that the expenses of the Spanish army of occupation should be defrayed by the unfortunate provinces themselves. The great towns were thought a mine of wealth, and political economy did not understand how exaction paralyses trade. Viglius in vain opposed Alva's decisions, and imposts and taxes of every tenth penny were laid on, which added to the universal exasperation; and the misery of the people was increased by a great inroad of the sea, which broke down all the defences and ravaged the whole coast from Friesland to Flanders. Dordrecht and Rotterdam were almost entirely under water, and great ships were carried far inland, and stranded in orchards and gardens; and such was the loss of life that it was reckoned that 100,000 persons had perished. This was on the All Saints' Day of 1570, and the Spaniards declared that the destruction was the vengeance of the neglected saints, whom they supposed to be equally cruel with themselves.

Philip had more and more cause to think himself the favoured champion of Heaven. The Moriscos, or descendants of the Moors of Granada, had revolted under the oppression they suffered, and there was a long and terrible war for two years, which was ended at last by the victories of Don Juan of Austria, Philip's half-brother, the pupil

of good old Don Luis Quixada. The hapless Moriscos who could not escape were carried from their province of Granada into the inland provinces, where they were treated as slaves, and lived under continual suspicion. The same year (1571), at the head of a grand fleet from Spain, Venice, and the Knights Hospitaliers, Don Juan defeated the Turkish fleet in the battle of Lepanto, and thus put a stop to the aggressions which threatened every Mediterranean island. It was the first great check the Turkish power received. Pius V. was full of rapture and thankfulness, gave Juan the consecrated hat and sword, and even applied to him the text, 'There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.'

This year, 1571, was perhaps the height of Philip's success as the champion of Rome. Turks had been defeated, Moors crushed, and Netherlanders lay prostrate. William the Silent however from his retreat in Germany, kept up an extensive secret correspondence in ciphers with his friends all over the world. He authorised privateers to scour the sea, and fall on all Spanish ships. They called themselves *les Gueux de la mer* (the beggars of the sea), and used swift vessels or fly boats, whence they were also termed *Vlie bootieren*, or as the English made it, freebooters. The fierce La Marck was one of the chief of these sea beggars, or rather robbers, and it was given to him to achieve the first success in the struggle with Spain.

There was much sympathy for the Dutch in England, but after Queen Elizabeth had made up the quarrel with Spain about Norfolk's conspiracy, she was obliged to forbid her ports to give the pirates shelter, or to sell them bread, beef, or beer. Twenty-four ships were lying off Dover, commanded by De la Marck, Treslong, and other noted 'beggars of the sea.' This command reduced them to such a state of starvation that they determined to make a descent on some place on the coast of the Low Countries, and obtain supplies.

On the 1st of April, 1572, this squadron entered the mouth of the Meuse, and suddenly appeared before the town of Brill. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and a ferryman, named Pieter Keppelstock, was the first to see them. He rowed out to inquire who they were, and was taken on board Treslong's ship. On finding that there was no Spanish garrison, and that the tyranny was hateful to the inhabitants, Treslong took the ferryman to La Marck, and persuaded him actually to summon the magistrates to surrender to him as Admiral for the Prince of Orange. Pieter undertook to be the messenger, carrying La Marck's signet-ring as his credential. He contrived to make the magistrates believe that 5,000 men were in the fleet, and that their choice was between surrender and an assault. The magistrates asked for two hours to deliberate, and spent it in making their own escape and leaving the town to its fate!

Getting no answer, Treslong broke down one gate and sent a party to do the same by the other. Nobody opposed them, and 250 men

secured the town; and thus began the independence of Holland! There was no plunder of the inhabitants, but there was sacrilege in the churches, and even one of the foremost captains arrayed himself in the sacred vestments at the riotous feast that followed. Moreover, thirteen priests and monks were thrown into prison and afterwards executed in the cruellest manner the savage La Marck could devise, and this precedent was unhappily followed in almost all the wars of the Dutch. Every one of the clergy, however innocent, was made to pay the penalty of the cruelties practised by the system of his Church. Priests and Spaniards were alike viewed as noxious monsters.

There was great joy over this acquisition of Brill, and a punning rhyme was made, *brill* being in Flemish, as well as in German, the word for spectacles:—

'Der eersten dag von April,
Verloes Duc d'Alva zijnen Brill!'

And a caricature was handed about showing La Marck stealing the glasses from the eyes of the solemn Duke, who, with Spanish dignity, was observing '*Es nada*'—'It is nothing.' However the Duke, without loss of time, had sent Count Bossu off to recover the place, with a troop from Utrecht. But the inhabitants were resolved to hold out. The water was let in so as to cut them off from one gate, Treslong beat them away from the other, and their ships were burnt. Bossu could only march on to garrison Rotterdam, but there he found himself shut out likewise. He then demanded leave to march through the place, pledging himself to offer no violence. It was a flagrant case of no faith with heretics. No sooner was he within the place than 400 citizens were slaughtered, every possible outrage was committed as if the town had been taken by assault, and it was secured by the Spaniards.

However, Flushing, on the Isle of Walcheren, rose just in time, before the fort intended to restrain it was finished, and expelled the small Spanish garrison. The body sent to re-capture it was beaten off, and Treslong came to the aid of the insurgents, bringing 200 men, every one of them arrayed in the vestments of the clergy. The Spanish engineer, Pacheco, who had been sent to finish the fort, was seized and hung by them, amid his entreaties at least to die a gentleman's death by the sword. On receiving the tidings the Prince of Orange sent a commissioner to take the command of Flushing, attended by a French garrison, and swarms of the adventurous youth of England hurried to join them as volunteers.

Town after town around the Zuyder Zee successively threw off the hated yoke, and declared themselves under the government of the Prince of Orange as Stadtholder. They did not deny the hereditary rights of Philip, but they claimed their rights as citizens, and freedom of worship. New magistrates were chosen in each revolted place.

They took an oath to be faithful to the King and Prince of Orange, to resist Alva and his tax of the tenth penny, and to maintain the laws of the country, do justice, and seek the welfare of the citizens. There was at this moment more hope of aid from other quarters than ever before.

The Ridolfi plot had made the outward peace with Elizabeth more hollow than ever, and the French court could never forget the old enmity to the House of Austria and the craving after the Burgundian inheritance. The Queen and her son had moreover apparently made friends with the Huguenots. The peace of S. Germain had given great offence alike to Rome and Spain, and Pius V. called it the greatest blow that had been given to the faith since the religious troubles had begun.

Coligny, full of the recollections of S. Quentin, as a Frenchman, and as a Calvinist, burning to aid his friends, was at Blois, in high favour with Charles IX.; and the marriage between Henri of Béarn and Marguerite of Valois was being pressed forward by the Queen with all her might; but when application was made by Marshal Biron, as envoy to the Pope, for a dispensation for the marriage of the second cousins, he absolutely refused it. Pius placed his hand on his throat, and declared that he would rather lose his head than grant the dispensation. Biron softened the refusal in his report, but the affair did not look hopeful. Queen Jeanne of Navarre replied cautiously that such a marriage was matter for deliberation, and Marguerite herself was desperately in love with the young Duke of Guise. The Queen Mother and the young King were however resolved; and when the Pope wrote strong remonstrances declaring that it was his duty to make Marguerite's religious welfare the first consideration, and his ambassador, Cardinal Alessandrino, personally argued with the King, Charles made answer that he only consented to this marriage for the sake of being avenged on his great enemies. This rests on the authority both of the Huguenot historian De Thou, and of the Cardinal himself, so that there can be no doubt of his having said so; but the doubt is whether he really meant it, or only was trying to persuade the Pope, in which he never succeeded.

However, Catherine never ceased inviting Jeanne to bring her son to the Court at Blois, but without success. The Admiral came, and was received by Charles in the bedchamber of Catherine, who was, or pretended to be, sick, and Monsieur likewise kept his room; but Charles was very affectionate, called Coligny father, and exclaimed 'Now we have you we shall not let you go!' Coligny was restored to his place at the Council, and allowed to lodge a guard of fifty gentlemen in two or three rooms round his chamber in the palace. Moreover, the King gave him 100,000 livres out of the treasury as a wedding present, and granted him the year's revenues of all the benefices of his brother the Cardinal. Charles seems to have been really delighted with the

old warrior, who talked to him of victories to be won over the old enemy, Spain; and when it became plain that the Queen Mother would never consent to a war, Charles began to remember that he had attained the years of manhood, and to think of his father and grandfather.

Coligny went home for a short time to Chatillon, where he spent his last happy days with his children and his enthusiastic wife. A letter is extant written by some of the children to Renée, the old Huguenot Duchess of Ferrara, the daughter of Louis XII., during these few weeks of enjoyment. No doubt his favourable reception induced Jeanne of Navarre to accept at last Catherine's invitations, and come to Court, though she would not bring her son with her. She had arrived at Blois in the first week of March, and was affectionately welcomed by Charles, who called her his dear aunt, his good aunt, and was ready to promise her anything. It was quite otherwise with the Queen. She had always hated Jeanne, and took no pains to repress the insolent laughter of her squadron of pleasure-loving ladies at the grave, serious, Puritan-like Queen. There is a long and curious letter from Jeanne to her son:—

'I must negotiate,' she writes, 'quite differently from what I hoped and had been promised, for I have no liberty of speech to the King or Madame (Marguerite), only to the Queen Mother, who treats me "*à la fourche*" (probably as if she kept her off with a hayfork). As to Monsieur, he governs me, but very secretly, half-jesting, in the fashion you know, half-dissimulating. As for Madame, I never see her save in the Queen's apartment—a most unsuitable place—whence she never moves to go to her own room but at the hours most inconvenient to me. Besides, Madame de Curson never quits her, so that there is no speaking to the one without being heard by the other. I have not yet shown her your letter, but I will do so. She is very discreet, and answers in general terms for her obedience and reverence to you and me when she is your wife. Thus, my son, we see that nothing is going forward, while they want to hurry me and do nothing in order. I have several times spoken of it to the Queen Mother, who merely laughs at me, and tells the next comer the exact contrary to what I said to her; so that my friends blame me, and I cannot contradict the Queen, for when I say "Madame, I told you such and such things," she laughs in my face, and denies it *au beau meurtre*, using me so that I need the patience of Grizel. On leaving her I have to converse with a party of Huguenots, who come to entertain me, but rather to act as spies. . . . I fear to fall ill, for I am not at all well. I liked your letter, and will show it to Madame. I will send for the picture to Paris. She is fair, sensible, and graceful, but bred up among the most accursed and corrupt companions in the world. I see no one who does not smack of it. . . . It is a pity; I would not have you living here for the world. This is the reason I wish you to be married, so that I may withdraw you and your wife from this corruption. I believed it great, but I find it greater!'

Catherine had asked the Marshal de Tavannes how to read in Jeanne's heart. He answered, 'Put her in a passion, and if you keep cool, you will learn from her, not she from you.' So that all these provocations were probably studied, but Jeanne kept her temper, and the King remained on friendly terms.

When talking of the dispensation, she said she dreaded the delay in

the obtaining of it. 'No, no, aunt,' said Charles, 'I honour you more than the Pope, and love my sister more than I fear him. I am not a Huguenot, but I am no fool. *Si M. le Pape fait trop la bête*, I will take Margot by the hand, and lead her to be married in the midst of a preaching.' And the articles of marriage were actually signed on the 11th of April, 1572, but the Queen's forebodings were justified, she fell sick, and died a few weeks later. Of course she was said to have been poisoned by a pair of gloves presented to her by René, called by some the Queen's perfumer, by others her poisoner. The body was examined, and an abcess in the lungs discovered; but this did not set the matter at rest, for the Huguenots complained that her head had not been dissected, supposing that there would have been found the traces of poison. Poor Jeanne! she had toiled hard for her cause, and left it at a critical moment. She was the most sagacious person among the Huguenots, and most earnest and conscientious, and it must have been a piteous thought for her that nothing would now stand between her young son and daughter and that den of corruption in which she was perishing.

The Pope's death became known at this time. Pius V. died early in May, after a progress through all the sacred shrines in Rome; in the course of which he met some of the English fugitives, and told them that he would gladly shed his blood in their cause. Pure and pious, he had been terribly stern, and had done much to form that frightful policy of no compromise with schismatics, which thenceforth ruled the councils of Rome and her supporters.

Cardinal Alessandrino, and the two brother Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, sped to Rome, to the Conclave. The choice fell upon Ugo Buoncompagno, of Bologna, a man who had been bred as a lawyer, and had then led a life not more regular than that of most laymen in those evil days. Of this there was a witness in a youth named Giacomo Buoncompagno, whom Ugo acknowledged as his son, and tenderly loved. His habits had been reformed on taking Holy Orders, and he gave no scandal, although he was never austere. He became more pious and conscientious as he advanced in years, and he scrupulously did his duty as Pope Gregory XIII., with all a jurist's strong appreciation of the exact limits of the law.

Thus he was no more likely than was his predecessor to grant the dispensation; and though the Cardinal of Lorraine continued at Rome on pretence of soliciting it, the Court of France was resolved to do without it, and to be forgiven afterwards. So a dispensation was to be forged, and invitations were sent out, against the will of most persons concerned.

Under all these influences, aid was promised to the Dutch when they should have secured two fortified towns on the frontier. Louis of Nassau was at this time in France, where he collected 500 horse and 1,000 foot. Meantime a citizen of Mons, a map-drawer by trade,

named Antoine Oliver, had obtained the confidence of Alva, who employed him as a spy, and set him to watch the proceedings of Count Louis, little guessing that the man was a spy upon himself!

On the 22nd of May, Oliver came to his native city with some waggons, which his connection with the Duke enabled him to bring in unexamined. They were filled with fire-arms, which he distributed among his friends. The same day Louis and his little band came to the forests. Twelve were sent into the city in disguise to ascertain when the gates were open in the morning, and they found that the proper hour was four, but that for a small fee they could be opened much earlier. They said they had some wine which must be in the city before sunrise, and accordingly, coming to the gates, they offered the money. The guard unbolted the gates, the fee proved to be a death-stroke, and fifty horsemen rode in, proclaiming 'The Prince is coming!' 'Down with Alva!' 'Down with the tenth penny!' and shooting at every man who showed his face at the window.

No one came out. None of their friends showed themselves, and the rest of the troop did not come in. Louis, in much alarm, rode out in search of them, and found them at last, having lost their way in the woods. Mounting a foot soldier behind each horseman, he led them back; only just in time, for the citizens had found out how few their enemies were, and the drawbridge was in the act of being drawn up, to catch the fifty in a trap, when Guitry de Chaumont, a Frenchman, made his light Spanish horse leap on it with him, so as to weigh it down till his comrades could crowd on it. The place was won, and 2,000 French came to garrison it, but not with the good-will of the inhabitants, who were mostly Catholics. No violence was offered them, and the churches and convents were respected, except that the plate and treasure in them was seized, and this included much that had been sent to them for safe keeping from the country.

Alva was again taken by surprise, and when he heard the tidings, swore they were false; for he had just had certain news that Count Louis had been seen at Paris playing at tennis, and then he blamed the bad faith of the French Queen Mother, who was then in Lorraine nursing her daughter, the Duchess, in an illness. Valenciennes likewise revolted, and both France and England began to think the insurgents worth helping.

The Lisbon fleet, with soldiers and large treasures, also the Duke of Medina-Celi, who was to relieve Alva, came into the Scheldt, and not knowing of the revolt of the Isle of Walcheren, obeyed the signals of the Dutch, and was entirely captured, except a few transports, and the Duke himself, who landed in another place.

Queen Elizabeth promised her help, and actually sent a squadron with that gallant sailor, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who captured Sluys; and there was to be a great alliance between her and Charles IX. for supporting Orange and the liberties of Orange. The Duke of

Montmorenci was sent to offer her the hand, not of Anjou, but of his younger brother, the Duke of Alençon; and all the usual civilities and coquetries were gone through, and bear fights, bull fights, and even horse and monkey fights were exhibited. Montmorenci was made a Knight of the Garter, which was buckled round his knee by Burleigh himself. Every conspiracy and attempt at assassination seemed to make it more expedient that Elizabeth should marry, and have a direct heir; and she therefore did not refuse, though she lamented over Alençon's extreme youth, and his disfigurement by the small-pox. Montmorenci went home without a definite answer, but La Mothe Fénelon in England, and Sir Francis Walsingham in France, continued the negotiations for the marriage.

Orange continued to raise troops in Germany to support his brother in Mons; Genlis had been sent to collect volunteer Huguenots in France, and Charles IX., burning to fight like his father and grandfather, free from his mother and the Guises, discussed his plans with the Admiral and Teligny, and gave Genlis a letter to Louis of Nassau, personally promising his aid.

Genlis and a considerable force had advanced within two leagues of Mons, when they were met by Don Fadrique de Toledo and Vitelli, and outnumbered greatly. Twelve hundred fell. One hundred managed to enter Mons, and Genlis himself was made prisoner. Charles's letter was found on him and taken to Alva. There was no hope that Louis, with unfriendly citizens, could hold out till his brother's arrival. The blow to the cause was a terrible one, and Genlis, after sixteen months' imprisonment, was strangled by Alva's command. This defeat took place on the 11th of July, 1572.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART I.—HOME LIFE.

'A little more than kin, and less than kind.'

CHAPTER XII.

THE OAKBY BALL.

'She went to the ball, and she danced with the handsome prince.'

THAT week of gaiety, so unusual to Oakby, was fraught with great results. The dim and beautiful dream of the future which had grown with Cheriton Lester's growth became a definite purpose. Ruth Seyton was his first love, almost his first fancy. Whatever other sentiments and flirtations had come across him had been as light as

air; he had loved Ruth ever since he had taught her to ride, and since she had tried to teach him to dance. He had always found her ready to talk to him of the thoughts and aspirations which found no sympathy at home, and still more ready to tease him about them. She was part of the dear and sacred home affections, the long accustomed life which held so powerful a sway over him, and she was besides a wonderful and beautiful thing, peculiar to himself, and belonging to none of the others. He had not seen her since the season when he had met her in town with Virginia; he did not know very much really about her, but she was kind and gracious to him, and he walked about in a dream of bliss which made every commonplace duty and gaiety delightful. Ruth was mixed up in it all, it was all in her honour; and though Cheriton's memory at this time was not to be depended on, he had spirits for any amount of the hard work of preparation, and a laugh for every disagreeable. He regarded his tongue as tied till after he had taken his degree in the summer—he hoped with credit; after which his prospects at the bar with Judge Cheriton's interest, were somewhat less obscure than those of most young men. He had inherited some small fortune from his mother, and though he could not consider himself a brilliant match for Miss Seyton, he would then feel himself justified in putting his claims forward. Many spoke with admiration of the entire absence of jealousy which made him take the second place so easily; but Cheriton hardly deserved the praise, he had no room in his mind to think of himself at all.

His cousin Rupert was a more recent acquaintance of Ruth's though matters had gone much further between them. His attentions had not been encouraged by her grandmother, as, though his fortune was far superior to anything Cheriton possessed, his affairs were supposed to be considerably involved, and this was so far true that it would have been very inconvenient to him to lay them open to inquiry at present. He hoped, however, in the course of a few months to be able so to arrange them as to make it possible to apply to Ruth Seyton's guardians for their consent. Rupert was a lively, pleasant fellow, with a considerable regard for his Oakby cousins, though he had never considered it necessary to regulate his life by the Oakby standard, or concerned himself greatly with its main principles. His life in the army had of course been quite apart from Cheriton's at school and college, and the latter did not care to realise how far the elder cousin, once a a model in his eyes, had grown away from him. Nor did he regard him as a rival. Ruth gave smiles and dances to himself, and he little guessed that while he did his duty joyously in other directions, looking forward to his next word with her, she had given his cousin a distinct promise, and engaged to keep it secret till such time as he chose to ask for her openly. Perhaps Rupert could not be expected to scruple at such a step when he knew how entirely Ruth had managed her affairs for herself in all her intercourse with him. And as

for Ruth, she rejoiced in the chance of making a sacrifice to prove her love; and whether the sacrifice was of other people's feelings, her own ease and comfort, or of any little trifling scruples of conscience, ought, she considered, to be equally unimportant. 'Love must still be lord of all,' but the love that loves honour more was in her eyes weak and unworthy. Faults in the hero only proved the strength of his manhood; faults in herself were all condoned by her love.

Ruth was clever enough to put into words the inspiring principles of a great many books that she read, and a great deal of talk that she heard, and vehement enough to act up to it. Rupert, who had no desire to be at all unlike other people, had little notion of the glamour of enthusiasm with which Ruth plighted him her troth at Oakby.

The Lesters had expended much abuse on the morning of their ball on the blackness of their oak-panels which no amount of wax-candles would overcome; but what was lost in gaiety was gained in picturesqueness, and the Oakby ball with its handsome hosts and its distinguished company was long quoted as the prettiest in the neighbourhood. Perhaps it owed no little of its charm to the one in whose honour it was given. Alvar in society was neither silent nor languid; he was a splendid dancer, and played the host with a foreign grace that enchanted the ladies old and young. At the dinner-party the night before he had been silent and stately, evidently fearing to commit himself before the country gentlemen and county grandees who were such strange specimens of humanity to him; but with their daughters it was different, and those were happy maidens who danced with the stranger. He was of course duly instructed whom he was thus to honour, but he found time to exercise his own choice, and Virginia was conscious that he paid her marked attention.

Why waste more words? She had found her fate, and softened with home troubles, attracted by the superiority of the Lesters, and dazzled with the charm of a manner and appearance never seen before, yet suiting all her girlish dreams of heroic perfection, she was giving her heart away to the last man, whose previous training or present character was likely really to accord with her own.

Though she had never been an acknowledged beauty she could often look beautiful, and the subtle excitement of half-conscious triumph was not wanting to complete the charm.

'There never had been such a pleasant ball,' said Cheriton, the next morning, as he was forced to hurry away to Oxford without a chance of discussing its delight.

'It is indeed possible to dance in England,' said Alvar.

'I think we made it out very well,' said Rupert, with a smile under his moustaches.

'There are balls—and balls,' said Ruth to her cousin. 'You don't

always have black oak, or black Spanish eyes, eh, Queenie? Or some other things?'

And Virginia blushed and said nothing.

Nettie, after all, had rejoiced in the partners of which her white frock and plaited hair had not defrauded her (she never should forgive her hair for coming down in Rupert's very sight in the last waltz). Jack had not been so miserable as he expected; and Alvar found that it was possible to enjoy life in England, and that the position awaiting him there was not to be despised, even in the face of parting from his beloved Cheriton.

Rupert by no means considered Alvar as an amusing companion, nor Oakby in the dull season an amusing place, but it suited him now to spend his leave there, and suited him also to be intimate at Elderthwaite. Consequently he encouraged Alvar to make excuses for going there, and certainly in finding some interests to supply Cheriton's place. He cultivated Dick Seyton, who was of an age to appreciate a grown up man's attentions, so that altogether there was more intercourse between the two houses than had taken place since the days of Roland.

Ruth was paying a long visit at Elderthwaite. One of her aunts, her grandmother's youngest and favourite child, was in bad health, and Mrs. Charleton was glad to spend some time with her and to be free from the necessity of chaperoning her granddaughter. The arrangement suited Ruth exactly. She could make Elderthwaite headquarters, pay several visits among friends in the north, and find opportunities of meeting Rupert, whose regiment was stationed at York, and who was consequently within reach of many north country gaieties.

For the present no gaieties were needed by either to enliven the wintry woods of Elderthwaite; they were as fairy land to the little brown maiden who, among their bare stems and withered ferns found, as she believed, the very flower of life, and had no memory for the bewitching smiles, the soft half-sentimental laughter, the many dances, and the preference hardly disguised which were the food of Cheriton's memory and gave him an object which lightened every uncongenial task. These little wiles had effectually prevented every one from guessing the real state of the case. Rupert's difficulty was that he never could be sure how far Alvar was unsuspicious. There was a certain blankness in his way of receiving remarks, calculated to prevent suspicion, which might proceed from entire innocence, or from secret observation which he did not choose to betray. But he was always willing to accompany Rupert to Elderthwaite, and in Cheriton's absence found Virginia by far his most congenial companion.

The amount of confidence already existing between Ruth and her cousin really rendered the latter unsuspicious, and ready to further intercourse with Rupert, believing Ruth to be in a doubtful state of

mind, half encouraging, and half avoiding, his attentions. And Ruth was very cautious; she never allowed Rupert to monopolise her during his ostensible visits, and if any one at Elderthwaite guessed at their stolen interviews, it was certainly not Virginia.

The scheme of the Sunday class had answered pretty well. Virginia knew how to teach, and though her pupils were rough, the novelty of her grace and gentleness made some impression on them.

The parson did not interfere with her, and it never occurred to her that he was within hearing, till one Sunday, as she tried to tell them the simplest facts in language sufficiently plain to be understood, and sufficiently striking to be interesting, and felt, by the noise on the back benches that she was entirely failing to do so, a head appeared at the dining-room door, and a stentorian voice exclaimed—

'Bless my soul, you young ruffians, is this the way to behave to Miss Seyton? If any lad can't show respect to a lady in my house, out he'll go, and by George! he won't come in again.'

This unwonted address produced an astonished silence; but it frightened the teacher so much more than her class, that her only resource was to call on the more advanced ones with great solemnity 'to say their hymn to the vicar.'

Parson Seyton straightened himself up, and listened in silence to—

'There is a green hill far away,'

stumbled through in the broadest Westmoreland; and when it was over, remarked—

'Very pretty verses. Lads and lasses, keep your feet still and attend to Miss Seyton, and—*mind*—I can hear ye,' a piece of information with which Virginia at any rate could well have dispensed.

But she was getting used to her rough uncle, and was grateful to Cheriton for the advice that he had given her, and so she told Alvar one day when they were all walking down to the vicarage, with the ostensible purpose of showing Nettie some enormous mastiff puppies, the pride of the vicar's heart.

In the absence of her own brothers Nettie found Dick Seyton an amusing companion, 'soft,' though he might be; she began by daring him to jump over ditches as well as she could, and ended by finding that he roused in her unsuspected powers of repartee. Nettie found the Miss Ellesmeres dull companions; they were a great deal cleverer than she was, and expected her to read story books, and care about the people in them. Rupert and Dick found that her ignorance made her none the less amusing, and took care to tell her so.

So everything combined to make intercourse easy; and this was not the first walk that the six young people had taken together.

'Your brother,' said Virginia to Alvar, 'was very kind to me. I should never have got on so well but for his advice.'

'My brother is always kind,' said Alvar, his eyes lighting up. 'I cannot tell you how well I love him.'

'I am sure you do,' said Virginia, heartily, though unable to help smiling.

'But in what was it that he helped you?' asked Alvar.

Virginia explained how he had persuaded her uncle to agree to her wishes about teaching the children.

'To teach the ignorant!' said Alvar. 'Ah, that is the work of a saint!'

'Oh no! I like doing it. It is nothing but what many girls can do much better.'

'Ah, this country is strange. In Spain the young ladies remain at home. They go nowhere but to Mass. If my sister were in Spain she would not jump over the ditches, nor run after the dogs,' glancing at Nettie, who was inciting Rolla to run for a piece of stick.

'Do you think us very shocking?' said Virginia, demurely.

'Nay,' said Alvar. 'These are your customs, and I am happy since they permit me the honour of walking by your side, and talking with you. You, like my brother, are kind to the stranger.'

'But you must leave off calling yourself a stranger. You too *are* English; can you not feel yourself so?'

'Yes, I am an Englishman,' said Alvar. 'See, if I stay here, I have money and honour. My father speaks to me of a "position in the county." That is to be a great man as I understand it. Nor are there parties here to throw down one person, and then another. In Spain, though not less noble, we are poor, and all things change quickly, and I shall not stay always here in Oakby. I am going to London, and I see that I can make for myself a life that pleases me.'

'Yet you love Spain best?'

'I love Spain,' said Alvar, 'the sunshine and the country; but I am no Spaniard. No, I stayed away from England because it was my belief that my father did not love me. I was wrong. I have a right to be here; it was my right to come here long ago, and my right I will not give up!'

He drew himself up with an indescribable air of *hauteur* for a moment, then with sudden softness—

'And who was it that saw that right and longed for me to come, who opened his heart to me? It was Cheriton, my brother. He has explained much to me, and says if I learn to love England it will make him happy. And I will love it for his sake.'

'I hope so; soon you will not find it so dull.'

'Nay, it is not now so dull. Have I not the happiness of your sympathy? Could I be dull to-day?' said Alvar, with his winning grace.

Virginia blushed, and her great eyes drooped, unready with a reply—

'And there is your cousin,' she said, shyly; 'he is a companion; don't you think him like Cheriton?'

'Yes, a little; but Cheriton is like an angel, though he will not have me say so; but Rupert, he has the devil in his face. But I like him—he is a nice fellow—very nice,' said Alvar, the bit of English idiom sounding oddly in his foreign tones.

Virginia laughed, spite of herself.

'Ah, I make you laugh,' said Alvar. 'I wish I had attended more to my English lessons; but there was a time when it was not my intention to come to England, and I did not study. I am not like Cheriton and Jack, I do not love to study. It is very pleasant to smoke, and to do nothing; but I see it is not the custom here, and it is better, I think, to be like my brother.'

'Some people are rather fond of smoking and doing nothing even in England.'

'It is a different sort of doing nothing. I hear my father or Cheriton rebuke Bob for doing nothing; but then he is out of doors with some little animal in a bag—his ferret, I think it is called—to catch the rats; or he runs and gets hot; that is what he calls doing nothing.'

There was a sort of *bonhommie* in Alvar's way of describing himself and his surroundings, and a charm in his manner which, added to a pair of eyes full of fire and expression, and a great deal of implied admiration for herself, produced no small effect on Virginia.

She saw that he was affectionate and ready to recognise the good in his brothers, and she knew that he had been deprived of his due share of home affection. She did not doubt that he was willing himself to do, and to be all that he admired; and then—he was not boyish and blunt like his brothers, nor so full of mischief as Cheriton, nor with that indescribable want of something that made her wonder at Rupert's charm in the eyes of Ruth; she had never seen any one like him.

She glanced up in his face with eyes that all unconsciously expressed her thoughts, and as he turned to her with a smile they came up to the vicarage garden, at the gate of which stood Parson Seyton talking to Mr. Lester, who was on horseback beside him.

'Ha, squire,' said the parson, 'Monsieur Alvar is a dangerous fellow among the lasses. Black eyes and foreign ways have made havoc with hearts all the world over.'

Mr. Lester looked towards the approaching group. Virginia's delicate face, shy and eager under drooping feathers, and the tall, slender Alvar, wearing his now scrupulously English morning suit with a grace that gave it a picturesque appropriateness, were in front. Ruth and Rupert lingered a little, and Nettie came running up from behind, with Rolla after her, and Dick Seyton lazily calling on her to stop. Mr. Lester looked at his son, and a new idea struck him.

'I wish Alvar to make acquaintances,' he said. 'Nothing but English society can accustom him to his new life.'

Here Alvar saw them, and raised his hat as he came up.

'Have you had a pleasant walk, Alvar?' said his father, less stiffly than usual.

'It has been altogether pleasant, sir,' said Alvar, 'since Miss Seyton has been my companion.'

Virginia blushed, and went up to her uncle with a hasty question about the puppy that Nettie was to see, and no one exchanged a remark on the subject; but that night as they were smoking, Rupert rallied Alvar a little on the impression he was making.

Alvar did not misunderstand him; he looked at him straight.

'I had thought,' he said, 'that it was here the custom to talk with freedom to young ladies. I see it is your practice, my cousin.'

'Yes, yes. Besides, I'm an old friend, you see. Of course it is the custom; but consequences sometimes result from it—pity if they didn't.'

'But it may be,' said Alvar, 'that as my father's son, it is expected that I should marry if it should be agreeable to my father?'

'Possibly,' said Rupert, unable to resist trying experiments. 'Fellows with expectations have to be careful, you know.'

'I thank you,' said Alvar. 'But I do not mistake a lady who has been kind to me, or I should be a coxcomb. Good night, my cousin.'

'Good night,' said Rupert, feeling somewhat baffled, and a little angry; for, after all, he had been perfectly right.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

'Love me and leave me not.'

THE hill that lay between Oakby and Elderthwaite was partly covered by a thick plantation of larches, through which passed a narrow foot-path. In the summer, when the short turf under the trees was dry and sweet, when the blue sky peeped through the wide-spreading branches, and rare green ferns and blue harebells nestled in the low stone walls, the larch wood was a favourite resort; but in the winter, when the moorland winds were bleak and cold rather than fresh and free, when the fir trees moaned and howled dismally instead of responding like harps to the breezes, before, in that northern region, one 'rosy plumelet tufted the larch,' or one lamb was seen out on the fell side, it was a dreary spot enough.

All the more undisturbed had it been, and therefore all the more suitable for the secret meetings of Rupert and Ruth. Matters had not always run smooth between them. An unacknowledged tie needs

faith and self-restraint if it is to sit easily; and at their very last parting Rupert expressed enough jealousy at the remembrance of Cheriton's attentions to make Ruth furious at the implied doubt of her faith, forgetting that *she* was miserable if he played with Nettie, or talked for ten minutes to Virginia.

Rupert insisted that 'Cherry meant mischief.' Ruth vehemently asserted 'that it wasn't in him to mean;' and after something that came perilously near a quarrel, she broke into a flood of tears, and they parted with renewed protestations of inviolable constancy, and amid hopes of chance meetings in the course of the spring.

Ruth fled away through the copses to Elderthwaite feeling as if life would be utterly blank and dark till their next meeting; and Rupert strolled homeward, thinking much of Ruth, and not best pleased to meet his uncle coming back from one of his farms, and evidently inclined to be sociable; for Rupert, as compared with Alvar, had an agreeable familiarity.

Mr. Lester, though he had held as little personal intercourse with Alvar as the circumstances of the case permitted, had hardly ceased, since he came home, to think of his future, and that with a conscientious effort at justice and kindness. He still felt a personal distaste to Alvar, which ruffled his temper and often made him less than civil to him; but none the less did he wish his eldest son's career to be creditable and fortunate, nor desire to see him adapt himself to the pursuits likely to be required of him. He made a few attempts to instruct him and interest him in the county politics, the requirements of the estate, and the necessities of the parish; but Alvar, it must be confessed, was very provoking. He was always courteous, but he never exerted his mind to take in anything that was strange to him, and would say, with a shrug of his shoulders and a smile, 'Ah, these are the things that I do not understand;' or, as he picked up the current expressions, 'It is not in my line to interest myself for the people,' with a *naïveté* that refused to recognise any duty one way or the other. In short, he was quite as impervious as his brothers to anything 'out of his line,' and, like Mr. Lester himself, thought that what he did not understand was immaterial.

Mr. Lester was in despair; but when he saw Alvar and Virginia together, and noticed their mutual attraction, it occurred to him that an English wife would be the one remedy for Alvar's shortcomings; and he also reflected, with some pride in his knowledge of foreign customs, that Alvar would probably require parental sanction before presuming to pay his addresses to any lady.

As for Virginia, though she was of Seyton blood, all her training had been away from her family; her fortune was not inconsiderable, and she herself, enthusiastic, refined, and high-minded, was exactly the type of woman in which Mr. Lester believed. Besides, since he could not make Alvar other than the heir of Oakby, his one wish was that

his grandchildren at least should be English. He was very reluctant that Alvar should return to Spain, and at the same time hardly wished him to be a permanent inmate of Oakby. It had been arranged that Alvar should pay a short visit to the Cheritons before Easter, when he would see what London was like, go to see Cherry at Oxford, and having thus enlarged his experiences, would return to Oakby for Easter and the early part of the summer. After Cheriton had taken his degree, he too would enjoy a taste of the season, and Alvar might go to town again if he liked; while in August Alvar must be introduced to the grouse, and might also see the fine scenery of the Scotch and English lakes. These were plans in which Alvar could find nothing to complain of; but they would be greatly improved in his father's eyes if they could end in a suitable and happy marriage; for he saw that Alvar could not remain idle at Oakby for long, and had the firmest conviction that he would get into mischief, if he set up for himself in London. His mind, when he met Rupert, was full of the subject, and with a view to obtaining a side light or two if possible, he asked him casually what he thought of his cousin Alvar, and how they got on together.

'I don't think he is half a bad fellow,' said Rupert, 'a little stiff and foreign, of course, but a very good sort in my opinion.'

This was well meant on Rupert's part, for he did not personally *like* Alvar, but he had tact enough to see the necessity of harmony, and family feeling enough to wish to produce it.

'Of course,' said Mr. Lester, 'you can understand that I have been anxious about his coming here among the boys.'

'I don't think he'll do them any harm, sir.'

'No; and except Cherry, they don't take to him very warmly; but I hope we may see him settle into an Englishman in time. A good wife now——'

'Is a very good thing, uncle,' said Rupert, with a conscious laugh.

'Yes, Rupert, in a year or two's time you'll be looking out for yourself.'

Rupert liked his uncle, and, for a moment, was half-inclined to confide in him; but he knew that Mr. Lester's good offices would be so exceedingly energetic, and would involve such thorough openness on his own part, that though his marriage to Ruth might possibly be expedited by them, he could not face the reproofs by which they would be accompanied.

So he laughed, and shook his head, saying—

'Excellent advice for Alvar, sir; and see, there he comes.'

Alvar approached his father with a bow; bu was about to join Rupert, as he turned off by another path, when Mr. Lester detained him.

'I should like a word or two with you,' he said, as they walked on. 'I think—it appears to me that you are beginning to feel more at home with us than at first.'

'Yes, sir, I know better how to suit myself to you.'

'I am uncommonly glad of it. But what I meant to say was—you don't find yourself so dull as at first?' said Mr. Lester, rather awkwardly.

'It is a little dull,' said Alvar, 'but I can well endure it.'

This was not precisely the answer which Mr. Lester had expected; but after a pause, he went on—

'It would be hard to blame you because you do not take kindly to interests and occupations that are so new to you. I do not feel, Alvar, that I have the same right to dictate your way of life as I should have, if I had earlier assumed the charge of you; but I would remind you that since one day you must be master here, it will be for your own happiness to—to accustom yourself to the life required of you.'

'My brother ought to be the squire,' said Alvar.

'That is impossible. It is not a matter of choice; but it would cause me great unhappiness if I thought my successor would either be constantly absent or—or indifferent to the welfare of the people about him.'

'You would wish me,' said Alvar, 'to live in England, and to marry an English lady.'

'Why, yes—yes. Not of course that I would wish to put any restraint on your inclinations, or even to suggest any line of conduct; but it had occurred to me that—in short, that you find Elderthwaite attractive, and I wished to tell you that such a choice would have my entire approval.'

Mr. Lester's florid face coloured with a sense of embarrassment; he was never at his ease with his son, whereas Alvar only looked considerate, and said thoughtfully—

'Miss Seyton is a charming young lady.'

'Very much so, indeed,' said the squire; 'and a very good girl.'

Alvar walked on in silence. Probably the idea was not strange to him; but his father could not trace the workings of his mind, and a sense of intense impatience possessed him with this strange creature whose interests he was bound to consult, but whose nature he could not fathom.

Suddenly Alvar stopped.

'My father, I have chosen. This is my country, and Miss Seyton—if she will—shall be my wife.'

'Well, Alvar, I'm very glad to hear it,' said his father, 'very glad indeed, and I'm sure Cheriton will be delighted. Don't, however, act in a hurry; I'll leave you to think it over. I see James Wilson, and I want to speak to him.'

And Mr. Lester called to one of the keepers who was coming across the park, while Alvar went on towards the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

VIRGINIA'S CHOICE.

'Things that I know not of, belike to thee are dear.'

THERE was the shadow of such a thought on the blushing face of Virginia Seyton as she sat in a great chair in the old drawing-room at Elderthwaite and listened to the wooing of Alvar Lester. She held a bouquet on her lap, and he stood, bending forward, and addressing her in language that was checked by no embarrassment, and with a simplicity of purpose which had sought no disguise. Alvar had reflected on his father's hints over many a cigarette, he had thought to himself that he was resolved to be an Englishman, that Miss Seyton was charming and attractive beyond all other ladies, it was well that he should marry, and he would be faithful, courteous, and kind. Assuredly he was prepared to love her, she made England pleasant to him, and he had no strong ties to the turbulent life of Spain, from which his peculiar circumstances and his natural indolence had alike held him aloof. He had no thought of giving less than was Virginia's due, it was a simple matter to him enough, and he had come away that morning, with no false shame as to his intentions, with a flower in his coat and flowers in his hand, and had demanded Miss Seyton's permission to see her niece, heedless how far both households might guess at the matter in hand.

With his dark, manly grace, and tender accents, he was the picture of a lover, as she, with her creamy skin rose-tinted, and her fervent eyes cast down, seemed the very type of a maiden wooed, and by a favoured suitor. But if the hearts of this graceful and well-matched pair beat to the same tune, the notes for each had very different force, and the experiences and the requirements of each had been, and must be, utterly unlike those of the other.

Alvar recognised this, in its obvious outer fact, when he began—

'I have a great disadvantage,' he said, 'since I do not know how best to please an English lady when I pay her my addresses. Yet I am bold, for I come to-day to ask you to forget that I am a stranger, and to help me to become truly an Englishman. Of all ladies, you are to me the most beautiful, the most beloved. Can you grant my wish—my prayer? Can I have the happiness to please you—Virginia?'

Virginia's heart beat so fast that she could not speak, the large eyes flashed up for a moment into his, then dropped as the tears dimmed them.

'Ah! do I make you shed tears?' cried Alvar. 'How shall I tell you how I will be your slave? *Mi doña, mi reyna!*—nay, I must find English words to say you are the queen of my life!' and he knelt on one knee beside her, and took her hand.

Perhaps it was all the more enchanting that it was unlike a modern English girl's ideal of a likely lover.

'Please don't do that,' said Virginia, controlling her emotion with a great effort. 'I want to say something, if you would sit down.'

With ready tact Alvar rose at once, and drew a chair near her.

'It is my privilege to listen,' he said.

'It is that I am afraid I must be very different from the girls whom you have known. My ways, my thoughts, you might not like them; you might wish me to be different from myself—or I might not understand you,' she added, very timidly.

'In asking a lady to be my wife, I think of no other woman,' said Alvar. 'In my eyes you are all that is charming.'

'This would not have occurred to me,' said Virginia; 'but since I came home I have not been very happy, because it is so hard to accommodate oneself to people who think of everything differently from oneself. If that was so with us—with you——'

'My thoughts shall be your thoughts,' said Alvar. 'You shall teach me to be what you wish—what my brother is. I know well,' and he rose to his feet again and stood before her, 'I am not clever, I do not know how to do those things the English admire; my face, my speech, is strange. Is that my fault; is it my fault that my father has hated and shunned his son, Miss Seyton? I can but offer you myself. If I displease you——'

Alvar paused. Virginia had been pleading against herself, and before his powerful attraction her misgivings melted away. She rose too, and came a step towards him.

'I will trust you,' she said; and Alvar, more moved than he could himself have anticipated, poured forth a torrent of loving words and vows to be, and to do all she could wish. But he did not know, he did not understand, what she asked of him, or what he promised.

'But we must be our *true* selves to each other,' she said afterwards as they stood together, when he had won her to tell him that his foreign face and tones were not displeasing to her—not at all. No, she did not wish that he was more like his brothers.

'I will be always your true lover and your slave,' said Alvar, kissing the hand that she had laid on his. 'And now must I not present myself to your father? He will not, I hope, think the foreigner too presuming.'

'There is papa,' said Virginia, glancing out of the window; 'he is walking on the terrace. Look, you can go out by this glass door.' And leaving Alvar to encounter this far from formidable interview, she ran away up to the little oak room in search of her cousin.

There were tears in Ruth's great velvety eyes as she turned to meet her, but she was smiling, too, and even while she held out her arms to Virginia, she thought—'What, jealous of the smooth course of *her* little childish love! I would not give up one atom of what I

feel for all the easy consent and prosperity in the world.' But none the less was she interested and sympathetic as she listened to the outpourings of Virginia's first excitement, and to the recital of feelings that were like, and yet unlike, her own.

'You see, Ruthie, I could not help caring about him, he was so gentle and kind, and he never seemed angry with the others for misunderstanding him. But then I thought that our lives had been so wide apart that he *might* be quite different from what he seemed; and one has always heard, too, that foreigners pay compliments, and don't mean what they say.'

'I should have despised you, Queenie, if you had thrown over the man you love because he was half a foreigner.'

'Oh, no, not for *that*. But I didn't—I hadn't begun to—like him very much *then*, you see, Ruth. And if he had not been good——'

'And how have you satisfied yourself that he is what you call "good" now?' said Ruth, curiously.

'Of course,' replied Virginia, 'it is not as if he had been brought up in England. He cannot have the same notions. But then he cannot talk enough of Cherry's goodness, and seemed so grateful because he was kind to him. Cherry *is* a very good, kind sort of fellow of course; but don't you think there is something beautiful in the humility that makes so much of a little kindness, and recognises good qualities so ungrudgingly?'

Ruth laughed a little. Perhaps she thought Alvar's 'bonny black eye' had something to do with the force of these arguments.

'Since you love each other,' she said, 'that is a proof that you are intended for each other. What does it matter "what he is like," as you say?'

'But "what he is like" made all the difference in the first instance, I suppose?' said Virginia.

'Perhaps,' said Ruth, with a little shrug. 'But now you have once chosen, Virginia, *nothing* ought to make you change, not if he were ever so wicked—not if he were a murderer!'

'Ruth,' exclaimed Virginia, 'how can you be so absurd! A murderer!'

'A murderer, or a gambler, or a—well, I'm not quite sure about a thief,' said Ruth, cooling down a little; and then the girls both laughed, and Virginia sank into a dreamy silence. She did not even yet know the story of her mother's married life, or she could not have laughed at the thought of a gambler for her husband; but she did know enough of her family history to give definiteness to the natural desire of a high-principled girl to find perfection in her lover. Virginia's nature inclined to hero-worship; reverence was a necessary part to her of a happy love. She had thought often to herself that she would never marry a man of whose good principles she was not satisfied. And since Alvar's offer had not entirely taken her by

surprise—his gallantry having been tenderer than he knew—she had considered the point with an effort at impartiality, and had justified the conclusion to which her heart pointed by Alvar's admiration for the brother, whom, in Virginia's opinion, he idealised considerably. Of course, if she had chosen wisely, it was instinct, and not knowledge, that led her aright. She knew absolutely nothing of Alvar; and just as from insufficient grounds she now gave him credit for many virtues, it might be that, when the differing natures jarred, a little failure, a little defectiveness, might make her judgment cruelly hard, at whatever cost to her own happiness. It might come to a struggle between the girl's ideal and the woman's love—and in such a struggle compromises and forgivenesses and new knowledge on either side would lead to final comprehension and peace. But it comes sometimes to a fight between heart and soul, between the higher self and the love that seems stronger than self. To this extremity Alvar Lester was not likely to drive any woman; but impatience and inexperience sometimes mistake the one contest for the other. Virginia would have something to bear, he much to learn, before mutual criticism ceased, as they became indeed part of each other's existence, before Virginia's flutter of startled joy subsided into unquestioning content.

'You talk, Ruthie,' exclaimed Virginia, after a little more confidential chatter, 'but you cannot make up your own mind. You cannot decide whether you will have poor Captain Lester.'

'Hark! hark!' cried Ruth, 'they are calling you! Every one is not so lucky as you.' And as Virginia obeyed her father's summons, and she was left alone, she pulled out the locket that contained Rupert's portrait, kissed it passionately, and exclaimed, half-aloud—

'Not make up my mind! Do *I* doubt and hesitate? What do I care "what you are like," my darling? I love you with all my heart and soul! I love you—I love you! What would life be without love?'

The congratulations of Virginia's family on the occasion were characteristic. Her father had but a nominal consent to give. Virginia was of age, and besides, the trustees of her fortune could not of course take any exception to such an engagement; but he rejoiced exceedingly, as at the first good and happy thing that had happened in his family for long enough.

'And so you have got a husband, though you are a Seyton?' said her aunt. 'Well, Roland's a long way off, and I don't suppose Dick and Harry can create scandal enough to put an end to it before next October.'

'But you'll give me a kiss, auntie?' said Virginia; and in the warmth of her embrace she tried to show the sympathy for that long past wrong which she never would have dared to utter.

Miss Seyton was silent for a moment, and patted her soft hair;

then suddenly, with an expression indescribably *malin* and elfish, she said, 'And all those poor little neglected children, whose souls you were going to save, what will become of them when you are married? Do you think your uncle will teach them himself?'

'And I shouldn't be surprised if he did, Aunt Julia,' interposed Ruth, briskly, 'now Virginia has shown him the way.'

Parson Seyton's remark was somewhat to the same effect, though made in a more genial spirit.

'Well, my lass, so you've caught the Frenchman? Why didn't you set your cap at Cherry? He's worth a dozen of him.'

'Cherry didn't set his cap at me, uncle,' said Virginia, laughing.

'And all the little lads and lasses? Ha, ha, I must set about learning the Catechism myself. What's to be done, my queen?—what's to be done? Send away Monsieur Alvar; we can't do without you.'

Virginia had not forgotten the children; but as her marriage was not to take place till the late autumn, there was no immediate question of her leaving them.

Mr. Lester thought that it would be far better that Alvar should see something of England before his marriage, and Alvar acquiesced readily in his father's wish; and he very shortly left Oakby for London, after receiving congratulations from his brothers, in which astonishment was the prevailing ingredient, though Cheriton softened his surprise with many expressions of satisfaction.

He was glad that Alvar had chosen an English wife; still more glad that he had no disposition to choose Ruth.

CHAPTER XV.

A BIT OF THE BLARNEY.

'With him there rode his sone, a young squire,
A lovyere and a lusty bachelere.'

In that year Easter fell very late, and it was nearly the end of April before the Lesters gathered together once more at Oakby. Alvar and Virginia had hardly had time to grow accustomed to their new relations to each other before the former went to London, where he perhaps adapted himself more easily to his surroundings than he would have done in the presence of his father and brothers. He found that all English people did not regard life precisely from the Oakby point of view; that Lady Cheriton greatly regretted that Nettie was such a tomboy, and almost feared that Bob would never be fit for polite society. He was introduced to people who thought his music enchanting and his foreign manners charming; he was allowed to be on cousinly terms with the Miss Cheritons, and was an object of exciting interest to every young lady who met him. Under these circumstances he was

very well content, and despatched graceful and tender letters to Virginia, which often had an amusing *naïveté* in their details of his impressions of English life. He also sent her various offerings, ornaments, sweetmeats, and flowers, always prettily chosen, and commended to her notice by some pleasant bit of tender flattery. His engagement was of course generally known, but his soft words and softer looks, though too universal to be delusive, were doubtless none the less attractive by the fact that his foreign breeding offered a constant cause and excuse for them.

Virginia, on her side, it need hardly be said, wrote him many letters, full of thoughts, feelings, and hopes, and sometimes requests for his opinion on any subject that interested her. Alvar's replies were so charming, so flattering, and so tender, that she hardly found out that they were in no sense *answers* to her own.

He made a very great point of going to Oxford, and was full of excitement at the prospect of meeting 'my brother' again. Cheriton, however, had lost some time by his idle Christmas vacation, and was forced to work very hard to make up for it. He had always too many interests in life to make it easy to concentrate all his efforts in one direction; but now the ambition and love of distinction that were a constant stimulus to the idle Lester nature in himself and Jack were fairly alight. Cheriton cared for success in itself; he was too sweet-natured to *resent* failure, and conscientious enough to know that his love of triumph might be a snare to him, but each object in its turn seemed to him intensely desirable. He could not feel, and even prevailing fashion made it difficult for him to affect, indifference. Besides, he wanted to appear in the light of a young man likely to succeed in life before Ruth's relations. So he wrote that he hoped Alvar would not think it unkind if he asked him to pay him only a short visit; and Alvar was half consoled by hearing the Judge speak in high terms of his nephew as a brilliant young man and likely to do them all credit.

'Ah,' said Alvar, 'I fear I should have done my name no credit if I, like my brother, had gone to Oxford.'

'You are an eldest son, my dear fellow, and I don't doubt that you would have kept up the family traditions,' said Judge Cheriton drily.

So Alvar went for one day to Oxford, where he showed an overpowering delight at seeing Cherry again, and a reprehensible preference, for pouring out to him his various experiences, to inspecting chapels and halls. He greeted Buffer respectfully, and taxed Cheriton with overworking himself. He looked pale, he said, and thin—not as he did at Oakby.

Cherry only laughed at him, but insisted emphatically that he should say no word at home of any such impression, as perhaps he should stay up and read during the Easter vacation.

'But what shall I do,' said Alvar, 'when the boys, who do not like me, come home, and you are not there?'

'You—why you will be all day at Elderthwaite.'

'I shall never forget my brother who was kind to me first,' said Alvar earnestly.

Alvar finished up his London career by going to see the Boat Race, where he was exceedingly particular to appear in Oxford colours, and felt as if the triumph of the dark blue was Cherry's own.

Easter week brought unwontedly soft airs and blue skies to Oakby, and, after all, Cheriton himself for a few days' holiday. Every one rejoiced at the sight of him, though Jack promptly told him that he was very foolish to waste time by coming, and when Cherry owned that he wanted a little rest, grudgingly admitted that he might be wise to take it; then seized upon him, first to discuss with him the work he himself was doing with a view to a scholarship for which he meant to compete at Midsummer; then demanded an immediate settlement, from Cherry's point of view, of several important and obscure philosophical questions; and finally confided to him a long history of Bob's scrapes and deficiencies during the past term. He was so low in the school—he got in with such a bad lot—he ought to leave school and go to a tutor's. He, Jack, had told him he was going straight to the bad, but had done no good. Would Cherry give him a good blowing-up? Then Mr. Lester, having had a letter from the head-master, wanted to consult him on this very point, as well as to tell him all the story of Alvar's courtship and his own diplomatic behaviour. Also to regret that Alvar would not take the trouble to understand the details of English law as applied to local matters; could not see why Mr. Lester, as a magistrate, was prevented from transporting a poacher for life, or why, as an owner of land, he thought it necessary to be so particular as to the character of his tenants. Then an attempt at peace-making with and for Bob, which resulted in little more than a persistent growl 'that Jack was an awful duffer.' Altogether the family did not seem in a restful state. Mrs. Lester was very indignant because Mrs. Ellesmere had observed that Nettie was growing too tall a girl to go about so much by herself. 'Who was there that did not know Nettie in all the country-side?' While Bob and Nettie themselves, who usually hung together in everything, especially when either was in trouble, had an inexplicable quarrel, which made neither of them pleasant company for their elders.

Then Mr. Lester's affairs came forward again in the shape of a dispute with one of his chief farmers about a certain gate which had been planted in the wrong place, involving a question of boundaries and rights of way, and engaging Mr. Lester in a difference of opinion with a new neighbour, 'a Radical fellow from Sheffield,' whom Mr. Lester would neither have injured nor been intimate with for the world. Alvar had had the misfortune to observe that 'he thought it was not worth while to be so distressed about the post of a gate,' an indifference even more provoking than the misplaced ardour of Jack,

who had taken upon himself to examine the matter, and believing his father mistaken, thought it necessary to say so, which might have been passed over as a piece of youthful folly, if there had not been a frightful suspicion that Mr. Ellesmere was of the same opinion.

Cherry had heard enough of the 'post of a gate' by the time he had read half-a-dozen letters of polite indignation, and listened to an hour's explanation from his father of the grounds of the dispute, after which he was requested to form an independent opinion on the subject.

'Well, father,' he said, looking askance at a plan of the scene of action which Mr. Lester had drawn for his benefit, 'it seems that the removal of this gate has mixed up Ashrigg, Oakby, and Elderthwaite to such a degree that we sha'n't know who is living in which Of course Alvar *can't* see any boundaries between Oakby and Elderthwaite just now. How should he? His imagination leaps over them at once. But I *don't* think it will "precipitate the downfall of the landed gentry," Jack, whichever way it is settled.' And having thus succeeded in making his father and Alvar laugh, and Jack remark 'that he never could see the use of making a joke of everything,' he asked Mr. Lester to come and show him the fatal spot. Couldn't they ride over and look at it?

'And I have never seen you yet,' said Alvar reproachfully, when Mr. Lester had acceded to this arrangement.

'But you are going to Elderthwaite? I will come and meet you there. And, look here, the weather is so fine I am sure we might all join forces and make an excursion somewhere. Wouldn't that be blissful?'

'Ah, you make sport of me!' said Alvar; but he promised to propose the plan at Elderthwaite.

So Cheriton and his father rode through the bright spring lanes together, like Chaucer's knight and squire, with the larks singing in the furrows, and the blue sky overhead, the sunshine full of promise and joy, even in the wild, bleak country, whose time of perfection never came till the purple heather clothed the bare moorlands and the summer months had had time to chase away all thought of the long, dreary winter. Every breath of the air of the hill-side was like new life to Cherry.

'It is so delightful to be at home,' he said; 'it's impossible to be very angry about "the post of a gate."'

Perhaps this happy humour contributed no small share towards the harmonious ending of the scene which Cherry described quaintly enough when he presented himself at Elderthwaite in the afternoon. How on arriving at the scene of action they had found Farmer Fleming and the fellow from Sheffield both engaged in discussing the point; how Mr. Wilson had expressed *his* readiness to put up two gates if that would settle the matter, but he could not be dictated to on his own land; how Mr. Fleming's view of the matter seemed to

consist in a constant statement of the fact that he had been the squire's tenant all his life, and his father before him; how the squire had remarked that Mr. Fleming's father, he was sure, would have known well that those four feet of land were common land, and half in Oakby and half in Ashrigg parish, Elderthwaite bordering them on the south, and that he, as Lord of the Manor, could not allow them to be enclosed; Mr. Wilson had purchased certain manorial rights in Ashrigg parish; they certainly extended over the two feet on his own side of the lane.

Then Cherry had remembered Mr. Wilson's son at Oxford, and knew that last year he had taken a first. He had met him at breakfast; was he coming down soon? This had created a diversion; and while the squire and his tenant were at it hammer and tongs, Cherry had received several invitations, had warmly applauded Mr. Wilson's remark that he did not wish to be unpleasant to old inhabitants on first coming into the county, and the squire, having got his own way with the farmer, an amicable arrangement was arrived at; while Cherry went to see Mrs. Fleming's dairy, 'because he remembered how she used to give him such beautiful new milk.'

'Oh, Cherry, you have more than a bit of the blarney,' said Ruth. 'Haven't you a drop of Irish blood somewhere?'

'No more than Jack,' said Cherry, who was perhaps a little pleased at his diplomacy. 'I like to smooth things down, unless, to be sure, one is angry oneself.'

'You are always the peace-maker,' said Alvar.

'Ah, not always, I am afraid! But now I want all the blarney I can muster to persuade you that it is warm enough to go and spend the day at Black Tarn. We might go by train from Hazelby to Blackrigg; have lunch at the inn there and go up to Black Tarn by the Otter's Glen. I asked Mr. and Mrs. Ellesmere, and they will come with us'—to Virginia—'I assure you Alvar agrees.'

'You are wasting your blarney,' said Virginia, smiling, 'for we had agreed to go before you came. It will be very cold up at Black Tarn, but that will not signify if we take plenty of wraps.'

Such a genuine piece of natural and innocent amusement was quite a novelty at Elderthwaite, and the boys were delighted. The party agreed to meet at Hazelby station, and go by train some ten or twelve miles towards the mountains on the outskirts of which Black Tarn lay. There was a train in the evening by which they could return, and no one left at home was to be anxious about them until they saw them coming back.

(To be continued.)

THE BLUE LADY OF MILDENHALL.

BY MAY PROBYN.

CHAPTER VII.

'AND BEHOLD, IT WAS A DREAM!'

'In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.'

Romeo and Juliet.

QUICKLY, with long impatient strides, a young man came hurrying down the long, white road that brings one into Saint Germains.

It was hardly five minutes since he had sprung down from the *diligence* and committed his small *bagages* to the ostler in impatient haste, as not much caring what became of it. He was evidently in a terrible hurry.

Presently the heavy, lumbering vehicle rumbled up behind and passed him in a cloud of white, gritty dust, with much cracking of whips and bugling of horns, clatter and swearing.

Some of the demonstrative Frenchmen on the top of it recognised their young fellow-passenger, waved hats and hands, and called down emphatic adieux. Then they were borne heavily out of hearing, and the young man strode on in the wake of their dust.

He was gallantly attired, like one tricked out for a wedding, in a suit of dark blue velvet, richly laced with gold. A short cloak hung carelessly over one shoulder, and, flying open as he walked, displayed continually its gay white lining. A handsome, happy figure, bravely dressed, fair of face, and confident of life.

It was in the early part of August. The slanting sunset light beat hot and glowing over the dusty tree-tops and the brown parched meadows. The still air seemed heated through and through with the day's glare.

Down this same white road, under just such another crimson sunset, had Miles come heart-whole that first evening in the beginning of the summer, when, passing carelessly along, he had got a fleeting glimpse of a blue gown fluttering among flowers, when Molly had glanced at him for a second over the hedge, and turned back unconcernedly to the cutting of her lilies. And he had gone on, vowing to his heart that never in his life before had he seen so beautiful a thing.

He could almost have fancied it was the same evening come back to him again. Every detail seemed alike — the long day's journey from Boulogne, the alighting from the *diligence*, and the clatter in the inn-yard, the straight dusty road between the poplars, with the golden west smiling rosily across the river.

It was all just the same, except that the singing of birds was over,

and the first summer blossom past, and the hay-fields lay bare and shorn, with only short, stubbly grass where the long swathes used to droop.

Miles could hardly believe it was so many weeks since he had been here. The business with his brother-in-law had taken far longer to arrange than he could have imagined possible. The lengthy law process dragged on interminably. Every day some fresh difficulty cropped up in the management of the unfortunate Irish tenantry.

'Sir Miles must consider this,' 'Sir Miles must decide that,' till the young man's patience had nearly run out its tether. Besides, a short journey in those days was a lengthy and cumbrous undertaking. Two journeys, therefore, to Ireland and back, consumed an amazing quantity of time.

But at length it was all settled. Lefevre sulkily withdrew his claims, and took his grumblings and menaces out of hearing. Admiral Compton and John ceased to pour their advices upon Miles's head; Lady Compton forewent the one anxiety, only to be swallowed up in the on-coming one; and the young man set out post-haste to his love.

Yes; it was a long time, and he had meant to be back so quickly! Molly must be nearly tired of waiting. Ah, no! she would never leave off looking for him.

He had not written to her. He did not like to write without telling her his real name, and he did not want to tell her until he could stand by and watch her face, and explain away all her little doubts and surprise. Besides, letter-writing was not then the quickly-accomplished every-day thing it is now.

With all his impatience, the time between seemed nothing so long to him as it had seemed to the girl. It never does go quite so slowly for the man. And when one has been busy and eagerly employed all the while, the difference is marked more strongly yet.

He had reached the well-known hedge. There was no little blue figure to-night glimmering across the green of the lime-trees. The gate was on the latch. Had Molly perhaps wandered out along the river-edge, or had not Reginald gone down into the town, and he should find Molly there all by herself among the vines? Already he seemed to see the glad, shy smile ripple over her mouth, and feel the tender, clinging clasp of those soft little hands, tremulous with sudden joy.

Filled with happy expectation, he hurried up the grass path between the red peonies and tall night-stocks. He glanced into the *berceau* as he passed, but no one sat on the little wooden bench in the shadow of the vine-tendrils. The grass walk was strewn with scattered rose-petals; he looked at them with a scarcely conscious surprise; Molly used to be so particular over her garden. A cluster of sweet-peas, too, had fallen from their sticks, and lay trailing, like a cloud of tumbled butterflies, along the earth.

Was it not very, very silent even for such a still place and a summer

evening? He missed the soft familiar cooing of Molly's pigeons, and the monotonous buzz that used to flutter round the bee-hives. Ah! where *were* the bee-hives? They must have been moved into another place.

His knock upon the door fell with a hollow, dreary noise that seemed to echo into emptiness. How long she was coming! His heart began to beat loudly. What made the place so deadly still? His hand was on the latch; he lifted it, and found the door locked on the inside; then he pulled and pushed and knocked a minute longer, and, getting no answer, called out for admission with a ringing '*Ho là! Hé, là-bas!*' His voice died lonely across the trees. Answer came there none. What! had they *all* gone out? Or were they offended with him, and would not let him in?

Bah!

He stepped out of the porch and went round to the little lattice window. He tapped loudly on it, with no reply but that echoing emptiness inside. He stooped and looked in, and could see nothing but his own face staring at him, with the green leaves behind. It was unbearable; he must know.

He lifted his hand and struck the window with a vigorous blow. The old framework yielded to his young impetuous assault, and fell back creaking angrily. In another moment he had vaulted the low sill, and stood inside—aghast.

O heaven! the place was bare and empty—

They were gone.

* * * *

It was getting dusk before the young man started up and roused himself from his dull pain.

Already it seemed a long time ago that he had stood at the closed door, expecting every moment to see her, thinking to hold her by this time, lying against his heart, and her kisses meeting his.

He remembered like a horrid dream springing in at the window, and there standing, stone still, like one struck dead in a moment. He remembered a loud cry of disappointment breaking from him, and his staggering back against the window, with his hands clasped over his face.

A little while after that he found himself pacing up and down the bare boards in a kind of frantic incredulity, cursing his brother-in-law's greed, and the lawyers' procrastinations. If he had but arrived in time! The property, his little sisters—what did it matter? They would all do well enough. But to let Molly go!

Was she displeased, careless, heart-broken? How could he tell her mood to him? She was gone!

Minute crept by after minute. It was nearly dark in the little low room, where the twilight stole dim through the small, leaf-shrouded lattice. Out of doors the night dews dropped chill and heavy on the grass.

Still the young man walked and walked the dismantled, desolate room, grasping close and painfully the greatness of his misfortune. Already it began to seem to him like a dream or a bygone tale, as far removed as his happy days with his dead sister, that here, he and his young love had walked and talked together. O, gentle heaven! would they never so walk and talk again?

Another low, uncontrollable groan burst from him. Then he became suddenly aware that it was growing late, and made a movement as if to go.

Stay! No, there was yet one place he would visit. He went softly down the stillness of the passage, and up the silent stairs that creaked loud under his tread. With soft and careful reverence, like one on the threshold of a shrine, he turned in at the door at the head of the stairs, and stood with tremulous breath and a look of tears in his eyes, half fearful of committing a profanity, in Molly's bedroom—bare, dismantled, deserted.

A heavier sea of remorse and bitterness went over him. How often had she sat, poor little darling! here by the low window and looked down the road, with her sweet, sad, dark eyes, watching—for him? Here, had she not knelt to say her tender prayers, and his name came softly in among them? Here she had lain in her young lovely innocence, and dreamed of him.

And after all, he had failed her! She was thinking now, no doubt, that he had never meant to come back, had gone away and forgotten all about her, long ago.

'O, my darling! O, my darling!' he cried hoarsely in his passion, 'it was not my fault.'

His voice came back hollow and dreary from the blank walls. Do you know the dull, melancholy echo of an empty house, when one footstep resounds from the ceiling to the floor, and your voice seems to sound through every room, and everywhere you turn, silent emptiness baffles you?

Miles turned to go. One long, disappointed look all around, taking a great farewell. The tall cupboard-door in one corner stood half open. Half in, and half out, lay a little blue slipper. He flung himself upon it, and caught it to him in a tender tempest of haste. Do you think it was very ridiculous that his lips, with passionate kisses, were pressed down on its dainty blue buckle and slender heel, and that when he went away he carried it with him?

A withered white rose,—one little slipper. It was, after all, not enough to satisfy a young lover, cut to the heart.

Sorrowfully he climbed out of the window as he had come, and went away down the dusky garden, his head bent, stumbling a little, like a man blinded with pain.

Next morning he learned from the neighbours that the De Lavals had gone away for good, two days ago, or thereabouts.

Two days! It was maddening.

'Where they had gone?' No, none knew. They were proud folk, and kept to themselves.

Towards the end of the week, Lady Compton received a letter.

'DEAREST MOTHER,—I have lost my sweet Rosemary. Heaven knows when shall find her. No one seems able to tell me where to go in search of her. So now you see there is no need to say anything about it to any one, since there is nothing left me but to lament her till I come upon some clue; which, till I find, there is no rest for me. I shall be with you almost as soon as you get this. Till then and always, I am,

'Your loving and dutiful son,

'MILES COMPTON.'

CHAPTER VIII.

HIDE AND SEEK.

'Somewhere or other, may be far or near,
With just a wall, a hedge between.'

C. ROSSETTI.

'"FOR what we are about to receive, Lord, make us truly thankful,"' said John, sonorously, with closed eyes.

A little chorus of clear girlish 'Amens' went round the table. Then they all pulled in their chairs and sat down.

The warm August sunlight streamed in through the half-drawn shutters, though it was not yet nine o'clock. The breakfast-table was pushed into the shady end of the room. There was something cool and pleasant in the look of the white, spotless cloth, laid with fine old china and plate, silver baskets piled with peaches and apricots, a great bowl of golden cream, and another filled with damask roses.

They were all busy with their breakfast and their chat. Lady Compton, in her black dress, at the head of the table, the most silent—perhaps wondering when her son would write or come. The little girls, with basins of bread and milk or plates of bread and butter, according to their age; Roddice, fair and queenlike, in a joyous summer-like chintz gown, fingering her toast and marmalade delicately, as though it was more trouble than it was worth.

John was making a solid breakfast of cold spiced beef and ale. If Miles had been at home, there would have been claret, and perhaps even tea. John preferred the home-brewed ale.

He and Roddice had been at home together, at Clyffe Norton, for some time. They arrived here late last night for a couple of weeks' visit, embracing the annual summer *fêts* of the village—school-feast, tea-drinking, and the like—and also, as John and Lady Compton believed, Miles's home-coming with his bride to be.

'I did not know you had any other visitors?' Roddice said, questioningly, to her hostess.

'What do you mean?' Lady Compton returned, a little surprised.

'Is there not some one else staying with you?' the girl went on. 'I wonder she is not down; she was up early enough, too.'

'Dis, are you dreaming?' exclaimed Lady Compton in amazement. 'There is no one here but you and John.'

'No? Who was it I met, then, this morning?'

'Indeed I cannot conceive. You would not mistake the maids for a visitor. What was she like?'

The five girl faces were all looking up expectantly. John glanced at his sister with grave reproof, thinking she was making fun of them.

'It was quite early,' said she, seriously enough. 'I don't think any of the maids were about. I got up and went out to read in the garden —you know I often do—and as I came to the top of the stairs this little lady was coming up.'

'My dear!' exclaimed Lady Compton, in disquieted perplexity.

'But what was she like? what was she like?' clamoured the children excitedly.

'She had a grave, pretty face, and she was dressed all in blue, even to her slippers.'

They looked at each other and then towards their mother, and then cried out, with girlish delight in the mystery, 'Oh, Dis, you have seen the Blue Lady!'

It was her turn then to ask what they meant.

'Don't you know the Blue Lady—our ghost?' said they emphatically. 'Isn't she, mamma? And she has not been seen once till now since we have been living here.' Little Nancy sprang up from her chair in her excitement.

'Why, yes, so they say,' Lady Compton corroborated, a little uneasily. 'She is one of the county ghosts. But, my dears, you know 'tis only a story. There are no such things.'

'But Dis has seen her—she has seen the Blue Lady,' insisted the girls, tremulous with pleasurable apprehensions.

'What nonsense!' Roddice said quickly, in what Miles called her 'disdainful way.' 'A ghost in broad daylight!'

'But that is the weird part of her,' returned Nancy. 'She generally comes in the daytime; and when she is seen once, she always comes two or three times running. And, oh dear!' concluded Nancy, very materially, 'I hope it won't be me that'll see her next time.'

'Roddice,' said John slowly, 'are you quite sure about it? Don't you know at all who it could have been?'

He was not wholly incredulous about spiritual visitants, though of another order. If he had heard of any one having an encounter with the devil, he would have thought it very possible and noteworthy; but the harmless apparition of a gentle little lady in a blue dress seemed to him mere girl's nonsense.

'I am quite serious, John,' Roddice answered, a little nettled. 'Why

should I tell lies? She was coming up stairs, and I stood by to let her pass. I thought, of course, she was some one staying here.'

'And what did she say?' questioned the girls again.

'She said nothing, only smiled—a little sadly, I thought.'

'And where did she go?'

'I don't know—somewhere down the gallery. I supposed she was going back to her room.'

There was a pause. Every one looked round at each other for a suggestion, but none seemed forthcoming.

'Who is the Blue Lady—is there any story about her?' Roddice asked, far less sceptically than before.

'None that explains why she should haunt the house,' answered Lady Compton, considering. 'It is one of the pictures on the staircase. Have you finished? Come and look at it, then.'

They got up and went into the hall, in a flutter of light robes among the dark oak, and a great tapping of heels over the polished floor.

Half-way up the stairs, among kindred dusky oil-paintings, hung the picture of a little lady in a blue satin gown, with a long peaked waist, and a pale, appealing, unhappy face. In the corner, in small gilt letters, her name was given—*Frances, Lady Lismore*, 1605.

'She was a Delaval, I believe,' said Lady Compton. 'She married unhappily, had no children, and died young.'

'Poor little Blue Lady!' Roddice said softly.

'Was she like her picture?' inquired John practically.

'I don't know. I hardly saw her a minute, and I could not stare at her. I noticed she looked sad.'

'It is a piteous mouth,' John commented, still looking up into the picture, 'and the eyes are very beautiful.'

'I always thought,' said Lady Compton gently, 'there was a look of Muriel.'

John turned sharply to her, and then back to the picture. 'I cannot see it,' said he, rather huskily and abruptly. 'She is plain in comparison.' And with that he went past them up stairs.

'It was odd her being in blue too,' Roddice said, with something of disquiet as she scanned the face and gown of Frances, Lady Lismore. 'It seems as though it must be the same.'

Lady Compton acquiesced unwillingly. 'It is very strange. We must ask about it. I hope we may find it out.'

She was most anxious that some explanation should be thrown on the mystery. Like most practical mothers of families, she did not believe in such things, and disliked and resented this appearance in her well-ordered household, exciting her children and upsetting her maids. She questioned the servants, the gardeners, and the stablemen. But nothing came of it, except that vague terror spread through the kitchen regions, and ghastly churchyard stories were raked up at supper in the servants' hall.

That day passed and the next, and nothing more transpired about the Blue Lady. The children gazed up, half-fearfully, at her picture, as they went up and down stairs. The maids went about the passages in a chronic state of dread anticipation. Roddice sewed, and read, and gardened with a sort of expectant readiness for some fresh emergency. She was not afraid. She scorned the idea of minding sleeping alone that night, as suggested by Nancy. But still it is a little uncomfortable to feel that at any moment a face and figure may present itself before you that is known to have been dead and buried for over a hundred years.

She did not fail to get up the next morning at the same early hour, and come softly down the gallery towards the great staircase, with her heart beating a little. But there was nothing moving. Not a footfall, not the rustle of a robe, stirred the dead stillness of the house.

Only when she got down stairs, out of doors, and came round the corner of the house, she was suddenly aware of a gaunt, brown figure hurrying stealthily along the terrace. She caught her breath for one surprised minute and changed colour; but it was only Goody Armitage, the old dame at the lodge, with the hood of her brown cloak pulled over her head and half across her face, and a big basket stowed under her apron. She was bent and withered with age, and Roddice wondered to see her out so early.

'Good morning, my beautiful young lady, you're out betimes,' said the old woman, and dropped a deferential curtsey. 'I've been out a-picking mushrooms,' said she, in a tone that seemed unnecessarily anxious to explain her appearance there; 'mushrooms for my girl to carry to market by and by.'

Roddice was surprised at the respectful friendliness of this overture. Goody Armitage was one of those who clung to the ways of the bygone race at Mildenhall. She generally spoke of the Comptons as 'these new folk.'

'I hope you have found plenty,' said the girl kindly.

'Why, yes, my lady, a good few,' returned the old woman, in the same conciliatory tone. But she did not offer to open her basket and display them.

Roddice, with a friendly nod, passed on.

It was on the evening of the third day following her strange rencontre that she was strolling along the little lawn between the standard roses with the two elder girls; the other three had gone to bed. The turret-clock was on the stroke of nine; the flower-scented dusk was growing into starlit dark.

'"Tis time for you to go in,' Roddice had just said, standing with a girl's arm in each of hers.

And so they had stood for a minute or so longer to listen to a nightingale in the trees just above them.

As they waited there, hearkening silently, distinct and hastily something

seemed to flit out from behind the high wall that backed the lily-of-the-valley bed, a little blue figure, that passed hurriedly out of sight into the shadow of the house.

'Oh! did you see?' the two girls whispered in a breath, drawing closer.

Roddice was a little pale. 'Yes,' she said, rather low, 'it was the same. It *must* be true about her.'

A minute's trembling silence under the rustling trees and the dark night's sky. Then Lady Compton's voice called out behind them, and she came up with a letter in her hand. 'Are you there, my dears? I have just had this from Miles by the afternoon coach. He may be here to-morrow.'

The girls were ready to break into their tale; but, with Roddice, news from Miles came before everything else—Blue Lady or no.

'He is coming sooner than he thought, is not he?' she said. 'Has he been successful, do you think?'—for she believed, with his little sisters, that he had been sent out on another Jacobite errand.

'Why—no,' said his mother, doubtfully.

Roddice was sorry. Poor Miles! But he would be home to-morrow. She wondered if he would not tell her perhaps a little about his failure.

Lady Compton had turned away and was walking quickly across the grass. 'There is poor old Goody Armitage again—there, under the terrace,' said she, as the others followed her. 'She has been here so often the last three days, I must ask her if she wants anything. Good even to you, dame. Are not you afraid of the dews this time o' day?'

'Eh! my good lady,' the old woman answered, hastily, starting and looking up in embarrassed confusion. Then recovering herself, 'It does me good sometimes to come and have a look again at all the old places round about the house. It have been my happiest home in times that are gone by. I hope you're not offended with me, my lady?'

'Nay, my good woman,' said Lady Compton, in her gentle way, 'you are welcome to come and go where you please. Did you want something at the dairy? You have brought your can, I see.'

'No, no!' cried the old body, quickly. 'I've been down to the spring by the pond after some water to wash my poor eyes. Folks say 'tis a charmed well, and the water has a sight o' healing in it.'

'Has it?' returned Lady Compton, with a kind smile. 'I am glad you find it so. Good night to you.'

The next day was the village festival.

By four o'clock the park was thronged with holiday-folk. The labourers of the estate filed in hilariously, to the can-can music of a chance barrel-organ that by good luck had passed that way in the forenoon. After them followed the whole rural population—men, women, and babes.

From the church-tower the bells clashed out a merry peal. Flags were flying from every gate and archway. The shrill melody of tin trumpets and shepherds' pipes squeaked high above the buzz of voices.

The Compton girls flitted in and out like beneficent elves, and their mother, as sweet a Lady Bountiful as ever stepped, was here and everywhere that she was wanted. John plodded about kind, but silent.

Lady Compton had just finished presiding over the cottagers' feast, and was proceeding into the garden to entertain the farmers and their buxom wives and daughters, when a servant came out to her and announced that 'Sir Miles had just arrived.'

He could hardly have chosen a more unpropitious day. His mother could only stay a minute to give him a sympathetic kiss, and exclaim, with a shocked sigh, 'how ill and worn he looked.'

He disclaimed it with a melancholy smile that sat strangely on his young, beautiful face.

'When all these people were gone, they would have time for a long talk,' she said, apologetically.

He assented as indifferently as though he never cared to talk again; and she, with a fresh anxiety for his altered looks, was forced to go back to her bevy of guests.

The young man looked wearily after her. All the yeomanry portion of the assemblage was gathered out there: shy damsels, and awkward youths essaying to play bowls, and one or two of his little sisters running in and out.

'Presently,' he supposed, 'they would all stream in to a great supper in the dining-room. Let him be well out of the way before that.'

Poor Miles! All he wanted was to be alone, to try and grow used to his new trouble.

He got out of the house by a side window, and went down by the little lawn towards the fish pond. There the great trees swept down to the water's edge, and shut out everything, even the sky. The voices from the park came hushed and far away. There was no sound but the lapping of the leaves and the uninterrupted ripple of the spring that bubbled up for ever through the pitcher of the little stone-nymph at the other side of the pond.

It was not quite lonely though. Roddice was sitting there, down close by the reedy edge, staring dreamily into the water, with her hands clasped round her knees.

This kind of rural feast was very uncongenial to the girl. To sit here in the stillness, and think and wonder was far more to her mind.

At the sound of footsteps drawing near, she looked round and started to her feet. Had Miles come back? Was he looking for her?

Trying to see between the trees, with a joyous smile springing up in her eyes, she stood there, a tall fair woman, clad in faint, warm peach-colour. A charm of grace was in the long sacque behind, sweeping straight from the square-cut boddice to lie in stately folds upon the grass, and the sleeves tied loosely just above the elbow-ruffles, with a

knot of deeper-coloured ribbon. Her hair was powdered to-day, and gave a greater softness and tenderness to her face, and darker depths to her grey eyes. On the top was a little mob-cap, with a spray of honeysuckle perched on one side; with the tiny patch, set a little one side of the round, cleft chin, there was nothing lacking to complete her loveliness.

Some one has said that 'the costume of that day, immortalised by Watteau, was the most beautiful that ever set off a beautiful woman.'

It could not be better applied than to John Dayrell's beautiful sister, as she stood up to meet Miles.

It was, however, lost upon him. Between him and it there swam the figure of a young, sweet girl, in a like gown of blue linen, and a simpler make.

She did not meet him to-day with 'Good-morning, Miles,' perhaps because it was the afternoon, perhaps because she thought—poor Roddice!—that they had told him she was here, and he had come in search of her.

The bells were still ringing merrily. They sounded to Miles like the clash of a wedding-peal, with a melancholy jar, as he fancied, running through it. Between their gay jingle, he seemed to catch, out of the distance, a voice like a sorrowful refrain—'Oh, sir, it's over soon to part!'

He flung himself down full length on the grass at Roddice's feet, offering no word after the first joyless greeting.

She, looking down at him with pitiful grey eyes, was amazed and grieved, being quick to catch any change in his expression. His face was pale and worn, with dark hollows under the eyes. He seemed utterly cast down and wearied. She had noticed too, in a minute, that he was all in black again, from sword-knot to shoe-buckle. She put it all down to some trouble at Court, and all her soul went out to him in sweetest sympathy; for in the depths of her heart Roddice was a Jacobite,—not for loyalty's sake, but only for Miles's!

'Oh, Miles,' she said, earnestly, 'have things gone so amiss?'

'Everything has been a miss,' he answered, punning bitterly at his own cost. 'Oh! those bells,' with his hand to his head, 'they will send me mad!'

The afternoon sun, trickling through the whispers of the leaves, glimmered softly in the clear brown water. The stillness round them was unbroken but for the low murmurs of the summer day.

Still looking down into his sad face, without her knowing it, the tears gathered like a dew in the girl's large, beautiful eyes. Miles, glancing up, saw them shining sweetly.

'What, Dis,' said he, with a sorrowful smile, 'are you so sorry for me, without knowing what it is?'

'Yes, indeed.' There was a quiver in her voice. 'You must know I should be sorry. Ah! Miles, tell me what makes you so sad?'

'My world has come to an end,' said he vehemently, and there his voice broke. He sat up, and began tearing up little bits of grass and moss, and flinging them into the water. 'Have you never felt, Dis, that life is a *burden* to you? that you would like to make an end of it all if you could not get what you wanted? No! How should you?' said he hastily, mistaking her sympathetic silence for inability to respond. 'What does it matter? After all it hurts no one but myself.'

'Oh yes!' she said, quickly, 'it hurts *me!*'

The next minute she would have given worlds not to have said it. The glowing carnation-red rushed over her face, dyeing temples and throat. She stood with breath almost failing till he should speak.

He had got up and was standing beside her.

'I am very sorry—I am very sorry,' he was saying.

She had turned away with her face hidden in her hands in an agony of shame. At the first sound of his voice she knew he had never thought of her. All her proud reserve was broken down. She was overwhelmed: She had not any self-possession left to turn it into jest, or even to cry —'Forget it. Think that I never said it.'

Miles was as much confounded as she. After all, his mother had guessed right. If he had but followed her counsel! He stood opposite the girl. He did not take her hand, he did not touch her. He hardly liked to look at her in her confusion. He was filled with a great tenderness of pity for her.

'Since you have let me look into you heart, Dis,' said he, very gently, ''tis but fair I should tell you mine.' And as she made no answer— 'Since last June I have given all my love away. That is why I am home so soon. When I went I was promised to marry, but I have lost my wife that should have been.'

The grief in his voice touched her to the quick. But she did not ask how he had lost her—whether she were married or were dead. She hardly seemed to hear him.

His compassion for her increasing—

'After all,' he began, 'why should you be so—so vexed? It is only as if I had said it, and you had turned me away. No? But dear Dis, what matter is it between friends like you and me? I am not a stranger. Do you think I shall ever remember this, except to be glad that I was worth your liking? 'Twill make no difference to our friendship,' and there he took possession of one of her hands and held it, quivering and burning, in a kind, firm clasp. 'We'—he was going to say, 'we should have been brother and sister if Muriel had married John,' but he changed it in time—'We have always been like brother and sister—at least—at least'—colouring a little—'I thought so. It need not come to an end, need it?'

'No—oh no!' she answered, in a stifled voice, with her face still turned from him.

There was a dreadful silence again.

'Shall I go?' said he, in the same gentle way. 'Or can I—no—what *can* I do for you?'

'Oh, go—go!' she returned, with a sound of great tears in her voice.

So he went—a little sadly for her sorrow—away through the trees.

And she, so soon as his steps were out of hearing, cast herself down upon the grass, and wished like many another, that she could die as she was, lying there by the water-side. She was not one of the women who weep and sob out their passion. She lay still, with her face in her hands, bowed down on the grass, disappointed, humiliated to the very earth. She had told him that she loved him, and he had rejected her! He had never cared for her. The dream and the delight of all her life was broken up and done. Wave after wave of shame and despair swept over her. There, while the leaves rustled over her and the water washed in the rushes, she lay, beaten down, and as she thought then, broken-hearted, fancying, poor soul, in the first bitterness of her anguish, that there was nothing left for her now but to go, thus grieving and desolate, all the way down her threescore years and ten.

Miles went slowly back through the garden, up a long straight walk with a hedge of lavender and rosemary on either hand. How it reminded him—!

He had hardly seen his sisters yet. But the two younger ones, as soon as they caught sight of him, flung duty to the winds, and abandoning table-serving and games alike, attached themselves to him for the rest of the evening.

In the first darkness of his trouble he shrank from meeting all the company on the lawn, shaking hands and exchanging salutations. But he liked having these two children with him. Their innocent prattle and fond, tender ways with him were like little tender breezes playing upon his sad mind. He fancied that this postponement of marriage must be as much a relief as a matter of condolence to his mother. As for John, though he had tried to speak with due sympathy on the subject, Miles felt that he looked upon him as one snatched from imminent perdition, a brand plucked from the burning.

He and the little girls strolled away by themselves, and sat down on the stone steps that led down from the terrace into the flower-beds.

'We won't make a noise,' said he, 'and nobody will find us out. I don't want to see any of them.'

'Why?' said Dorothy.

'Oh, I don't know,' returned Miles, with more evasion than sense.

'He's tired,' said Nancy, caressingly, 'after his long journey.'

'What's all this about the Blue Lady?' Miles asked, by and by.

'Oh, have you heard?' they cried, warming to the favourite theme.

'Somebody said she had been seen again. But I want to hear it all. Is it quite true, really?'

'Oh, really and truly! Dis met her one day on the stairs very early in the morning. And then they saw her again last night when it was

nearly dark, just there'—pointing—'going across the lawn to the little old room.'

'Ah—"the little old room!"' repeated Miles, considering. 'And anything else?'

They looked at each other. Dorothy nodded across, and Nancy told the rest.

'And one night Gardener went inside the old broken door, there, do you know? to look for a trowel he had left there, and he saw the Blue Lady standing up in the middle of the floor, and something very white and long spread out before her; and he said,' continued Nancy, lowering her voice, awe-struck, 'Gardener said—it was a *shroud!*'

'A fiddlestick!' said Miles contemptuously.

'Oh, no!' pursued Nancy, seriously. 'And we are so frightened now to go anywhere by ourselves when it begins to get dark. We think perhaps she will come one night when we are in bed. Mamma sits by us sometimes till we get to sleep. But she is busy to-night,' said the little thing, apprehensively.

'What foolish little chits!' exclaimed Miles, laughing. He took Nancy on his knee, and threw an arm round Dorothy. 'Don't get frightened. 'Tis some trick. Brother will find it out, never fear.'

The little girls looked incredulous, but comforted.

'Have you ever been in that little old room at the end of the house?' he went on.

'Oh, nobody goes there!' said they, fearfully.

'No, because the old steps up to it are broken away now. I tumbled down from the top to the bottom the last time I was there, when I was a small boy, and was forbidden ever to go again. But before that, sister Muriel and I used always to go and sit there in the summer. It made such a play-room! We used to read Shakespeare, and make up fairy-tales, and—all sorts of funny things,' concluded Miles, miscellaneously.

'And do you think the Blue Lady lives there?'

'I don't know. But I shall go and turn it all out to-morrow. There's a secret door in it somewhere, only none of us could ever find it out.'

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL OF VIAREGGIO.

A TALE OF CHILD-LIFE IN ITALY.

BY LINDA VILLARI, AUTHOR OF 'IN THE GOLDEN SHELL,' 'IN CHANGE UNCHANGED,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

WEEPING Gigia had now to realise the consequences of being scapegoat for another's sins. I think that when she told her heroic falsehood to shield Alexis from his mother's rod, she must have had some dim idea in her mind that the matter would end there, and no one but the Countess believe her guilty.

But her grandmother led her sternly down stairs without saying a word to stop her agony of sobs; and pushing her into the parlour where Signor Gianni and Rosina were sitting at the supper table, she exclaimed in a choking voice—

'Oh, Gianni! Gianni! to think that our Checco's only child should be a liar!'

Then in a few words she told her astonished listeners how Gigia had confessed the truth. In vain the little girl ran from one to the other; no one now believed her protestations of innocence.

The landlord knit his brows sternly, and would not so much as look at the weeping child. The circumstances of the case made Gigia's falsehood appear particularly heinous to him; and Signora Maria's mortification at having had the worst of it in the painful scene with the detested Countess greatly increased her anger against her grandchild.

Kind Rosina cried as bitterly as Gigia. She felt full of pity for the little sinner; she wanted to take her on her lap to kiss and comfort her, but Signora Maria would by no means allow her to do so.

The pretty tarlatan frock with its spangled wings, to which Rosina had put the finishing touches that very day, was hanging crisp and fresh from the back of a chair in readiness for Gigia to try it on; and presently Signora Maria caught sight of it as she pushed aside her untasted soup.

'Take away that finery!' she said angrily to her daughter, 'take it and burn it, for it will never be wanted now.'

The poor little girl, established forlornly at the extreme end of the table away from all the others, and raining hot tears into her plate, broke out into fresh prayers and protestations on hearing these fatal words.

'Oh! why will no one believe me?' she cried, in a frenzy of grief. 'Indeed, indeed I didn't break it! I only said so because Alexis made me.'

'Hold your tongue, wicked one,' replied her exasperated grandmother; 'don't add more lies to those you have already told.'

And Gigia beheld her lovely dress and wreath of roses carried off by Aunt Rosina. 'Oh pray, pray don't burn them!' she cried in her despair, and then, overwhelmed by the thought that all hope of being an angel was over for ever, she bent her head upon the table, and moaned as though her heart would break.

The landlord rose hastily and strode up and down the room. The child's misery dissipated his anger; he began to think she had been sufficiently punished.

'I can't stand this,' he said to his wife. 'Put the poor little thing to bed; she'll make herself ill with all this crying.'

Signora Maria began to have the same fear, but could not yet make up her mind to forgive the child. It was good that she should suffer for her falsehood.

Poor Gigia was indeed worn out by all she had gone through, and could hardly see out of her swollen, streaming eyes. No one bade her 'good-night' as she stumbled from the room. Her grandmother undressed her herself without uttering a syllable, and this silence was far more dreadful than the harshest words.

And then when the tired child had clambered wearily up into the high bed, Signora Maria tucked in the mosquito net, pretending not to see the little arms imploringly held out towards her, and left the room without saying a word to ease the panting little heart. Fortunately Gigia was so thoroughly exhausted that blessed sleep quickly came to close the heavy eyes; and for a while her troubles were forgotten.

It was a sad evening to the whole household, and nothing was talked of but Gigia's wicked conduct. There they all were in the entrance hall, where—as it was the coolest place in the house—they generally assembled when the day's work was done. The landlord stood in the open doorway, in his shirt sleeves, trying to soothe his disturbed feelings by smoking one cigar after another in rapid succession. All the details of the event on the terrace were discussed over and over again. Rosina tried hard to persuade her mother to reverse her decision about the procession, but Signora Maria thought it right to be inflexible; and as there now remained only one whole day before the great festival, the tender-hearted girl feared that there was scanty hope of obtaining Gigia's pardon in time for her to wear the dainty dress that—disregarding her mother's fiery orders—she had carefully folded and put away.

Raffaele was much distressed, and openly expressed his opinion that every one was very cruel to the child. 'As if all children did not tell

fibs,' said he to Teresa, 'and for the matter of that, grown people also!'

Teresa sniffed, and remarked that the padrone ought to know best; but she only said this from her inveterate love of contradiction, and entirely agreed with him in her heart.

More than once during the evening Rosina crept gently into her room to see how the child rested. At first Gigia had dropped into the deep sleep of exhaustion, but later the trials of the day began to appear in her dreams. On one of her visits Rosina found old Teresa bending over the bed, watching the child with anxious looks. Gigia's cheeks were very red, and she was sobbing heavily in her sleep. The rough old woman stooped and kissed her tenderly. The sobbing ceased then, and the pretty ripe lips parted in a happy baby smile. There were tears in the old serving-maid's eyes as she moved from the bed; she started violently on seeing her young mistress beside her, and tried in vain to look as solid as usual.

'Do you think she is ill?' whispered Rosina hurriedly.

'No thanks to the *padrone* if she isn't!' answered Teresa. 'How can any one be angry with that sweet baby? About a trumpery vase too! It's just shameful!'

And sniffing very much, and trying to tread softly in her creaking shoes, she retreated from the room.

As for Rosina, she was so miserable that she fairly cried herself to sleep, and presently woke with a start to find little Gigia sitting up with wide open eyes, throwing her arms about, and exclaiming, 'I didn't do it, Nonna; I didn't do it.'

'Lie down, dearie,' said her aunt, gently. But the child took no notice, and then Rosina, seeing that she was dreaming, took her in her arms and soothed and kissed her, till gradually she became calm and sank into a quiet sleep.

The next morning the wind, which had been rising all night, was blowing a perfect hurricane, and the waves were dashing noisily on the beach.

Gigia awoke, rubbed her eyes, listened for a moment to the howling *libeccio* and—not yet remembering her troubles—exclaimed—

'Oh auntie, auntie! listen to the wind! Do you think it is going to be bad weather for the procession to morrow?'

Rosina was already awake, and answered sorrowfully, without turning towards the child—

'You mustn't talk about the procession, you know, Gigia.'

'Why not?' asked the little thing, rubbing her eyes again, and wondering why they felt so sore and heavy. Then, as the events of the past day came back to her memory, all her sorrow returned, and she burst out crying.

'Will Nonna still be angry to-day?' she cried. 'Indeed, *indeed*, I didn't do it.'

And now Rosina began to talk seriously to her, saying that the only way of showing her repentance was by being very good and quiet, and that she must try and forget all about the procession.

At last poor Gigia, thoroughly depressed and subdued, ceased to assert her innocence, and let her aunt dress her in silence.

Nevertheless her heart was very sore at finding that all believed her guilty, and she felt the bitterest indignation against the cowardly Alexis, the cause of all her woes. She ran back into the room, and hid herself when she saw the boys coming down stairs to breakfast. She hated the sight of them as much as of their mother.

What a long miserable morning it was! No one scolded her, no one alluded to the broken vase; but the averted looks of her grandparents were hard to bear when her poor little heart was hungering for the loving words and caresses that had never failed her before. She moped about the house like a mournful little ghost; no one heard a merry child's voice that day; and her legs ached so much that, even had she wished, she could not have run about. Raffaele tried to cheer her by inviting her to come and help to wait upon her friends the officers, but nothing would induce her to show herself in the public room. What should she do if any one spoke to her about the procession?

Much as she wanted to know, she did not dare to inquire what had become of her angel-dress. Of course it had been burnt; and hot tears rolled down her cheeks at the thought. If she could only have flown to the kind English lady, who had left the house so hurriedly without even bidding her good-bye! Poor Gigia had a feeling that nothing would have happened had her dear Mrs. Aston remained at home. And Momo! he would have taken her part she knew, but unluckily the artist had taken him away also. Oh! if they would only come back! And the little disgraced girl grew more and more miserable as she thought of all these things, and the dull hours dragged slowly on.

Signora Maria had impressed upon her husband and Rosina the necessity of taking no notice of Gigia until she begged for forgiveness. They saw that she ate hardly anything at the mid-day dinner, but this her grandmother attributed to sulkiness, and never guessed how the poor little head was throbbing, the poor little hands burning.

As a rule, people who are over-indulgent with children, are rather apt to jump to the opposite extreme when their anger is really excited.

When the meal was over, Gigia crept forlornly across the yard and on to the terrace. Everything looked very dreary. No sun was shining, no swallows came to comfort her to-day. The mountains were invisible; dark, angry clouds were chasing each other across the sky; the paths down to the beach were blotted out by the drifting sand, blown wildly in every direction by the raging wind; the sea

was tossing and heaving in enormous white-crested waves, and came thundering far up on the land side of the bathing establishments.

Gigia did not gaze long over the parapet at this dreary prospect; the sand blew in her eyes, and she felt very weary. So hugging her battered old doll in her arms, she crouched in the sheltered corner near Mrs. Aston's window. Only enough wind reached her there to cool her aching head, and she presently fell into a doze. It was some time before she awoke, and then she felt refreshed, and a little more cheerful. She could hear a great trampling of feet, and the sound of many voices from the road beneath, and naturally peeped over to see what was the matter.

As it seemed, the whole population of Viareggio was streaming towards the pier. She could hear cries of 'The boats! the boats!' and could see her grandfather talking earnestly to a hurrying group of fishermen.

A daring idea entered little Gigia's head. What if she were to run to the beach to see what had happened! No one loved or noticed her now, she thought with a sob; no one would mind where she went; and she would take care to keep near to her Nonno. Her childish instinct made her feel that he was less angry with her than he seemed, and she did not think he would send her back.

So, bareheaded, just as she was, she ran down stairs, and instead of turning into the house, scampered across the dining-room, and through its outer door to the road. Of course this was very naughty of her, as she knew perfectly well that at no time was she allowed to go more than a few steps from the house alone; but the injustice under which she was suffering had made her reckless—as injustice commonly will when high spirited children are concerned. She was soon in the thick of the crowd, but her grandfather was nowhere to be seen. However, even if she would, she could not have turned back now, for she found herself borne forward in the teeth of the wind, and hemmed in on all sides by hurrying men and women. Now they were more than half way down the pier, and the cause of all this excitement became evident.

Two large fishing boats were rapidly nearing the shore, and it was feared that, storm-driven as they were, they might miss the narrow entrance to the harbour, and either be dashed against the pier itself, or wrecked on the beach beyond.

The wives of those on board were frantic with alarm, and rushed hither and thither, piteously imploring Heaven's assistance. And the men, with much shouting and swearing, had formed a chain, and were carrying a cable to the end of the pier ready to cast to the first boat that approached the dangerous harbour. Bewildered Gigia, jostled this way and that, began to feel thoroughly frightened in the midst of this excited, anxious crowd. In vain she looked for her grandfather; there was none but strange faces about her. Nearer and

nearer came the boats driven by the furious gale—the hurtling waves dashing angrily after them as though longing to overwhelm them in their depths. A tremendous gust assailed that which was nearest to the harbour mouth, and a great groan burst from the spectators. It seemed impossible that the boat could escape being dashed to pieces against the pier. No! it had cleared the corner safely; and a joyous shout rent the air as the towing-rope was caught by the men on board. And now to drag it in quickly over the sand-bar that nearly chokes Viareggio harbour, and out of danger before the other vessel approached the shore! Lustily pulled hundreds of willing arms; the boat was helped forward by a huge wave. Please God, that would carry it over the bar and into quieter water! No, it had lifted the stern too much, and the boat had struck the bar. In vain the long line of fishermen, women, and boys pulled desperately at the rope; for some minutes the boat remained immovable. This is an every-day occurrence at Viareggio. Often it requires an hour's labour to help a fishing-smack over the bar; and in smooth weather no one minds it, but now in this gale, and with the companion boat waiting to come in, the consequences might be terrible. Presently our runaway, clinging terrified to the side of the pier, buffeted by the wind, and drenched by the spray, heard her grandfather's voice at a little distance, encouraging the men to new efforts, and bidding them, in the name of common sense, to form a chain on the outer arm of the pier, and thus tow the second boat in alongside the first. Gigia tried to struggle through the crowd in the direction of the voice, but now men were rushing back towards the canal bridge, in order to reach the further side of the harbour; and it is wonderful how the child escaped being knocked down and trampled under foot. Several persons recognised her, but all were too excited by what was going on to notice that she was alone.

Now the first boat was at last over the bar, and all had hurried to assist in pulling in the second. Gigia had been borne back in the midst of the surging crowd to the beginning of the pier, and, shaking with cold and fright, was heartily wishing herself at home again. Her legs were aching so terribly that she could hardly stand. All at once the ground seemed to give way under her feet; everything seemed to whirl round and round; and clutching at the nearest post, and with a feeble cry of 'Nonno! Nonno!' she sank insensible on the stones.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

THE change in the weather had upset Mr. Aston's plans for a sketching tour, and decided him to return to his comfortable quarters in Viareggio; so, whilst our forlorn little heroine was lying exposed to the

storm on the pier, the artist and his wife drove up to the door of the hotel.

'And where is my little pet?' asked Mrs. Aston, glancing round the hall in search of the beaming child she had taken to her motherly heart. The landlady shook her head and sighed dismally as she replied—

'Doubtless she is ashamed to show herself, for she is very, very naughty, and knows that she does not deserve to be petted.'

Rosina wiped her eyes, and looked very mournful; and before Mr. Aston had transferred his numerous loose packages to Raffaele's care, and beaten down the driver's charges, Mrs. Aston had learnt the whole story of Gigia's delinquency and disgrace.

'But where is she, poor little thing? I should like to see her all the same,' said the pained lady, gravely. 'She is very young, remember—and I do think that the loss of joining in the procession seems punishment enough.'

Signora Maria looked inquiringly at Rosina, and Rosina at her; the servants were questioned, and then it appeared that no one had seen Gigia since dinner. The landlady began to feel vaguely frightened and remorseful for her sternness, as she recalled how forlornly the child had moped about all the morning. A thorough search was made for her all over the house, and every one was shouting 'Gigia! Gigia!' at the top of his or her voice. The officers quitted the dinner-table, and trooped into the hall in a body to inquire what had befallen the general favourite. Old Raffaele scrubbed his wrinkled brow with a table-napkin, and made incoherent remarks about some people's cruelty, that threw very little light upon the subject. Grim Teresa stumped about, sniffing prodigiously, and, with a fixed idea that Gigia must have hidden under a bed, entered every room in turn to explore for the lost child.

Rosina cried and wrung her hands, and her mother inwardly vowed many candles to the Volto Santo di Lucca.*

Mrs. Aston tried to believe, and tried to persuade every one else to believe, that no harm could have happened to the child, but nevertheless felt really uneasy. The howling wind that shook the house, added not a little to the general confusion and dismay. The child was nowhere indoors, thus much was certain; where then could she be? What had become of her?

Mrs. Aston longed to consult her husband as to what should be done, but he, as soon as he had seen his luggage removed from the carriage, had hurried down to the beach to study the magnificent waves, closely followed by Momo, who was all eagerness to join the excited crowd at the harbour mouth. For a few moments all stared blankly at each other; then Signora Maria decided that Gigia must have run into a

* A miraculous portrait of our Saviour on the Cross, said to have been painted by S. Luke, in the cathedral of Lucca.

neighbour's house, and was on the point of going out into the storm to inquire, when the landlord burst in at the door, exclaiming—

'She has been thrown up on the beach!'

'Santissima Vergine!' cried Raffaele, and Rosina and Teresa echoed the cry, while Signora Maria turned as pale as death, staggered against the door-post, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed out—

'My poor darling, my poor, poor darling!'

Mrs. Aston had not caught the sense of the landlord's rapidly uttered words, but seeing their affect upon the others, she sprang towards him, and grasping his arm asked nervously—

'What did you say about the child? Have you seen Gigia?'

'Gigia!' repeated the landlord, amazed. 'Scusi,* signora, I don't understand.' Then, looking round bewildered on the frightened group, he exclaimed, 'Why on earth are you all looking so scared? It's not the first time is it that a fishing boat has been wrecked, and I tell you, no lives are lost; she's a rotten old boat, and the cargo——'

But he was not allowed to go on, for exclamations of relief burst from all, and then he was told of his grandchild's disappearance.

At first he pooh-poohed the notion, but when assured that every corner of the house had been searched in vain, he became frantic with rage and anxiety.

'My sweet little one!' he exclaimed, his features working with pain. 'Lost! and in weather like this! And here you all stand like gaping idiots, instead of flying all over the town to find her!'

With these words he rushed to the door, which burst open just as he reached it, and Mr. Aston appeared, without his coat, and looking very grave, followed by Momo staggering under the weight of a dripping *something* he was carrying in his arms.

Signora Maria sprang forwards with a gasping sob, and tried to take it from him, but the boy pushed past her straight into the inner room, and placed his burden gently on the sofa. The lost one was found; but in what a state had our poor little heroine returned to her home!

As the artist's coat was unrolled a pale motionless form was disclosed. There, with closed eyes lay poor little Gigia, quite insensible. Her brown hair hung about her cold little face in dripping masses; her clothes were soaked with rain and spray. Quickly the tearful women undressed her, and chafed the little limbs, according to Mrs. Aston's instructions; Raffaele flew to fetch the doctor, and in a few minutes the poor little girl was in a warm bed, and beginning to show symptoms of returning animation. All crowded round her, anxiously watching for the moment when she should open her eyes.

'For Heaven's sake, take some of these people away!' whispered Mrs. Aston to her husband; 'she must be kept as quiet as possible when she comes to herself.'

* Excuse me.

Accordingly the artist, not without difficulty, persuaded every one but Signora Maria and Rosina to leave the room, and then he related how Momo had found the poor child lying insensible on the deserted, storm-beaten pier; and inquired how they could possibly have allowed her to leave the house in such weather. In return, the landlord, with various invectives against his wife, told how Gigia had been in disgrace for telling a falsehood, and bit by bit the whole story of the broken vase came out.

Momo who had been listening attentively, with tears streaming down his brown face, here started up and exclaimed—

'Why, the Russian boy broke the vase, *padrone!* I saw him do it!'

'So did I,' added the artist; 'Gigia was quite at the other end of the terrace when it fell!'

Then Mr. Aston went on to relate how, at the moment of leaving the hotel, he had sent Momo up stairs to fetch some article that had been forgotten, and impatient at the lad's delay, hurried back to the drawing-room himself. There he had found Momo, forgetful of his errand, absorbed in watching through the half-closed Venetians, the three children playing at processions on the terrace. Mr. Aston joined him at the very moment when Alexis snatched up the altar, and had thus witnessed the catastrophe of the vase.

'But what could you expect!' continued the artist, 'three children, and two of them boys, with no one to look after them, were pretty sure to get into mischief.'

The landlord took no notice of these last words. He was knitting his brows with an air of perplexity. 'I can't make out why the dear child should have taken the blame upon herself when questioned by the Countess,' he said slowly.

'What baby of Gigia's age could hold her own against that diabolical woman?' answered the artist warmly. 'Of course she was too frightened to know what she was saying. It seems to me that you have all been very injudicious with her. I know something of children,' he went on deprecatingly, 'for it is not long since we buried a sweet little angel very like your poor Gigia.'

And now the doctor was ushered in, out of breath from the rapid pace at which good Raffaele had hurried him to the house. He asked a few questions before entering the room where poor Gigia was struggling back to life, shook his head, and muttered gravely.

'H'm! chill! exposure! syncope after great mental excitement! Sounds bad! h'm! h'm!'

And then he softly opened the closed door, motioning to Signor Gianni not to follow him.

'Oh doctor, save her!' cried Signora Maria, sobbing noisily at the sight of the doctor. 'She is very ill; she does not know any one.'

The doctor gave one keen glance at the little sufferer, imperatively

imposed silence on the landlady, and then, after carefully feeling the child's pulse, stood watching her in silence for some minutes.

Indeed it needed no doctor's eye to see that poor Gigia was in truth very ill. She lay there with one cheek flushed bright red; her breathing was quick and jerky; her eyes half closed, but now and then opening into a vacant stare, and from time to time her limbs shook with convulsive starts. The doctor looked from the sobbing grandmother to the silently weeping Rosina, and then his eyes rested approvingly on Mrs. Aston's quiet, composed face; and it was of her that he asked the necessary questions, to her that he whispered a few urgent instructions. Rosina was sent to fetch a pair of scissors, and in a moment poor Gigia's head was shorn of its heavy brown locks.

Then, taking Signora Maria by the arm, the doctor led her into the next room.

'Cara Signora,' he said, looking appealingly at the landlord, 'you are far too agitated by your anxiety to remain with my little patient. I tell you that nothing but perfect rest and quiet can save her from brain fever. That lady by the bedside understands nursing, I see, so leave Gigia to her care; Rosina can help her.'

But the landlady protested that if she were kept out of the room, they must have in a sister of charity to attend to her, for that of course the English lady could not be expected to undertake the post of nurse.

'Indeed she will though,' interrupted the artist. 'I can answer for it, you won't get her to stir from that room, as long as there is the slightest danger.'

And so it was settled, amid many exclamations of gratitude from the landlord, in which his wife heartily joined as soon as she could succeed in stifling back a certain feeling of jealousy at yielding the care of her grandchild to a stranger.

'And now,' continued the doctor, helping himself to a huge pinch of snuff, 'remember one thing; if it cost you all your customers Signor Gianni, you must keep the house perfectly quiet for the next four-and-twenty hours. I don't think you'll find it hard, for I fancy that winning little woman there has found her way to every one's heart.'

He had hardly said the words when the Countess's voice was heard in the hall angrily demanding the landlord.

'It won't be easy to keep that woman quiet!' ejaculated the landlord despairingly.

'Then turn her out, my friend,' said the doctor calmly, as he took his leave. 'I'll give you a certificate that the house *must* be quiet at any price.'

The landlord walked out into the hall, carefully shutting the door behind him, and respectfully inquired the lady's commands.

She turned on him with a torrent of abuse, complaining that she

and her children had been kept waiting an unconscionable time for all they needed at dinner. Mr. Aston, who had followed the landlord, on his way to his own apartment, could not resist stopping to watch with artistic curiosity the ungoverned fury in the Russian's face. She was a fine woman, and might have been handsome but for her prominent cheek-bones and the evil character expressed by the hard lines about her mouth. The landlord apologised, explaining that the house was in confusion owing to the sudden illness of his little grandchild, and, repeating the doctor's mandate, concluded by begging the lady to lower her voice. But his words only served to heighten the Countess's fury.

'Something contagious, of course!' she exclaimed. 'And you dared to let her play with *my* children! I'll leave the house; I'll have you prosecuted! I'll——"

What more she would have raved I cannot tell, but at this moment Signora Maria burst weeping from the parlour. She had just been enlightened by Momo and Teresa about the true version of the accident, and her indignation against Alexis and his mother was increased by her remorse at having disbelieved Gigia's protestations of innocence. She tried to preserve her usual politeness of demeanour, but her heart was too full, and she exclaimed bitterly—

'I wish to heaven, madam, that my poor Gigia never had played with your story-telling boys, for that game was the origin of all this trouble. It was the Signorino who broke my vase!' she said, pointing sternly to Alexis, who shrank terrified behind the maid, 'not my poor little girl, upon whom he was cowardly enough to throw the blame!'

'You're mad, woman!' roared the Countess. 'The brat herself confessed her guilt.'

Mr. Aston thought it time to interpose, and, with a slight bow to the Countess, gravely stated that he could vouch for the truth of the landlady's words, as he himself had been a witness of the accident. The Countess pretended not to believe him.

'My own maid saw the girl do it,' she retorted, though in a less arrogant tone than she had used to the landlord.

'That is impossible, madam, for your own maid was not on the terrace at the time,' continued the artist. 'I drove past her a few minutes afterwards, walking near the station with a man.'

'Yes!' broke in triumphantly ragged Momo's treble, 'with that good-for-nothing who was turned out of the shipbuilder's yard the other day for thieving.'

These positive statements silenced the Countess. She glared at each member of the party in turn, and then strode towards the whimpering Alexis cowering behind the defiant-looking maid.

The boy gave a yell as she approached, and tried to run away into the yard; but his mother was too quick for him. In a moment she had seized him by the shoulders and forced him down upon his knees.

'Did you or did you not break that vase?' she demanded, in a voice hoarse with rage.

'Speak the truth, lad, and shame the devil,' said the artist imperatively, but not unkindly.

'Ye-e-e-es, I did break it!' confessed the boy at last, amid a passion of frightened sobs; 'but—but I knew I should be whipped if I said so.'

'Ah! and I suppose that was why you persuaded poor little Gigia to take the blame?' asked the artist, with a significant glance towards the landlord and his wife.

'Ye-e-es!' sobbed the boy.

'Vermin!' shrieked the Countess, giving the unlucky child a tremendous blow, that made the blood gush from his nose. 'Come up stairs—you shall pay for this!' And the infuriated woman seized the struggling child by the back of his neck and tried to force him towards the stairs.

'For shame, madam!' cried the artist. 'I warn you that I will send for the police on my own responsibility if you don't leave the child alone.'

And disregarding her assertions that she might do what she liked with her own child, Mr. Aston fairly wrenched the boy from her grasp and placed himself in front of him. The Countess was mad with rage, and eyed the artist as though about to strike him too. Other inmates of the hotel were watching the scene from the stairs. On the countenances of all present she read nothing but condemnation and disgust. The landlord's patience was exhausted, and, approaching the panting woman, he said firmly—

'Look here, Signora, I will not have these scandalous proceedings in my house. My grandchild is dangerously ill; nothing but quiet can save her, and I tell you plainly you shall not pass another night beneath this roof. I request that you will pack up and leave as soon as possible; and, as the gentleman has said, the police shall be summoned if you attempt to ill treat the boy while you remain here.'

At this most unusual speech from an hotel keeper to a customer, a murmur of applause was heard from all the spectators, and an approving '*Dice bene*' ('He is in the right') from the young lieutenant who was among them. For perhaps the first time in her life the Countess was cowed, and succumbed to the force of public opinion.

Muttering that nothing would induce her to stop in a house where she had been so insulted, and that the landlord might send up his bill at once, she swept up the stairs with a very poor attempt at dignity, and within an hour had left the hotel for good and all.

(*To be continued.*)

KÖRNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER V.

THE DARK DAYS OF GERMANY.

In order to understand the state of feeling prevalent in Germany at the beginning of the year 1813 it is necessary to take a glance at the events which had agitated the Continent since the French Revolution. Europe had been the scene of warfare, with little intermissions, for twenty years, since first the Allied Powers made war on France in 1793 to suppress the Revolution and restore the exiled dynasty, when their armies were driven back by the force of the young Republic fighting for its existence.

In the series of campaigns which followed, the success which attended the Republican arms encouraged the French to pursue the path of aggression, and in 1802 Napoleon Buonaparte, having defeated nearly all the Continental powers, was able to dictate peace on his own terms. States which had formerly refused to treat with the Republic were now obliged to take the limits of their territories from the hands of its general. France became possessed of the provinces on the left bank of the Elbe, and changes were introduced into the German empire, whose minor states were exalted or abased to suit the convenience of the conqueror. Divided by petty jealousies amongst themselves, these lesser states were united in jealousy of Austria and Prussia.

The national spirit was dormant in Germany at that period. Taking the lead in philosophy and in science, she had been looked upon as the academy of Europe; a cosmopolitan spirit had prevailed, and patriotism was a virtue which had fallen into disrepute. Writing about the middle of the eighteenth century, one of the greatest poets of the day could 'thank God that he did not know what patriotism meant.' But an awakening was taking place. 'Among the foremost men in Germany,' we are told, 'there were two parties: one which looked for political salvation only in opposition to Napoleon; another, and much larger, which hoped to achieve it through his instrumentality.' The court of Prussia formed an alliance with Napoleon, and other states followed her example.

After the murder of the Duc d'Enghien in 1805, war again broke out. England, Austria, and Russia united against France. Napoleon, disappointed in his hopes of vanquishing England on the sea and making a descent upon our island, turned all his energies to subjugating her allies. He defeated the Austrians at Ulm, and the united forces of Austria and Russia at Austerlitz, striking terror into the heart of Germany by the rapidity and force of his strokes. Prussia was urgently

entreated to come forward to the assistance of Austria in her peril, and a strong party was in favour of war; but the king, who had hesitated until the right moment was past, now fearful of sharing the fate of his neighbours, hastened to restore friendly relations with France, and a peace, which the nation regarded with shame and disapproval, was concluded. The following year the confederation of the Rhine was formed, and the Empire of Germany declared to be at an end. The confederation had certain advantages, but the destruction of the ancient constitution aroused grief and suspicion. The King of Prussia soon found himself treated with contempt by his powerful ally, and before long serious differences arose, upon which Napoleon would offer no satisfaction. The popular feeling in favour of war ran high; the nation felt itself humiliated; and the king, urged on all sides, unwillingly entered the field of contest. Napoleon embraced with satisfaction the opportunity for fresh conquests; his brother Jerome was still without a crown, and where could he seek it better than on the plains of Germany? His soldiers also were eager to measure their strength against the armies which inherited the prestige of the great Frederick. The terrible battle of Jena crushed with one blow the power of Prussia. The king, with the remnant of his army, withdrew towards the Vistula, and in a month Napoleon was master of nearly the whole kingdom.

Berlin was now doomed to suffer the indignities of a conquered capital; its inhabitants were intimidated by severity, and insulting proclamations were posted on the walls, with libellous allusions to the queen, and her supposed influence in favour of the war. Napoleon took up his residence at Potsdam, whence he issued his famous decrees against England and English commerce.

In November, 1806, he advanced to push his conquests northwards, and early in the following year he fought the Russians who were united with the wreck of the Prussian army at Eylau, and, after a desperate struggle, remained master of the field. The capitulation of Dantzig, and the battle of Friedland, completed the disasters of the campaign, and the peace of Tilsit followed, by which Prussia was humbled to the dust. All her territory to the left of the Elbe was taken from her and united with the duchy of Hesse to form the kingdom of Westphalia for Jerome Buonaparte; several of her eastern provinces were also torn away, and the fortress of Magdeburg, her great stronghold, became a French possession; her roads were declared to be military highways, open at all times to French troops; her army was limited to 50,000 men; and the expenses of the war—a vast sum, the exact amount of which Napoleon left to a future date—were to be paid by her.

The Queen of Prussia, at the king's request, had come to Tilsit, and endeavoured by her sweet and gracious presence to soften the heart of the conqueror, but not one concession could she wring from him; and the sense of having done her duty in the attempt was her only reward. The king and queen retired to a distant part of their diminished territory,

while French officers and officials administered affairs at Berlin; here they lived in the greatest simplicity, and the king laboured with the help of his ministers, especially Baron Stein, to improve the internal condition of the country and to re-model the army. At the end of two years a return to Berlin became possible, but the queen's health had been undermined by her heavy griefs and the intensity of her sympathy with the griefs of her people. She died in little more than a year after returning to Berlin, just three years after the peace of Tilsit, and was mourned by the whole nation.

The terms made with Alexander of Russia were very different. Napoleon had conceived the idea of a Russian alliance, and so dazzled the mind of the young emperor by including him in his projects for future conquests, that he became for a time his firm friend and ally.

The five years which succeeded this disastrous war were years of gloom and suffering for the whole of Germany. The decrees against English commerce pressed with especial weight upon the North German towns. The description of Hamburg at this time gives an idea of the general misery. Three hundred vessels lying unrigged in the Elbe, insolvency among her merchant princes, and pauperism among the working population, while everywhere was the rapacious foreign official, on the watch to make his levies upon the slender store of such as could still find employment.

The time for the withdrawal of the French troops was perpetually postponed upon one pretext or another, and the maintenance of these soldiers was in itself a grievous burden. It is difficult for us in our happy insular security to realise the condition of a country occupied by foreign troops, the countless indignities, the galling restraints, the ever-present sense of degradation which the words imply. The press was under strict control,[1] and even private correspondence subjected to strict espionage. Yet amidst the gloom and dejection which prevailed, there were not wanting earnest men who strove to keep alive a spirit of independence, who looked for a day of redemption for Germany, and who hailed the reviving spirit of patriotism and of unity as the central point round which their hopes might gather.

Nations, like individuals, are sometimes purified by suffering.

'Must we not therefore feel ourselves great,' wrote Frederick Perthes, 'seeing that we are born in such evil times? I do not despair, but feel strongly convinced that, although the ancient form of the Germanic Empire has fallen to pieces, the future history of Germany is not destined to be the history of its downfall, if only every one does what he can in his own station.'

'God's providence is leading in a new order of things,' said Queen Louise. 'The old order has had its time, and is falling to pieces like a thing that is dead; but my belief in God is firm, and consequently in a just ordering of worldly affairs.'

Others, unable to take a hopeful view of present or future, believed

that Europe was given over into the power of Napoleon, and that resistance to his will was useless. The historian Müller, writing from Berlin in 1807, says, 'I call to mind the seer of antiquity, who knew by the signs of the times that God was about to create a new thing in the earth. Jeremiah had wept himself blind, but yet he saw that Asia, as also his own people, was given into the hands of the Babylonians,' and he counselled submission as the only prudent course. In like manner in this wonderful year are the nations taken as in the net of the fowler, from Cadiz to Dantzig, from Ragusa to Hamburg, and soon everywhere it will be *l'Empire Français*, whether for seventy years, as in Babylon, or for seven hundred, as in Rome, who can tell?'

A great secret society was formed, called the Tugendbund, which spread its ramifications into every German state, and means were found to circulate papers and pamphlets of a tone calculated to strengthen the national feeling.

The rising in Spain in 1808 caused universal joy; the progress of the Peninsular war was eagerly watched, and when, in 1809, Austria, seeing Napoleon embarrassed in Spain, sought to throw off his yoke, the hopes of Germany revived. 'Would Prussia join the cause?' was the question asked by every one. The ministers exerted all their influence, but the king held back; he felt himself bound by his treaties, and feared to see his country yet more hopelessly crushed. To many among his people, inaction at this moment seemed fatal, and a vast conspiracy was formed to make a bold movement for the liberation of the country. The success of the brave peasantry in the Tyrol, and the triumph of the Archduke Charles at Aspern, raised the belief that the right hour was come; the standard of revolt was raised by Dornberg in Westphalia, and Major von Schill led out his heroic band to their daring and fatal enterprise.

The fate of Schill was lamentable indeed; for months he had been training a chosen company of officers and men, yet without exciting the suspicion of the French in Berlin. When Dorenberg rose, papers were discovered implicating Schill, and although he feared the time was not fully ripe, he was obliged to act at once, or relinquish all hope of action in the future. He therefore marched out, and invited all who desired the freedom of their country to join his standard. He had hoped to obtain possession of one of the great fortresses of Germany, but, failing in the attempt, he retired to Stralsund; there, besieged by an overwhelming force, he waited in vain for expected succour from England, until at length the feeble fortifications being destroyed, the brave little band was taken. And on the very day when the French flag was hoisted on the ramparts of Stralsund, the British cruisers came in sight, too late to save von Schill, who was hastily executed; eleven of his followers suffered death a few days later; they embraced each other, and went cheerfully to their doom, which was light indeed compared to that of the prisoners who survived. Young men of the noblest families in

Prussia, they were heavily ironed and sent to the galleys of Cherbourg to wear out an existence of hopeless misery among common felons.

The insurrections were crushed; the Duke of Brunswick, who had striven in vain to effect a junction with Schill or Dorenberg, after performing heroic feats, led his black legion to the coast, whence those tardy British cruisers conveyed them in safety to England.

Baron von Stein, who had laboured to promote the rising, was dismissed from office at Napoleon's command, and obliged to fly for his life to another land.

Napoleon once more triumphed over Austria; after the battle of Wagram he again dictated peace in Vienna, and the whole of Germany was now in his paralysing grasp.

Saxony and Bavaria, it is true, by their unwavering allegiance to France, had escaped the miseries which had befallen their neighbours; but Napoleon demanded great sacrifices from his friends and allies, as well as from his foes. Even his brother Jerome was driven to remonstrate against the heavy sums which he was expected to wring from his subjects in Westphalia, for the treasury of France.

Austria, though reduced in territory, suffered less than some of the more commercial states; and after Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise, her position was ameliorated.

Fear led the lesser states to unite themselves more closely with the conqueror, and when in 1812 (his short-lived alliance with Alexander being dissolved), Napoleon determined upon the invasion of Russia, and swept through Germany with his devouring host—in whose ranks all the nations under his sway were compelled to serve; when in Dresden he assembled round him the princes of more than half the civilised world as his vassals or his allies—his power seemed truly invincible.

As the campaign opened, and victory after victory was announced, while the Russians continued to retreat before him, all hope of deliverance was at an end. Towards the close of the year, vague rumours of disaster and defeat were whispered, but none dared to credit them; when suddenly to the surprise of all, the publication of the 29th bulletin confirmed without a shadow of doubt the tidings that the French host was annihilated. The news reached Berlin about the middle of December; it was later in reaching the more distant provinces. We are told how in Hamburg the citizens were preparing in gloomy and desperate dejection to celebrate the Christmas festival when, on the 24th, the astounding news arrived—"a miracle had been wrought, a star of hope had arisen!—such a Christmas Eve was kept as had not been known for many a long year."

(*To be continued.*)

ONE TRAGEDY AVERTED BY ANOTHER.

(*Abridged from the French.*)

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

It is at the risk of striking a note that has become wearisome from frequent repetition that we cannot help reviving from a book of forty years ago the story of the effects of a Breton sacred drama, not exactly a passion play, but more like a mystery. The book is an early one of Emile Souvestre's, printed in 1841 at Brussels, and entitled *Memoires d'un Sans-Culotte Bas Breton.* We have no doubt that, though the thread on which the incidents are hung may be imaginary, they themselves are all facts, and as, in the four- or five-and-thirty years that we have possessed the book we never met with any one else who had read it, we venture to give an account of the wonderful episode we have referred to. The Sans-Culotte, whose name is Baptiste . . . . . , is the son of a *bourgeois* at Rennes, and after being educated for the priesthood, has become a man of business, engaged in the Revolution, more from circumstance than opinion.

He had been at Rennes on some mercantile affairs in the summer of 1793, and was about to return to Brest, when the wife of one of his friends entreated him to go by way of La Roche Bernard, and escort thither a poor girl named Claire de la Hunoterie, who had just been deprived of her shelter in one of the convents of Rennes, and was in peril from the passion of Pochole, the revolutionary chief in command of the city, and a friend of Carrier. At Roche Bernard she could be hidden by her relations, but to escape thither was almost impossible. Baptiste, however, undertook the dangerous commission, and the good lady brought the poor child to him at nightfall, disguised as a peasant of Morbihan. He took her with him in a cabriolet; but the first difficulty, and one for which he had not been prepared, was to pass the sentinels. He had hoped to escape this by not getting into the carriage till they were beyond the gates, but there was an outpost of which he had not been warned, where passports had to be verified, and while waiting for his turn, he heard the following altercation going on :—

'This boy is not mentioned in your papers,' said the officer on guard.

'He is my son.'

'No matter. We let no one pass without a special safe conduct. Those are the orders.'

'Not even a child?'

'There are no more children! The nation only recognises aristocrats and sans-culottes. Go back and get a pass for your lad.'

Audacity was Baptiste's only hope, so he stepped forward saying, 'I hope, citizen, your orders do not apply to women.'

'Women as well as men.'

'Are they supposed to be going over to the enemy?'

'Perhaps.'

'I didn't know they were a prohibited commodity.'

'You know it now.'

All this was very brief and blunt. Baptiste had one hope left. He turned to the girl and said, 'You hear, my dear, your pretty face can't be your passport.'

This made the officer glance at Claire, and struck with her sweet face, he asked more gently, 'Has the citoyenne no pass?'

'She never thought of one. Poor child! she came to see her friends at Rennes, and I have been asked to take her back; but she must wait for another chance.'

His coolness put the officer off his guard, and with a certain desire not to be harsh to a pretty, frightened girl, he asked if she had any paper or letter that could prove that she belonged to Roche Bernard, but of course she was destitute of any. At that moment of perplexity, a peasant, who had also been kept waiting, came forward. Baptiste knew him at once for a Breton, who had been in the service of a certain Citoyen Sauveur, a friend of his, who had been killed by some of the Chouans with great barbarity. The man, whose name was Pierre, made a sign to Baptiste not to recognise him, and coming forward said, 'Are you talking of Roche Bernard? I belong there, and am going thither with despatches.'

This was true, and the officer, after looking at his papers, said, 'Do you know that girl?'

Pierre gave a sneering laugh. 'I don't know,' he said; 'I thought she was Rose Murin, but she has altered since she left home four months ago.'

'How so?'

'She used to know her neighbours, and speak civilly to them; but it seems that Rennes has made her too fine!'

And some highly personal inventions about her childhood having convinced the officer, he allowed her to pass, and the cabriolet proceeded, but was presently overtaken by Pierre, who was a shrewd and generous fellow, of no particular politics, but getting employment from the existing powers, though always ready to serve the distressed, and with a warm regard for Baptiste, as a friend of his late master. These were the late days of the Vendean and Breton loyalists, when all the gentle and chivalrous leaders had long been killed, and nothing remained but the desperate men who still lurked in the woods, embittered into savage reprisals by the devastation of their homes, and becoming the terror of travellers.

Bending down on his saddle, he whispered to Baptiste, 'She is

a *ci-devant*, is she not?' and receiving a sign of assent—'Sought for?'

'Yes.'

'Yet you are on the high road! If you are pursued, you will be easily caught!'

'What can be done? The by-roads are not fit for the carriage, and Claire cannot walk.'

Pierre had nothing to say to this, and they went on in a clear, still moonlight night, in a silence that made the wheels perilously audible. Suddenly two shots were heard in the distance, then the well-known owl-like hoot of the Chouans, and a third report.

'That is on the road,' said Pierre. 'The brigands are attacking some one.'

The travellers waited and listened. After some time the owl-cry was heard, but more to the left, and was responded to by more distant shouts.

'All right,' said Pierre; 'That is over, and the brigands are off.'

'Are you sure?'

'Don't you hear their recall? The prey is caught, the ambush is broken up; they are gone to supper. We can go on. If they kill us it will not be in the same place.'

With this pleasing assurance the party proceeded, and in about a quarter of an hour came to a dying horse by the side of the road, evidently belonging to the object of the recent attack. Pierre suggested that the saddle and bridle might be transferred to Baptiste's horse, and then, taking Claire *en croupe*, they could turn into a bye-lane, leaving the carriage behind them, so that if they were being pursued, the sight of it would lead to the inference that they had been seized and carried off by the brigands. This was carried out, and they entered a narrow hollow lane. Before long they heard the unmistakable tramp of cavalry on the high road, and perceived the wisdom of his advice. But if they had escaped the peril of Pochole's pursuit of the escaped Demoiselle de Hunoterie, they were encountering that of the royalists. Pierre soon observed traces that the lane had been lately trodden, and presently, after about two hours, at a crossing of roads, he came to an oak tree, beneath which a shattered cross had been repaired, a sure sign of their handiwork. The lower branches of the tree were broken all on one side, and in this he read that the brigands were near, since such were the tokens they used among themselves, but as it was uncertain whether they were before or behind, it was judged best to keep straight on.

'But,' said Pierre, 'we must cross a copse that may be as full of aristocrats as of foxes. Keep your eyes open, citoyen, and watch your horse's ears.'

They were in fact entering a thicket of underwood, with a tortuous path through it. Pierre stooped low over his horse's neck, keeping in

advance, and Claire clung close to her protector, trembling so much that he began to comfort her by the assurance that she had nothing to fear, since her uncle and brothers were among the royalists. In the midst Pierre gave a low cry, and galloped forward two shots were heard. Baptiste's horse fell, and several men sprang over the ditch between the copsewood and the road. Baptiste's leg was under the horse, and he could only cry, 'This is Mademoiselle de la Hunoterie,' when a violent blow on the head rendered him insensible. The rest of the story we give from his own words.

I was recalled to consciousness by a sensation of cold, and mechanically stretching out a hand, I encountered a wall of branches and leaves. Then I tried to raise myself on my elbow, but it was some time before I could collect my thoughts. My head was in violent pain, and everything swam before me like figures in a dream. At last a sense of reality returned to me, and I looked about.

I was lying on a litter of barley straw, in a large hovel of branches, a great fire burning in the midst, round which a dozen men sat talking, all wearing the Breton dress, the goat-skin cloak and long hair, except one, who might be known for a Vendean fugitive, by the Chollet handkerchief round his hat, and the sacred heart and chaplet on his dark waistcoat. They were armed with guns and hunting-knives. At first I could catch nothing of their talk for all were speaking at once, in French and Breton, and using much action. Suddenly there was a long whistle outside; it was answered by one from within, footsteps approached and several men came in.

'Well, Fine Ear?' asked the Vendean.

'M. de la Hunoterie is not at home,' said the young man who had come in first.

'What have you done with the young lady?'

'Old Rose knew her as her master's niece, so I left her at the Manor House.'

'Did you get no orders about the others?'

'There was nobody there. Only the lady bade me do them no harm.'

'Very well,' said the Vendean, 'nobody asked her opinion. I'll take care of the others.'

'She said she would come for them to-morrow with her uncle,' added Fine Ear.

'She'll find them! We don't eat man's flesh. I will keep them all in one, that they may be the easier to take away.'

The Bretons looked at one another uneasily.

'But if the captain does not want them killed, M. Storel?' said one of them, hesitating.

'I'm captain for this quarter of an hour, my boy,' roughly answered the Vendean. 'My will shall be done, or I'll know why. First let

us see what tale this paper, found on the little one, tells. Fine Ear, you're just out of the seminary. Take it.'

The young Breton took the paper, and asked for a *lutic* (or torch of resin) to read it.

I had thought Pierre safe, but what I heard proved the contrary. I looked anxiously round, and saw him on the further side of the hut, seated on the ground, motionless, with his head upon his knees. Just then the young scholar began to read the despatch that had been taken from our companion. I listened. It was a long letter, in which the representatives ordered the government of Roche Sauveur (as Roche Bernard had been named, in honour of citoyen Sauveur) to renew their search in the country, to quarter troops on every parish that refused to give up corn or cattle to the Republic, and to yield *to the just fury of their country's defenders* such as had taken up arms. 'March upon the rebel districts such troops as are at your disposal,' ended the despatch, 'burn whatever can be burnt, strike what can be struck, destroy the rest, and let a stake be set at the entrance of the revolted villages, bearing these words:—"Here was once a rich and populous country which resisted the will of the nation. The nation has made it a desert."'

The reading of the letter had been often broken by the imprecations of the royalists, and when it was finished there was one howl of rage.

'Let them come,' cried all the voices together; 'we have powder and ball in the parishes. Let them come; we are ready.'

'Be easy, my lambs,' sneered the Vendean; 'they are coming fast enough. Now we have nothing left in our country but burnt houses, fallow fields, and wells foul with corpses; they will soon be here. Every one in his turn. You will soon see the Blayence grenadiers carrying your wives' ears as a chaplet, and your babies' heads on the points of their bayonets. Whoever you leave unkilled will kill one of you; for, don't you see? when a blue and a white meet, it is wolf and dog—one or other must be throttled.'

'We'll throttle them!' cried the Bretons.

'All right! You may begin at once.'

Every eye was turned on Pierre.

'Indeed,' said one of the peasants, 'he is the bearer of the order to slaughter us all.'

'Let me put a ball right through him,' cried a second, lifting his gun.

Storel stopped him.

'Powder is scarce, boy,' he quietly said. 'Keep yours for a better time.'

'Let us kill him with stones, like a dog,' resumed the peasant.

'That's one notion,' carelessly replied Storel.

'Hang him at the oak at the cross roads,' said another.

'Cut off his head.'

'Put out his eyes.'

'Bury him alive.'

All these proposals were made at almost the same moment; the Vendean listening with a knowing smile.

'You are children,' he said at last; 'I'll undertake it.'

I shuddered with horror. I knew what horrid barbarities were committed by the brigands, and I saw a grim ferocity in all their eyes. Their rage had been fanned by their threats, cruelty had passed from word into will, and the search for the mode of execution had made them bloodthirsty. They drew round the Vendean, who was coolly filling his pipe.

'What are you going to do with the fellow, M. Storel?' asked the boldest.

The leader looked round.

'Come,' he said, 'do you want to laugh? If you like I'll make him dance barefoot on the embers, or I'll cut off his ears and serve them up to him for supper.'

'Yes, yes,' cried some with a ferocious grin.

'But that would not kill him,' cried the one who had wanted to shoot him.

'Patience,' answered Storel. 'Never be in a hurry. Don't you want him to feel himself dying, master citoyen? We'll get a little sport first, and when he is tired we will nail him up against the door like a bat, with the representatives' letter fastened on his breast. How do you like that, my boys?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Let us see, then. Have you some bits of rope and nails?'

'Not here,' was the answer; 'but at the farm.'

'Where?'

'At Solian's, at the side of the copse. We will go and fetch some.'

'I'll come,' said Storel. 'I'll choose; and on the way I can look up the boys who are watching the road. Silence!'

The royalists took their guns and went out. Fine Ear remained by the fire with six or eight peasants who could only speak Breton, and had taken no part in what had passed.

I then raised myself to look at Pierre, whom I had not been able to get sight of throughout the scene. He was in the same place and position; but when the footsteps of Storel and his fellows had died away, he slowly raised his head. His face was pale, his eyes wide open, but a lofty courage was contending with horror in his countenance.

For some moments he gazed about him as if to collect his senses, and seek whether there were still any chance of safety. Then his eye fell on the group of royalists on the hearth, and gradually I thought his looks became animated; he sat upright, and with a calmness of voice that struck me, he said—

'Good-day, Guillaume Salaün.'

They all turned sharply round with exclamations of surprise.

'The villain knows your name!' said Fine Ear to one of the peasants.

'Yours too, Claud Menèz,' answered Pierre. 'And yours, Jean Guiader, Pierre Leguera, Louis Ledu.'

They all stood up crying—

'He knows us! who art thou then?'

'A man of your own parish.'

They came nearer, and Fine Ear said—

'I have a notion of a fellow like that.'

'Is he not little Pierre Guesno?' asked Louis Ledu, hesitating.

'Exactly so,' the rest cried. 'Little Pierre, who acted the tragedy with us at Vannes.'

There was a moment of universal surprise and embarrassment. It was evident that then present hostility prevented an overflow of happy recollections.

'Why did you join with the Blues against us?' sharply demanded Fine Ear.

'A poor fellow like me does not choose his place,' replied Pierre. 'God puts him there.'

'If you had got to Roche Bernard, we should all have been killed in the villages.'

'I should not have given orders for it.'

'No; but you carried them.'

'My horse carried both; but you are not angry with him.'

The peasants made no reply. There was a pause, and Fine Ear came nearer the fire.

'It was a pity you did not take the other road,' he said, affecting indifference. 'M. Storel is furious against the Blues, and will not let any off.'

'I did not know that the folks of the *upper country* were masters here,' said Pierre.

'The Vendean is not our master,' quickly returned Fine Ear.

'Yet he waits for nobody's orders.'

The Bretons again stared at one another, and scratched their heads in uncertainty. Pierre had just awakened two feelings dormant in all their hearts, dislike to their neighbours on the other side of the Loire, and jealousy of a strange leader. In fact it had not been without vexation that they had seen Storel assume the post of second in command in the Chevalier de la Hunoterie's troop, and his perpetual ironical comparisons of the brilliant battles of the Bocage to the guerilla warfare of the Breton royalists had not been conciliating. So I judged by the muttered conversation that took place close to me between Jean Guiader, Jacques Leguera, and Fine Ear. Pierre was out of hearing, but no doubt he pressed it, for, after a short silence, he again addressed Salaün.

'What do you want?' he gruffly asked.

'I want to leave you the commission of a dying man,' returned the youth.

Fine Ear drew near.

'Since the man from the up country commands,' added Pierre, 'I know I can expect no pity; he will be only too glad to see the colour of a Breton's blood; but you, Guillaume, who received your first Communion with me, you cannot refuse a Christian's entreaty.'

'Say on,' answered Salaün.

'There is my aunt at Locminé. The curé gave me to her over my mother's grave, and she never reminded me that I was a poor orphan. Your remember her, Guillaume, for she gave us cakes in the holidays.'

'I know her,' said Fine Ear.

'Well, she is very poor since the Blues ravaged her lands and emptied her stores. I used to share my food with her and a priest she is hiding. When they miss me, they will think I have forsaken them, and that is enough to break my heart. Promise to go and tell them my misfortune.'

'I promise,' said Fine Ear, touched.

'God reward you! Only do not tell the poor thing that they made sport of my pain, for she is old, and she loves me. Let her think I died quietly, and was laid in holy ground like a Christian. And if you should find her starving, Guillaume, remember that you have eaten her bread.'

Pierre's voice had become agitated as he spoke. The recollections he had perhaps only called up in order to touch Salaün, had overcome himself. Elevated by the mournful grandeur of his situation, he had been moved by the pathos of his own words, and anxiety for his safety had insensibly given way to a kind of enthusiastic resignation. His heart was softened, and at the same time exalted, his expression had something ecstatic. He was kneeling, with his hands stretched towards Guillaume; but there was nothing abject or imploring in his manner, but rather the touching authority of a man about to die. The peasants all came round, moved by his tones.

'Do you wish for nothing else?' asked Salaün, scarcely able to conceal his emotion.

'Nothing but your prayers, Guillaume, and all yours, old school-fellows. Pray for me when you see me killed.'

Then kneeling upright, his face glowing with lofty resolution, he joined his hands in devout transport, and repeated aloud, with the cadence of Breton declamation—

'The Holy Trinity I bless,
My soul is purified, I trust
My courage is confirmed;
The Son of God will guard me safe;
My prayer I make in truth and love.'

The verse had a magical effect. There was a shudder of feeling among the Bretons. Every eye met, every voice cried at once—

'That is the prayer in the tragedy!'

'How does he know it?' asked Guiader.

'He acted Saint Nona,' replied Salaün.

'I played God the Father,' said Menèz.

'I the Priest,' said Ledu.

'I Death,' said Leguera.

The recollections all burst forth together.

'It was on Olier Moreau's threshing floor that we played it the first time.'

'There was an alder hedge behind the theatre.'

'And a great hawthorn bush which shed its blossoms on us.'

'Do you remember how they cheered us?'

'And how many pretty girls came to see?'

These recollections brought back the poetry, and every one recurred to his part; but soon Pierre's voice rose again above all the rest—

'"Lord God, creator of the stars,
I deem my hour is come;
Blest Virgin Mary, thee I pray,
From pain and torture save me.'"

Menèz replied—

"'I, the Almighty, I commend
That thou, cold Death, shouldst go
To earth within a moment's space,
And Nona bring, my servant true,
A faithful keeper of my laws.
From pain and torture set her free,
For so hath she deserved.'"

Pierre resumed—

"'Alas, to suffer and to die,
My time to quit this earth is come,
Its cheats, its pains, its cares:
Time is for ever passed with me,
Eternity is now my care:
White priests, bring your anointing oil,
For I am called away.
My soul I give to God,
Of this world the sole King;
May my corpse rest on holy ground,
May comfort bless the poor,
May peace and love prevail,
May contests rage no more;
Such is my earnest prayer.'"

Then Leguera continued—

"'I, Death, within this vale,
I ruthless slay each living thing.
Courteous Nun, thine hour is come,
And first I strike thy brow,
Then in thy heart this blow receive.

And all except Pierre joined in the next

"'Between two mighty stones we'll seek
A lovely spot to charm the eye,
Within the land of Rivelen,
For thus the elders named the spot,
The Nun's pure corpse we there will lay.
The Armorican sea beside,
Where all the world her tomb may see.
Here in this desert place the parting came,
To God her spirit pure is gone,
Her corpse beneath the turf is laid,
Between Erné and the spot of the two Murders.'"

These rude verses acted on the Bretons like a spell. They had repeated them with increasing action, and as they declaimed, a kind of enthusiasm seemed to gain possession of them. The victim and his executioners seemed to have forgotten their differing opinions and hostile position, and to have lost themselves in one common emotion.

For my own part, I cannot describe what I experienced during this strange scene. Its strangeness in the midst of the dangers that surrounded us, the sort of allusion that the parts of the actors seemed to have to the condition of each, the cadence of the declamation, and the wild harmony of the Keltic verse, which awakened in me recollections of my earlier days, all combined to touch me. I had arisen, and was listening in a sort of transport, when the general shout arose which announced the close of the tragedy. At the same time I thought I heard footsteps without. I sprang towards Pierre who was still on his knees.

'Here's the Vendean!' I cried.

The Bretons were suddenly silent, and listened. I took the young peasant's hand. 'If you are Christians,' I said, eagerly, 'can you have the heart to allow a lad from your own parish to be killed before your eyes, who was a child among you, and has never done any one any harm?'

They looked at one another. 'He is a Blue,' said Salaün doubtfully.

'He is a Breton,' I answered, 'who has saved several of your own people. But for him I could never have got Mdlle. de la Hunoterie out of Rennes. He has never had treason in his heart, nor blood in his hands. Use him as he has used others.'

'The Chevalier is in command, and we cannot spare the prisoners without his orders.'

'Then how has the Vendean power to kill them?' asked Pierre.

'In fact,' I resumed, 'if M. de la Hunoterie alone has a right to spare them, he alone can have the right to punish. You heard his niece desire that no harm should be done to us, and you will be in danger of disgrace with him if you let us be murdered. You ought at least to insist on waiting for his orders.'

The Bretons seemed struck, but Leguera said, 'M. Storel will not.'

'I could see if M. le Chevalier is come back to the Manor,' resumed Fine Ear; 'but the others will come, and it would be all over before my return. What shall we do?'

'Take us with you,' said Pierre.

'That's right,' shouted the peasants; 'then M. le Chevalier will do as he pleases. Quick! or the Vendean will be back.'

The took their guns and made us walk in the midst of them. We soon entered the copse, and were out of sight of the hovel. 'Now we are safe!' I said to Pierre.

'Not yet,' he answered, stopping to listen.

'March!' said Menèz.

'Hush!' murmured the youth, and as we listened there was a distinct sound of steps.

'The others are coming back from the farm,' said Salaün; 'they have taken the green path. We are sure to be seen.'

'Do they pass near?'

'The other side of the bushes.'

In fact we could hear their words. Our guides stood still, but the slightest movement might betray us, and my heart beat violently. The steps and voices came closer, we could even see Storel and his fellows through the leafless boughs, we felt the shaking of the branches as they moved, but they never saw us.

We resumed our way with swift steps, crossing the copse, and at the Manor we found M. de la Hunoterie, happily just come in. At the first word he reassured us. My travelling companion came in at the same instant, and told the whole story. The Chevalier apologised for what he called a mistake, thanked me for the service to his niece, and offered me hospitality for the night; and the next morning Pierre and I safely arrived at Roche Sauveur.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

IV.—LAMARTINE (*continued*).

Les Confidences must not be taken as a real biography, and this somewhat excuses the questionable taste which gave them to the public, and which Lamartine vainly tries to explain away in his preface addressed to a friend who had justly observed that *cette publicité défiore les choses du cœur*. Real life reached Lamartine entirely altered and coloured by his imagination, as M. Autran has told us. He not only was unable to see things as they were, but avoided doing so. Thus, Graziella, the sweet Sicilian girl who died of grief when he was recalled by his family to France, after long residence with her family,

was not really a coral-worker, but a 'hand' in a cigar factory. He tells us himself in a later work that he changed the name of her occupation, because it was unpoetical in the history of his love which he composed in after years. We feel indignant as we read this, since he set it as fact before his readers, and resent his evident belief that he had atoned for all which she suffered by the exquisite verses written by him to her memory. They deserve to be quoted at length, but we can only give an extract.

"Sur la plage sonore, où la mer de Sorrente
Déroule ses flots bleus au pied de l'oranger
Il est, près du senlier, sous la haie odorante,
Une pierre petite, étroite, indifférente
Aux pieds distraits de l'étranger.
La giroflée y cache un seul nom sous ses gerbes,
Un nom que nul écho n'a jamais répété!
Quelquefois, cependant, le passant arrêté,
Lisant l'âge et la date en écartant les herbes,
Et sentant dans ses yeux quelques larmes courir,
Dit: Elle avait seize ans; c'est bientôt pour mourir!
Mais pourquoi m'entraîner vers ces scènes passées,
Laissons le vent gémir et le flot murmurer;
Revenez, revenez, ô mes tristes pensées!
Je veux rêver, et non pleurer!"

It must be in connection with his shrinking from facts, in idealising his own conduct, that a want of manliness, a faint-hearted depression is felt in Lamartine's poems; and we notice in all the later ones that pantheism which loses the Creator in the creation. His God, he tells us, is

"Dans ces sons, ces parfums, ces silences des cieux,
Dans ces ombres du soir, qui des hauts lieux déscendent,
Dans ces vide sans astre, et dans ces champs de feux,
Et dans ces horizons sans bornes; qui s'étendent
Plus haut que la pensée et plus loin que les yeux."

His *Recueillements* are inferior to the *Méditations;* he repeats himself, beautifully indeed, but it is unmistakable repetition. In *Jocelyn*, the supposed journal of a village priest, he attempts a more sustained flight; it is a novel in verse, such as we have had in *Aurora Leigh* and *Lucille*. But it is more than this; it was felt at once to be a most eloquent protest against the enforced celibacy of the clergy, and treats —although the author expressly disclaims any intention of writing controversy—of many religious and social questions which have been better discussed by others in prose; but though these might be spared, the poem abounds in striking passages and beautiful descriptions. Jocelyn tells his own story. To leave his share of the family fortune to his sister, too poor otherwise to marry, the lad of sixteen determines to be a priest. Lamartine tells us that in his hero he 'painted all which he himself had felt of suppressed soul fervour, pious enthusiasm which found an outlet in soaring thoughts, outpourings, and tears of adoration before God, during the fervid years of youth passed in a seminary.'

The Revolution drives Jocelyn to seek refuge in a cave in the Alps of Dauphiné, his vows yet unspoken; another fugitive, introduced to us as a boy named Laurence, joins him there, and a year is spent in the happiest friendship before Jocelyn discovers that he has sheltered a young girl, who had concealed her sex by her dying father's desire. They love and plight troth, waiting until calmer times to marry. But a message reaches Jocelyn from his bishop, summoning him to Grenoble, where he goes at the hazard of his life, to find the bishop in prison, and himself sent for to receive ordination at the hands of the captive priest, that he may be able to administer the sacrament and receive confession before the bishop passes to death. In vain Jocelyn pleads; his supplications are disdained, his love looked on as weakness, if not sin; the bishop is fanatically resolved on his ordination. Religious selfishness is no doubt as common and more intense than any other, but this scene strikes us as unnatural; we have had no previous knowledge of the bishop such as would have prepared us for his immense egotism, cloaked by so-called piety. Jocelyn is cowed by his threats and warnings, and yields, forgetful that he has no right to sacrifice Laurence, any more than the bishop has a right to demand the sacrifice. We cannot sympathise with either the pitiless priest or the youth who feebly submits, for even the point of view taken by the former, to receive absolution and to communicate, could not have been absolutely necessary to ensure salvation, or what would have become of countless believers, martyrs, and others, who have perforce died without either? Laurence is heart-broken at the desertion of Jocelyn, and we meet her again as a reckless woman, her fair name gone. A sentimental repentance closes her career; she returns to her Alpine refuge twelve years later, to die. Jocelyn, we hear, finds consolation in devoting himself to the poor and sad. We wonder what he found to say to them? The poem is so bitter, so mournful and vague in its Christianity, that we must doubt whether Jocelyn could give comfort to others which he evidently did not feel himself.

Of *La Chute d'un Ange* it is needless to say much. With all the lovely passages scattered through it, the poem was a failure, and deserved to fail.

As for the historical works of Lamartine, perhaps they were never better judged than by Dumas, when he exclaimed with enthusiasm, not unmingled with malice, 'You have elevated history to the level of romance!'

The speech was especially piquant from the lips of the great romancer, who, more than any one else, has audaciously altered history to suit himself. Those who recollect the vehement protest once uttered by Lamartine against whitewashing and embellishing the leaders of the Revolution, must marvel when they read his *Girondins*. But the instinct of the poet was contrary to the duty of giving a true account

of the coarse atrocities of the Revolution, while fairly stating facts which explain, if they cannot excuse, them. He writes with a constant appeal to the imagination of his readers, and, forgetting that it is no light thing to lessen men's horror of crime, smoothes down ugly deeds, and idealises those who performed them. We have the same school of writers among ourselves, whose chief aim seems picturesqueness; and charming as such works are to read, they are peculiarly dangerous, as chiefly attractive to those who have read little other history. In Lamartine's *Voyage en Orient* we find this tendency strongly marked; the real Turk by no means realising his ideal, he creates an imaginary one, much more deserving to dwell in 'the clime of the sun.' It is evident that Lamartine's early training had done nothing to counteract this dreamy reluctance to look truth in the face, on which his abhorrence of the exact sciences is a curious comment. In *Les Girondins*, yet more than in the *Voyage en Orient*, we have the same Lamartine who, as Autran tells us, would pause enraptured before a pond with a couple of ducks on it, and exclaim, 'A scene for Poussin!' and who, in defiance of existing portraits, and the recollections of all her friends, persists in describing Madame Roland with a Greek nose! This indifference to truth in things large and small, renders Lamartine peculiarly unfit to write history, and his inexactness is fatal; there is scarcely a single date in his *History of Turkey;* no sense that, to use Burke's words, 'the present has its root in the past.' And *Les Girondins* is full of errors. We need only refer to the description of Maria Theresa presenting her children to her Hungarian nobles in 1741. Marie Antoinette was not born until 1755.* This sense of unreality haunts us in all his prose works, making us uneasy and suspicious notwithstanding their charm. It is indeed a deep fault. Indifference to truth not only makes him who encourages it an untrustworthy guide, but wilful 'error in the intellect always involves an ultimate error in the life and in the will.'

HEROISM: A THOUGHT.

THOU wouldst be hero? Wait not, then, supinely
For fields of fine romance which no day brings;
The finest life lies oft in doing finely
A multitude of unromantic things.

The heroism of thy true endeavour
Shall gild the common-place of common days,
And God Himself shall guard thy work for ever,
And crown it with eternity of praise.

E. C. LEFROY, B.A.

* Corrected in later editions.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

THE best description of a picture follows. Bath Brick's of Luni's fresco is excellent; Novice's *Huguenot* is very good, though she is hard on the poor little lady; Annie Laurie is the same; May, on the *Knight of Death*, is good, but the recent authorities do not believe in poor Frau Dürer's iniquities; the Muffin Man chose well in Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*, so did Ant in the *Madonna di San Sisto;* but the first seems not to know that all the Apostles are distinguishable, and the other does not name S. Sextus and S. Barbara; Chloe has Doré's *Crown of Thorns;* Woodpigeon, Guido's *Annunciation;* Chipmunk, *The Martyrdom of S. Sebastian;* Meg, *Mass in the Reign of Terror;* Rafela, *Luff! Boy!* A Bee, *No place like home.*

THE ADORATION OF THE IMMACULATE LAMB.

'The saint and the painter together,
Caught for one brief sweet space into Paradise,
Saw and depicted
Him the Immaculate Lamb, and the
Five wounds flowing of mercy,
Him that is set in the midst, true Tree of
Life in the garden.'

That must have been a glad day for John van Eyck, when, in 1432 he beheld for the first time his masterpiece set up over the high altar of the cathedral of S. Bavon at Ghent. A grand day it was for the old Flemish city, and for the cathedral clergy who became possessed of a picture whose fame should be co-extensive with the history of art, almost with that of Christianity; and a proud day for the burgomaster, Judocus Vyt, and his wife, the donors of the picture, whose full-length figures, with those of their patrons the two Scriptural S. Johns, occupied the four panels of the lower wings, which till opened, of course displayed only the reverses. And yet the great painter's triumph must have been tempered by sadness as he remembered the master-hand which had begun that picture. His elder brother and master, Hubert, had gone to his rest six years before; and in their old home at Maaseyck, and in their subsequent work at Bruges and Ghent, the brothers seem to have been singularly united. Together they discovered that durable method of oil-painting which, as Vasari says, 'every painter in the world had long desired.' This beautiful and elaborate picture was the outcome of twelve years' thought and labour; but ere it was more than half completed, Hubert had passed from earthly types and figures to the eternal adoration of that Immaculate Lamb, whose worship he had so devoutly endeavoured to set forth here. And now at the moment of completion John had paused, and in the inscription on the picture given the credit to his brother.

'Pictor Hubertus e Eyck, major quo nenio repertus
Incepit; pondusque Johannes arte secundus
Frater perfecit, Judoci Vyd prece fretus,
VersV seXta MaI Vos CoLLoCat aCta t Ver I.'

The capitals of the last line are Roman numerals, which, added together, give the date 1432.

The closed upper wings represent a graceful *Annunciation;* the lower ones, as we have said, the donors and their patrons.

But now the wings are opened, and behold we are caught up into Paradise, and we seem to hear the words, 'In the midst of the elders stood a Lamb as it had been slain.' 'I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Zion.' The Immaculate Lamb stands on an altar in the midst, with His streaming wounds. Around the altar are the emblems of His passion, and in the foreground is the Fountain of Life. Around the Lamb kneel angels in adoration; and then, mindful that the hundred and forty and four thousand who are with the Lamb, are 'not confusedly mingled together,' but are sealed in their separate tribes—with that wonderfully minute acquaintance which, as it has been remarked, mediæval preachers not only possessed themselves, but pre-supposed in their hearers, and which one observes in the more devout mediæval painters—almost exactly as related in the Apocalypse; a band of Jewish martyrs advances on the left, and Christian martyrs on the right, of the picture, yet so arranged that none are on the left of the Lamb. Above are forests such as one might imagine in the celestial country, with the lovely bulwarks and domes of the heavenly city rising in their midst; and out of these forests come the procession of priests on the left, and of virgins on the right, all trooping to adore the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne. One can recognise them individually, as most of them bear the symbols of their martyrdom. All this scene forms the lower half of the central picture, but the lower wings (two panels on each side), extend the view of the 'great multitude which no man can number.' On the right is the procession of hermits, led by S. Paul and S. Anthony, and of pilgrims headed by S. Christopher; while on the left comes the procession of soldiers under S. Sebastian, and that of 'judges of right, who have long since found the tribunal of mercy.'

The colouring of the whole is very beautiful, and, thanks to the Van Eycks' method, has lasted well. The countenances all turned one way, all looking towards the Immaculate Lamb, are remarkable for a grave purposeful expression, as of those who have 'fought the good fight, finished their course, kept the faith.' And as if to recall how the very ground of Paradise is 'paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem,' the painter has gemmed the 'pastures of the blessed' with all sorts of flowers, each with its mystical meaning:

> 'And martyrdom hath roses,
> Upon that heavenly ground,
> And white and virgin lilies
> For virgin souls abound;'

while the violets are emblematic of the holy widows of the Church. Or we may take a similar idea—

> 'The Lily white that bloometh there is Purity,
> The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility:
> The lovely Damask Rose is here called Patience:
> The rich and cheerful Marigold Obedience:
> But one there is that bears a crown the rest above,
> A crown Imperial—and this flower is holy Love.'

The upper half of the picture is hardly as remarkable as the lower; but as that represented Christ as the Mystical Lamb, this shows Him no longer 'seen through a glass darkly,' but 'with open face,' as the Incarnate God. He sits richly robed, holding the emblems of dominion, and crowned with the tiara. I know that this has by some

critics been considered a representation of the Eternal Father, and even they have to acknowledge that He has the features of the Son. But the best authorities are satisfied that it is meant to represent the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity as God Incarnate. For first, this accords better with the teaching of the whole picture; and secondly, Van Eyck seems to have been far too reverent and scripturally-minded to have given in to such a fashion; while even the least reverent painters of that age would never have represented the blessed Virgin and S. John Baptist *seated* one on each side of the First Person of the Blessed Trinity, on equal terms, as is the case here; though he might not incorrectly represent His Blessed Mother and the forerunner seated with *Him* in glory, who has promised, 'To him that overcometh will I give to sit with Me on My throne.'

The upper wings represent S. Cecilia playing the organ to a choir of eight angels. At the extremities were two narrow panels, representing Adam and Eve, the least pleasant figures of the whole picture, but needed to show the connection between the first Paradise and the second.

Alas! that this description only refers to the *Adoration* as it was when it was the glory of Ghent. Its after history is soon told. It was first broken up into panels during the French possession of Belgium. The clergy hid eight panels, but the arch-spoiler, Buonaparte, carried off four to Paris: they were restored in 1815. But some of the panels have since been sold, and now only the central portions remain at Ghent in a side chapel; the wings are at Berlin, and the panels of Adam and Eve are at Brussels. There is a copy of the whole work in Spain, and the Arundel Society has reproduced all the panels in their chromo-lithographs. BOG-OAK.

Die wandelnde Glocke is comically imitated in verse by Hawthorn, who is given with Nightingale, who is really literal; Aschputtel has been confused by small dictionaries, which do not give *fidget* as the secondary meaning of *fackeln*. Rafela, Esther, Schattenlos, Vyvyan, Carduus, Marsh Mallow, verse. Ignoramus, Stanza, Sea Breeze, Pipes, are prose; Vyvyan's prose verse is best next to Nightingale's. The others had better correct theirs by Nightingale's.

Once lived a child, who never would
Consent to go to church,
And on Sunday he always found a way
To take the path into the field.

The mother says: 'The bell doth ring,
And thus doth summon thee,
And if thou dost not hasten thither,
It will come and fetch thee.'

The child reflects: 'The bell doth hang
High up there in the belfry.'
And he turned down the path to the field,
As soon as he ran out of school.

The bell doth chime no more,
The mother has (surely) trifled.
But what his horror afterwards!
The bell approaches tottering.

It totters on fast, one can scarcely believe it,
The poor child in his terror,
Runs on and on as in a dream,
(For fear) the bell should cover him.

Still he runs on yet more quickly,
And with redoubled speed,
He hastens through common, field, and bush,
To the church, to the chapel.

And each Sunday and festival,
He thinketh of the danger,
And at the first peal of the bell, he starts,
That it should not come in person to summon him.

Nightingale.

THE WALKING BELL.

There was a boy who ne'er would go to church on Sunday morning;
He listened not to good advice, to scolding, or to warning.
Whene'er he heard the old church bell the hour began to tell, oh!
He'd scamper off into the fields, the naughty little fellow!

'Now you be off,' his mother said, 'or else the bell shall make you;
For if you don't obey his voice, to church he'll come and take you.'
The boy looked up; he saw the bell safe in its tower suspended;
And off he ran into the fields, as he had first intended.

'My mother's telling fibs,' he said, 'it's humbug she is talking;
As if I ever should believe that bell would take to walking!'
So off he ran, the naughty boy, in fits of scornful laughter;
And never seeing that the bell was trotting gaily after.

Thus on he went, until at length he chanced to look behind him.
And there he saw the old church bell in truth come out to find him!
It's coming fast, and faster yet; the boy in mortal terror
Runs wildly on, now all too late, repenting of his error.

Away he scampers thro' the fields, the great bell still pursuing;
He takes the turning to the church, scarce knowing what he's doing.
Henceforth each fast and festival, the bell's first warning heeding,
You'd see him trotting off to church, no other summons needing.

—Hawthorn.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

Meg wants the annexation of Ireland described. Does she mean under Henry II. or George III.? Therefore ARACHNE asks for

The conquest of Ireland under Henry II.

Give the names of the principal fruits in the different European languages, with the history and derivation of the names.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

All things considered, the February subjects have been very creditably treated by a considerable number of members. As regards specimens, it is obvious that, in the early spring, those who are resident in our south-western counties enjoy a great advantage over the dwellers in colder neighbourhoods; and this advantage is signally illustrated by the contents of these February packets.

The life of Ray, the naturalist, has been sketched by several members with much ability. One of these (whose initials are F. R.) has given certain particulars, not generally known, of the last hours of this good man, which, although not relating to his reputation as a botanist, seem to merit quotation. It will be seen that Ray, who has been much pitied, as a victim of the "Black Bartholomew," did not regard himself in that light. The extract from F. R.'s paper will be inserted next month.

Vertumnus has now one or two remarks to make, which he ventures to hope will receive the attention of members of the Society:—

1. He considers that all members should be readers of the *Monthly Packet*, that being his only vehicle of communication with them.

2. There still seems to be a difficulty in understanding that the specimens, &c., of the genus proposed for any given month are not due until the 15th of the month *ensuing*. Thus, Vertumnus has just received (April 16) a complaint from a member that no specimens of *Stellaria* are to be found. But *Stellaria* is not wanted till May 15, before which many species of that genus will be available.

3. Vertumnus thinks it desirable that none but *recent* specimens should be sent; and he begs that in all cases the date of gathering, as well as the locality, may be given.

4. Vertumnus is in correspondence with the Secretary of the General Post Office with reference to the postage of the monthly parcels. Until the question is settled, whether "book" or "letter" postage is to be charged, it will be safer for members to assume that the latter will be insisted upon. When the united contents of the parcel exceed twelve ounces in weight, they must be divided into two, and stamped accordingly.

5. Genera for May, Orchis and Ophrys, show accurately in what respects they differ. Any other Orchidaceæ may be sent and described. There are no vacancies, though candidates for admission are numerous.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

The Curfew shows an improvement in writing, but many copies say 'the lowing herds wind,' whereas Gray certainly wrote 'herd winds.' Have they been led astray by a misprint, or have they written from memory? They have at least made no grammatical error, while those who write 'herd wind' strain the powers of the collective noun very hard. Ignora*ma* is a great mistake; there is no such feminine; the word is the first person plural of the verb *ignoro*, and means, 'we know not.'

The voting notes to be criticised in June; also the names of the successful will be given, and those of the fifty who continue. For the May exercise, write the alphabet, large and small.

Spider stamps received from May, Chloe, Rafela, Chipmunk, Stanza, Sea Breeze, Novice, Vyvyane. Esther has only sent 6*d*.

Several replies to the Romantic Problem have been received. They will be discussed in our next.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS ASKED FOR.

Who is the author of the following lines, quoted in *The Life of Prayer*, by Rev. W. H. Hutchings?—

> '"There is no God," the foolish saith;
> But none "There is no sorrow;"
> And nature oft the cry of faith
> In bitter need will borrow.

'Eyes which the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
Which ne'er said, "God be praised."'

—*Mrs. Cuthbert, Market Drayton.*

The author of a plaintive Christmas carol, beginning—

'Wake any, watch any,
Here in this dwelling?
Weep any, wail any,
Weary hours telling?'

—*C. R.*

1.

'To lose ourselves,
And find ourselves in God.'

2.

End of one verse—

'Some of self and some of God.'

Another verse—

'Less of self and more of God.'

Another—

'None of self and all of God.'

—*A. N.*

'They've battled best who've boldest borne;
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.'

—*S. M.*

'. . . . . Countless years have passed,
Yet never foot of man the bowers of Irem trod
Save only I, a miserable wretch from heaven and earth shut out.'

—*Spear Maiden.*

Wanted particulars of a piece of poetry called, it is believed, *The New Tale of a Tub.* It describes the adventures of two Anglo-Indians who were surprised at luncheon by a tiger, which they finally captured under a cask turned on end over him, and his tail, having come through the bunghole, was 'made fast' by being tied into a knot. Short-and-Stout and Tall and-Thin are the heroes' *sobriquets*.—*H.*

The authority for the saying, ascribed to Napoleon, 'She who rocks the cradle sways the world.'—*J. B.*

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

Father Francis.—

'But while you both tease me together
To neither a word will I say.'

It is a song in the *Beggars' Opera*, by Gay.—ARACHNE.

Miss Maitland.—

'She dooth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise,
For nought which sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.'

From a poem entitled *My Love*, by Lowell. It may be found in *Heart and Home Songs*, arranged by Mrs. Townsend.—*M. C. M.*

A Constant Subscriber.—

'To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.'

From the *Two Voices*, by Alfred Tennyson.—*M. C. M.*

M. C. M. begs to inform *Allegra* that her first and third quotations should be placed thus—

'Then breaking into tears, "Dear God," she cried, "and must we see
All blissful things depart from us or e'er we go to Thee?
We cannot guess Thee in the wood or hear Thee in the wind;
Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind!
Ay, sooth, we feel too strong, in weal, to need Thee on that road,
But woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God."'

They are near the end of *The Lay of the Brown Rosary*, by Mrs. Browning. [Answered also by several others.]

R. A.—

'Not learned, save in gracious household ways,' &c.

From *The Princess*, by A. Tennyson.—*M. C. M.* [Answered also by *E. E. T.*]

In your paper of this month you say that AIE is Greek for 'for ever.' This is not the case. It is the imperative mood of the verb AIΩ, and means 'Look,' or 'perceive.' AEI is Greek for 'for ever,' or 'always,' but not AIE. [We believe AIE was an error either in copying or printing.]

QUOTATIONS FOUND.

Q. M. G.—I do not know the lines beginning

'Thou wilt destroy this temple;'

but, if they are correctly quoted, it would be interesting to know whether they were written before or after Trench's poem, *Dust to Dust*, of which the two last verses run thus:—

'Shall we not then a gracious sentence own,
Now since the leprosy has fretted through
The entire house, that Thou wilt take it down,
And build it all anew?

Build it this time (since Thou wilt build again),
A holy house, where righteousness may dwell;
And me, though in the unbuilding there be pain,
Will still affirm—'tis well.'

J. H. Ewing.

A. R. asks for information about attaching lads to the Church. We strongly advise her putting herself into communication with the Young Men's Friendly Society, the companion of the G. F. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

J. C. H.—Mother Shipton lived in Henry VII.'s time, but her later prophecies are proved by the language to be fabrications.

Bandecoote would be very glad if any one will tell her the language and meaning of the words 'Aloha nui loa.'

The Soul's Farewell to the Body is, I believe, written by Mrs. Sigourney. I have it in manuscript only, but shall be happy to copy it for *F. D. R.* if she wishes it and will send me her address.—*H. P., Powis Lodge, Bickley, Kent.*

S. M. would be much obliged if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* could tell her if an old book on natural history, *Charlie's Discoveries*, is still in print, and by whom published; also if another old story, *The Rival Crusoes* (not Kingston's), is to be obtained anywhere. [It is by Miss Strickland. There is a new edition modernised.—ED.]

A Ritualist.—Madame De Witt's *En Quarantine*, or any of her works.

Acheta.—What is the best and least expensive work on Mosses?

Will any one *form* a society for the study of arithmetic, not less than two hours a week to be devoted to it? It should begin with the elementary rules; and examination questions might be given from time to time. Address—*Marion*, 2, *Nelson Terrace, Twickenham.*

(1.) *Clover* would be glad to hear of some one who would copy out a story for the press on moderate terms. (2.) Does the Editor of the *Monthly Packet return* rejected contributions, and where and to whom should the contributions be addressed? (3.) What is the name and who the painter of a picture which *Clover believes* is meant to represent Beatrice Cenci? She is in a procession of nuns, though herself evidently not yet one of their order. What is the real subject? [Contributions are returned when stamps are sent.]

Spear Maiden.—Gargantua is a giant in Rabelais' romance of *Pantagruel*, who drinks up a whole river at once.

CHARITIES.

The *Rev. R. Lawson, Rectory, Upton-on-Severn*, repeats his offer of the gift of the bowl of a font to a poor church.

Mrs. ffarington would be very much obliged if the Editor could tell her of any home or orphanage where two little boys, aged five and three years old, could be taken in and trained for a moderate sum.

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

Mrs. Hardy begs to acknowledge, with grateful thanks, parcels of clothing received from Mrs. John Francis Foster, Mrs. Mallieson, E. S. (a beautiful parcel), Miss Gibbs—all *so* welcome and *so* needed.

The *Hon. Sec. of 'Missionaries' Children Education Fund'* gratefully acknowledges the receipt of stamps, &c., from numerous readers of the *Monthly Packet* (mostly anonymous), bearing post marks of Exeter, London, N.W., Oxford, Liverpool, Lyme, Inverness, Kidderminster, Clevedon, Stoneville, Norwich, Manchester, Newton Abbot, Red Hill, Grantham, Bournemouth, Gresford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Budleigh Salterton, Atherston, Sheffield, Hawkhurst, Weymouth, Clifton, Reading, Ryde, Addiscombe, Montford Bridge, Winchester, Rainham, Grasmere, Carlisle, Ross, Torquay, &c. Also some serviceable garments for boys and girls of missionaries.

Miss Annie Bolster, Glen Mount, Kanturk, Co. Cork, Ireland, acknowledges, with many thanks, the following subscriptions towards her fuel fund:—Theodora, 3*s.*; E. L., 5*s.*; C. B., 10*s.*; A. C., 1*s.*; Anon., 2*s.* 6*d.*; A Governess's mite, 1*s.*; Tenterden post-mark, 1*s.*; F. W., 1*s.*; Mary, 1*s.*; London, S.W., 5*s.*

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window, now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, 5, *Arlington Street, S.W.*, acknowledges, with best thanks, for the above—Per Miss Prince, 8*s.*; E. M. Holton, 2*s.*; Miss E. Belfour, 5*s.*; Miss C. E. Ross, 5*s.*; H. Preedy, Esq., R.N., 1*l.*; E. H. W., 5*s.*; Ivor Richards, Esq., 2*s.* 6*d.* 56*l.* only required; 409*l.* received. Further offerings gladly received. P.O.O.'s payable at S. James's Street, S.W.

Mrs. Bromfield, Fladbury House, near Pershore, acknowledges thankfully for *Algoma Special Fund for Lake Neepigon*:—M. L., 6*s.* 6*d.*; Colonel Preedy, 1*l.*; The Guild of the Holy Name, per Miss K. Clarke, 5*l.*; K. C., in memory of the Old Chief, 2*l.*; A Governess, 5*s.*

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1880.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXV.

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

1572.

FACTS are plain enough, but the motives are utterly mysterious, and the more documents come to light the greater is the doubt whether the horrible action now about to be described were accident or design; or if, as is probable, some part of the horrors were premeditated, by whom they were planned? The Queen Mother, Henri of Anjou, and Henri of Guise were the most deeply implicated in the crime, and it seems certain that some general destruction of the Huguenots had been proposed to them. Henri of Guise burned to avenge his father's death on Coligny, whom he persisted in believing its author, and Monsieur thoroughly enjoyed both deceit and ferocity. Charles wavered, fearing his mother, but greatly attracted by the Admiral and his friends, and Catherine was probably entirely undecided, dreading the Guisards and the Huguenots alike.

There was a general sense that the air was fraught with danger. Queen Jeanne had begged that the wedding of her son might take place at Blois, out of reach of the Parisian mob; and the people of Paris were equally loth that it should be celebrated among them, for they had learnt to look on the Huguenots as fiendish, sacrilegious robbers, and feared to be plundered by them.

The old Baron de Rosny, father to Maximilian de Rosny, the friend of the young King of Navarre, declared that if the wedding took place in Paris the favours would be crimson. And when Coligny set forth from Chatillon, a poor woman threw herself before his horse, crying 'O my good lord, if you go to Paris we shall never see you more! Have pity on us, or at least on madame and your children!' and when

the Admiral tried to console her, she turned to his wife, entreating her to hold him back from death and destruction. Jaqueline had been likewise invited, but she could not leave home, and she never saw her hero again.

Charles welcomed him warmly. The young king had much that was really winning about him. He was full of activity, sometimes remaining in the saddle for twelve hours at a time, hunting the same stag; he was moderate in eating and never touched wine, loved music and poetry, and himself composed some tunes for the hunting horn, and kept up an interchange of verses with the poet Ronsard. He also wrote a little treatise on hunting, dedicating it to his master of the chase, in modest, graceful terms. He had a forge in his palace, and himself made horse-shoes and other iron articles as well as any blacksmith, and he was good at tennis, jousting, and all athletic exercises. He was warm-hearted, and except his connection with Marie Touchet, a lady who had been thrown in his way, and who gave him a son, he was comparatively little touched by the horrible corruption of the Court of his mother, though, unfortunately, he was addicted to profane and violent language. He used to say that till he was five-and-twenty he meant to play the fool, and enjoy himself, leaving everything to his mother. Perhaps this was his fatal mistake. Coligny's great object was to send aid to the insurgents in the Netherlands. To keep the peace with Spain, and to maintain her power over her son were the two matters Catherine de' Medici really cared for most, and on the tidings of what was going on she hurried home from Lorraine, and the Guise party began to rally round her again. She is said to have asked Charles what he and the Admiral could say to one another in their long conversations, and that he answered, 'Madame, he shows me that I have no greater enemy than my mother.' Catherine thenceforth viewed Coligny no longer as a makeweight against the Guises, but as her own chief foe, and she began to attend to those suggestions which Alva and Philip already had made, that the Huguenots must be destroyed by some means or other.

Meantime young Henri of Navarre arrived at Paris, and rode in on the 8th of July, at the head of a cavalcade consisting of the Prince of Condé, the Cardinal de Bourbon, and eight hundred other gentlemen, all dressed in mourning. At the gate of St. Jacques he was met by the King's two brothers, between whom he rode, and Guise rode by Condé. Henri was full of delight at the welcome, and in after years called this the happiest day of his life.

But the people were muttering 'accursed Huguenots,' and feared and hated them, looking on with anger when they passed crosses or images without saluting them. No one went about without arms, and Walsingham looked on uneasily, as did his young guest Philip Sidney, the son of the Lord Deputy of Ireland.

The atmosphere of Paris seemed heavily charged; Montmorency, who

had just returned from England, retired to his estate at Chantillon. The Sieur de Langireau also went home, telling the Admiral that he did not like so much caressing, and had rather save his life with fools than lose it with the wise. The tidings of the defeat of Genlis, at Mons, made the warlike eager to revenge his death, but greatly increased the distaste of the Queen Mother to being driven into a war with Spain, and she told the Admiral at the Council that the King refused to begin such a war.

Charles himself, however, openly called his mother '*le brouillon*,' and withdrew from Paris to a hunting lodge at Montpipeau, taking Coligny with him, promising to return in time for his sister's wedding, which was fixed for the 18th of August. While he was there Madame de Sauve, the wife of his secretary, reported to Monsieur that a scheme was in progress for his riding off from a hunting party with the Admiral to Fontainebleau, there raising his standard, collecting his vassals, and marching on Flanders.

At the same time came a letter from the English ambassador, La Mothe Fénélon, with a report that Queen Elizabeth was not in earnest in her treaty, and would never really make war on Spain. Armed with this report Catherine set out for Montpipeau, making such speed that two of her carriage horses died in coming up the last hill. Shutting herself up with her unhappy son, she seems to have convinced him that it was vain to withstand her will. She carried him away with her to Monceau, and from that moment he was passive, a mere miserable tool in her hands, moody and wretched, and now and then giving way to bursts of wild merriment or fierce passion. It was as if his last hope of being a brave or a happy man was over.

No dispensation for the marriage had come, but it cost the Court nothing to declare that it was on the way. The bride declared that she would never consent, but that too was considered immaterial. Paris was crowded to the fullest, Huguenot gentlemen thronging in, crowding the lodgings of their chiefs, and sleeping on staircases and in galleries, all armed to the teeth, and the younger ones boasting and swaggering a good deal at their triumph. The Duke of Guise and his brothers likewise had filled their abodes with retainers closely packed, and bravos in their service. Guise was cut to the heart by Marguerite's marriage, hated Coligny, whom he believed to be the instigator of his father's death, and as the people of Paris adored the tall, handsome, liberal, and courteous young duke with passionate enthusiasm, and equally dreaded and loathed the Huguenots, wise men felt as if they were walking on a volcano, and as if the Armagnac and Burgundian horrors might at any time begin.

So felt Sir Francis Walsingham, who cautioned all the English in Paris to take shelter in his house, and so felt one Haton, a Parisian *bourgeois*, who has left memoirs of the time. So felt the Queen Mother and her council, but apparently the influence that Coligny had

established over the King had so awakened her jealousy, that it backed up all the suggestions of her religious advisers, and gave her a more decided bias than ever before to the party of Guise.

Thus came the wedding-day—a day whose splendours seemed a mockery of the dark schemes and deadly hate of so many hearts. The bride slept at the palace of the Bishop of Paris on the previous night. She was arrayed in the morning in a cloth of gold robe, with a bodice so thickly sewn with pearls as to be like armour. Over this she wore a mantle of blue velvet four ells long, and her long loose black tresses were studded with diamond stars, while a hundred and twenty of the loveliest ladies in France formed her train. She was considered as a great beauty, but the portraits that are extant of her show puffed cheeks and unrefined features, and we can only suppose that her wit and vivacity concealed all defects.

The bridegroom had a dark, Gascon face, hawk-nosed, keen-eyed, beaming with life, good-humour, and intelligence, and his figure was full of alert and graceful strength. His dress was of pale yellow satin, embroidered with silver, and covered with precious stones. For love of him, the two princes, Anjou and Alençon, each assumed the same dress. The set of thirty-two pearls worn by Anjou cost no less than 23,000 crowns of the sun. The love this similarity was meant to betoken was not quite a farce. Henri of Navarre, with his frank sweetness, did fascinate all who held intercourse with him; the affection borne to him by his namesake of Anjou was the most redeeming feature in the character of that wretched being, and poor Charles IX. was wont to say, 'Everybody hates me except my brother of Navarre, but I love him, and he loves me.'

The Duke of Guise, with his nearer connections, all left Paris on that morning, since he could not bear to witness Marguerite's marriage; and no doubt this was one cause for the ominous silence of the multitude who thronged every foot of ground, every window, every roof, which commanded a view of the raised platform along which the bridal party walked from the Bishop's palace to the west front of Notre Dame, where a stage was erected for the performance of the first part of the ceremony. No dispensation had come, but it was easy to pretend that it was on the road; and a still greater difficulty was that not a word of consent could be extracted from the unwilling bride. Her brother Charles actually put his hand on her neck, and forced down her head into a nod of acquiescence in the sight of the whole populace. After this, she was led up to the high altar that the nuptial mass and benediction might be performed, and Henri could not but share in it. His more staunch followers remained in the nave, and the Admiral walked about there, pointing out to one of the Montmorency family some of the banners taken at Jarnac and Moncontour, and saying he hoped soon to replace them by more suitable trophies.

A great banquet at the Bishop's palace followed, and after that a supper at the Louvre. Then came a day of tilt and tournament, at which Henri of Navarre showed his wonderful agility and grace, and festivals were arranged for every day in such profusion that the Admiral was heartily sick of them, and longed to go home; but the Huguenots entreated him to remain and support a deputation which had been sent up from their congregations.

No wonder he was weary of such a ballet as was arranged by Monsieur at the Hotel de Bourbon on the night of the 20th of August. Down the centre of the stage flowed a river, supposed to represent the Styx, with Charon plying his boat upon it. To the right lay Elysium, a sort of mechanical representation of the circles of Paradise as shown in illustrations to Dante. It was a series of revolving wheels, tier above tier, the upper ones with lamps for the sun, moon, stars, and planets in their several spheres, while the lowest was covered with verdure and flowers, among which were bowers, each containing one fair nymph—a court lady, and beyond, on the bank of the stream, stood Charles, his brothers, and some others in gilded armour, as guardian angels.

On the further side, another tier of wheels, lighted with red flames, showed emblems of the infernal circles described by Dante, and at the bottom leaped and danced about all who were inclined to act as demons, in black suits with masks, cloven hoofs, tails, forks or brandishing other hideous weapons. Henri of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and their Huguenot gentlemen, had actually agreed to come from this side, and endeavour to make an assault on Paradise, which the guardian angels repulsed, with much show of glittering foil, leaps, feints, and other drolleries, while the demons came to their assistance, and dragged each defeated knight off to a prison with tall gates lighted by red flames. The whole ended by a dance of the nymphs and their guardians. Such were the pleasing and edifying sports of the Court of France.

The Guisards were now returning to Paris, and Charles told the Admiral that he was so much afraid of a collision between them and the Huguenots that it must not be taken ill if he brought in a body of his guards to keep the peace.

'I believe myself quite safe,' replied Coligny; 'but I leave the matter in your hands.'

So 1,200 men were marched in the same day, and quartered in and about the Louvre.

But Monsieur's mind was full of thoughts very unlike the ballet. We have his own word for it, in memoirs dictated somewhat later. He had found his brother closeted with the Admiral when he wished to speak with him, and he was—like his mother—persuaded that the Huguenot influence was taking Charles out of their hands.

Mother and son held council together. Coligny must be taken out

of the way. It was only to let the Duke of Guise have his will, and pay off the debt of vengeance that he believed himself to owe to the Admiral. They sent for Guise. How was the thing to be done? If we are to believe Anjou, the Duke actually proposed that his mother—now Duchess of Nemours—should, with her own hand, stab the Admiral to the heart in the middle of the Court; but it is much more likely that he only said she would be willing to do so, as a sort of figure of speech. She was called into this bloody council, and if asked, refused to become the executioner; Albert de Gondi, Count of Retz, and the Marshal de Tavannes, as commander of the guard, were also called in. They were the only French persons concerned, except the King and his brother. The others were all Italian, except Guise, who was German with an Italian mother.

There was a ruffian named Maurevel, who was nicknamed '*le tueur du roi.*' He had already shot at the Admiral, but had missed him, and killed a gentleman named Mouy instead. In spite of this blunder, the charge of murdering Coligny was committed to him chiefly by Anjou and Guise; the King thus far being really quite innocent, and Catherine only intended to rid herself of the one enemy whom she believed to be overthrowing her power.

On Friday, the 22nd, the Admiral had been at the Louvre on business, and then stood in the tennis court watching a match between the King and the Duke of Guise, against his son-in-law, Teligny, and another gentleman. He then set out to walk back to his lodging in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, but as he passed along the Rue de S. Germain l'Auxerrois, a shot was fired from the window of a house called the Hotel de Retz. The Admiral, who had been reading a letter, exclaimed—'I am wounded!' and staggered, falling into the arms of a friend; but Maurevel had again failed, and only his hands were injured.

He was helped home, while his followers burst into the house, where they found no one but an old woman and a boy. The arquebus was lying in the window, and was known as belonging to Anjou's guard, and the boy said the murderer had gone off through the cloister of the adjoining church.

A man rushed into the tennis court shouting—'The Admiral is killed!' Charles, in much dismay, questioned him, then broke out—'Am I never to have a moment's peace! Must I have fresh troubles every day!' He ordered Teligny to ride after the assassin, and sent orders to the Provost of Paris to guard against an outbreak.

Ambroise Paré, his Huguenot surgeon, was with the Admiral. One finger had to be amputated, and a ball to be extracted from the other arm. It was a painful operation, for the surgeon's instruments were not prepared for such wounds, and Coligny, and his chaplain Merlin, spoke together the while like pious and resigned men.

Visitors flocked to the patient; Navarre; Condé, escorted by 200

Huguenot gentlemen; Damville, the younger brother of Montmorency; and Teligny, to whom Coligny mentioned his great wish to see the King.

Teligny went to the Louvre with the message. He found that Henri and Condé had just been requesting leave to quit Paris, declaring that their lives were not safe, and that this had put the King in a great passion. He was using furious language, and declaring that the deed should be atoned for, so that his sister Marguerite declared in her memoirs that if M. de Guise had not kept out of the way, he might have been hanged.

Charles insisted on going to see the Admiral in the afternoon. His mother and brother would not let him go without them, but they were greatly disgusted to find the street and house thronged with Huguenot gentlemen armed, who had mustered as a guard round their chief. Charles called him his father and his friend, and declared that if the Admiral bore the pain, he bore the grief. A few words passed between the Queen and the wounded man, and then the King made a sign to her and his brother to retire. They were obliged to stand out of hearing while the King and Admiral conversed, till Catherine could bear it no longer, and called her son away on the pretext of the health of the patient. They pressed Charles hard to make him tell what had been the subject of the interview, and at last he cried in a fit of anger—

'He told me kings are only respected according as they have power to punish or reward their subjects, and that I had let all mine slip into your hands. Of this, as a good subject, he wished to warn me before he died.'

The Queen was much agitated and in great wrath and terror, while the Huguenots held consultation on their side. They wanted to carry the Admiral off to a place of safety that very night, but the physicians declared that this would be dangerous in his state. They therefore only paraded the streets, armed to the teeth, thundering out the metrical Psalms they used as battle songs, threatening the Guisards, firing off pistols in the air, and doing all they could to make themselves further terrible and obnoxious to the Parisians and the Queen Mother.

She was full of fright, and when her son Anjou came to her on the morning of the 23rd (Saturday), he found her decided that the murder of Coligny must be completed, so as to leave the Huguenots without a leader, and to get rid of his rival influence over the King. But how? He was too well guarded for a fresh assassination, and an attack by an armed force was impossible without the King's consent. How could that be obtained, when he really loved the Admiral?

The Louvre was far too full of people for private consultations, so Catherine appointed a meeting in her private garden at the Tuileries, of herself, Anjou, Tavannes, Retz, and one or two more; but what

was decided on is only known by the results of that summer day's conference.

There was also a great entertainment given by the Duchess of Guise; and the Huguenots, fearing it might result in an attack on the Admiral's house, sent to ask the King for a guard. Anjou, who was standing by, said, 'Take Cosseins and fifty arquebusiers.'

It was answered that six would be enough, but the King said impatiently, 'Take Cosseins, you could not have a fitter man.' For he was at feud with the Guises, but then he was also a deadly foe to the Admiral. He took his fifty soldiers to the nearest houses, and later in the day came orders that the inhabitants of the street should leave their houses to the Huguenot gentlemen. It is not clear whether this was done honestly by the King, or maliciously by the Duke of Anjou.

After dinner, which was at eleven o'clock, the council took place. This was the crisis. Catherine was resolved to force consent from her son to the Admiral's death, and that of his guards, if to no more. She beset Charles with stories of a Huguenot plot to dethrone him in favour of Henri of Navarre, and then added that the Catholics were likewise weary of civil war, and determined no longer to endure Huguenot influence.

'I am as weary as they can be,' cried Charles. 'What would they have? Were not Jarnac and Moncontour enough?'

'Nay,' she said; 'the only way is to cut off the head and author of all these dissensions—M. de Chatillon.'

Charles was vehemently enraged, and swore passionately that nothing should induce him to give up his friend, and to argument after argument he replied, 'Woe to him who injures a hair of his head! He and Navarre alone are honest. All the rest are rogues and knaves!'

The murder of an innocent man without trial does not seem to have shocked the unhappy King. He never thought of justice, only of his friendship, and he stormed on, calling on all his council to support him, but in vain. They only brought stories of Huguenot threats and violence, except de Retz, who said it would be a shameful deed, and do infinite harm both at home and abroad; but all the rest agreed with Catherine that the Admiral must die, and if a few of his followers were slain at the same time, it would be no great mischief; peace must ensue, and the civil war end.

Still Charles held out, until his mother whispered in his ear—

'Perhaps, sire, you are afraid?'

The fiendish suggestion did its work. He started up like one stung by a serpent, swore horrible oaths, and with a raving gesture, cried—

'Kill the Admiral then if you will; but kill them all. Let not one escape to reproach me!' and he dashed furiously out of the room.

These words were enough for that horrible conclave. They would go to work before the unhappy youth could retract or give warning. That very night it must be done. Guise was sent for, and undertook that not only the defenders of the Admiral should die, but that all the unwelcome visitors of Paris should perish. The plot grew, Guise and Tavannes told the leaders of the mob of a supposed plot, that the Admiral had sent for German troopers, and that Montmorency was coming to burn the city. The Huguenots must be dealt with while yet there was time, and they could make no resistance.

The King saw the Provost of Paris, and ordered the gates to be shut, and other precautions taken; but apparently he still only dreaded a great disturbance if an attack were made on the Admiral, and had as yet no notion what his own wild words would be made to authorise. He supped in public, and went to his own room about eight o'clock, with his arm on the Count of Rochefoucauld's neck, begging him to come and stay to converse all night.

Rochefoucauld begged to be excused, saying he was tired, and Charles then said he might sleep with the servants, no doubt meaning to keep him from joining Coligny's garrison; but he went away early, before the palace gates were shut.

The bride, Marguerite, knew nothing. Her sister Claude, the Duchess of Lorraine, must have known more, for when their mother bade good-night, she cried, 'I entreat you, my sister, to remain with us to-night!'

But Catherine, who feared that her absence would excite suspicion, ordered her to retire to her husband's apartments. Claude declared it was a shame to sacrifice her, for the Huguenots would revenge themselves on her; but her mother declared that she was in no danger, and ordered her off. Her sister embraced her with tears in her eyes, and she went, wondering what was the matter.

Bed seems to have been her husband's favourite place for holding council, and all the early part of the night the room was full of Huguenot gentlemen, consulting over the Admiral's wound, and declaring that at the King's rising they would go and demand justice on the Duke of Guise. This lasted till the early summer morning, when Henry rose, dressed himself, and went out with the rest to await the King's rising.

Meantime the Queen Mother, who had gone to bed, rose at midnight and went to her son's chamber, with no one but Guise's mother. The unhappy Charles was pacing about the room, convulsed with impotent rage at the horrible meshes in which he was entangled, with grief for his friends, and shame at what he knew not how to prevent. Anjou durst not say a word, and it was not till the rest of her blood council had arrived that even his mother durst address him.

'It is too late to retreat, even were it possible. We must cut off the rotten limb, at whatever cost of pain. Delay will lose the

finest opportunity Heaven ever gave man of cutting off all his enemies at a blow.' And then she quoted an Italian proverb, '*E la pietà lor ser crudele, e la crudeltà lor ser pietoso.*' 'Piety (or pity, for the word expresses both) to them is cruel to them, cruelty is to be pitiful to them.'

This woman he had obeyed all his life, backed by his sneering brother, the domineering Guise, the Chancellor Birague, and three more old soldiers of his council, were too much for the miserable youth, and they forced from him what they could accept as orders, with which Guise left the Louvre. The others, in restless anxiety, flocked into a room overlooking the tennis court, and waited there till the silence of the sleeping city was broken by a pistol shot. Then the Queen's will for a moment wavered, and as her son looked at her in inexpressible horror, she ordered Tavannes off to call back the Duke of Guise, and forbid all harm to the Admiral.

But Guise was far too eager for his vengeance to wait for the chance of relenting counter orders. It was at about three o'clock that he, with his band of soldiers, wearing his white badge on their sleeve, and the white cross of Lorraine in their caps, tramped into the Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Some were hired Swiss, and Cosseins and his arquebusiers joined them.

There was a knock at the house door, and a call, 'Open, open in the King's name.' The servant who opened was instantly killed; the other servants, half awake, were some slain, while others barricaded the door of the stairs.

The sounds awoke the Admiral, who, guessing that it was an attack of the Guisards, desired to be lifted from his bed and wrapped in his dressing-gown. A servant coming in was asked what the noise meant.

'Ah! my beloved master,' he said, 'it is God calling us to Himself. They have broken in, and we can do nothing.'

'I have long been prepared to die,' said the Admiral. 'Flee and save yourselves. I commit my soul to God's mercy.'

The attendants, all but the surgeon, Paré, escaped by the window on to the roofs, but all were shot down except two, one being the Pastor Merlin, who lay hid for three days in a loft, supported by the eggs which a hen daily came thither to lay.

Paré stood by the Admiral till the door was dashed open, and Cosseins, Behm (one of Anjou's Swiss), rushed in, and paused for a moment on seeing only two defenceless men. Then Behm stepped forward, saying—

'Are you the Admiral?'

'I am; but, young man, you should respect my grey hairs, and not attack a wounded man. But what matters it? You cannot shorten my life save by God's permission.'

Behm swore a great oath and pierced the Admiral's breast, and the

other ruffians then struck, and called out that all was over. Guise was in the street with Angoulême, an illegitimate brother of the King, and they called out to have the body thrown down to them. There was a faint effort to move the foot, and Behm crying out, 'Is it so, old fox!' stabbed him several times more, another shot him through the head, and then threw him out of window. Angoulême wiped the blood from the face, Guise struck the body with his foot, saying—

'It is he, I know him well. Well done, my men; we have made a good beginning! Forward, by the King's command.'

The Admiral's chain of office which he had thrown round his neck was torn off, his head cut off, and both carried to the Louvre, answers to that last relenting message given by Catherine in her terror. Every one in the house was slain except Paré, whose skill was too valuable to be sacrificed, and he was escorted by Anjou's guard to the King's bedchamber. He probably abjured; for the Roman Catholics claim him.

The company of murderers then fell upon the house where Teligny slept. He was twice seized, but he was so much loved that he was twice released, but the third time was stabbed. His wife, Louise de Chatillon, Coligny's daughter, was likewise stabbed, but not killed. Rochefoucauld thought the trampling of feet was caused by one of the wild pranks of the King, and himself opened his door, upon which he was at once cut down with a dozen wounds. All the Huguenots in the street who had come to guard their Admiral were at the same time slaughtered.

When Catherine received Guise's message, 'Too late, the Admiral is dead,' she dreaded the King's again interfering, and privately sent orders to ring the tocsin in the belfry of S. Germain l'Auxerrois, instead of waiting for the bell of the Palais de Justice, as had been intended. Every bell instantly answered all over Paris, torches flamed out; the mob, suborned by Guise, and fancying themselves in danger of a Huguenot plot, was all afloat, eagerly awaiting the moment.

It was just then that, at dawn of morning, Henri of Navarre had risen to go down to the tennis court. At the foot of the stairs he was arrested, led aside and kept in safe custody. The gentlemen who had been with him were then disarmed without resistance, and then M. d'O, the captain of the King's guard, summoned them one by one by name into the tennis court, where a double line of Swiss guards was drawn up, to slaughter them as they entered.

Two hundred, who had formed Henri's guard of honour, thus perished in the very palace, beneath the window where sat the Queen Mother and her sons, some crying out to the King for mercy, and reminding him of his promises; but he seems by this time to have been almost frantic with horror and despair, and to have begun to long to have all over as soon as possible.

His sister Marguerite had fallen asleep after her husband left her, but was presently awaked by loud cries of 'Navarre, Navarre,' and a

loud knocking. Her maid, thinking King Henri had returned, opened the door, when in burst a gentleman bleeding from a sword cut in the elbow and a spear thrust in the arm, with four soldiers rushing after him. In desperate terror the man threw himself on the bed, and caught hold of its inmate. Marguerite sprang out on the other side; but he still clung to her, and she was dreadfully frightened, not knowing whether she or he were in danger. At the screams, a captain of the guard came in, and absolutely laughed at her plight; but he ordered off the men, and at her urgent request spared the life of the fugitive, whom she shut up in her closet, where his wounds were dressed, and he remained till the danger was over. She then changed her nightdress, which was covered with blood, and the captain took this strange opportunity of explaining matters to her. He then escorted her to her sister Claude's rooms, but not without having a gentleman killed close to her on the way, so that she was half fainting when she was brought in. Two attendants of her husband followed her and begged her to save their lives, and this she did by entreaties to her mother and brother.

Her husband and his cousin of Condé were taken to the King's rooms, where they began hotly to reproach Charles, but were cut short by his exclamation 'Death or Mass!' Henri said he must have time to think, Condé that he would never change, and they were kept under a guard. When such scenes were passing in the palace, the city was enhancing on them. Tavannes was riding up and down the street saying, 'Kill, kill! Blood-letting is as good in August as in June!' And that Sunday morning was spent by the men of Guise and Anjou, together with all the ruffians of Paris, in breaking into each house where the Huguenots lodged, and slaughtering them—men, women, and children alike—plundering their goods at the same time. Little children were tossed into the Seine and drowned. One baby, who played with his murderer's beard and laughed in his face, was stabbed by the wretch and drowned. One little girl was indeed spared, but only when she had been dipped in her parents' blood, and told she should be so treated if she turned Huguenot.

The latent ferocity of the Paris mob was awakened, and murder and blood had become a joy to them. One band of about 200 Huguenots crossed the river, fancying the Guises were attacking the King, at about seven in the morning. These were all shot down, and then it was that Charles is said to have taken an arquebus and fired on them. Either he was thoroughly maddened, or he was persuaded of the truth of the rising which had been made his bugbear. The story has been disputed, because he was said to have stood in a balcony which did not then exist, but the fact of the firing has been recorded by the most trustworthy authorities.

Hardly any resistance was offered. Many were slain in their beds, or scarcely awakened. One gentleman named Taverny, stood a siege

in his house till his ammunition was exhausted, when he rushed out and was killed. His wife was taken to prison, but his sister was dragged naked about the streets till she died.

Probably the only actual orders were for the men's death, but the women and children perished from the general brutal violence of the murderers. The gentlemen were for the most part alone in Paris, without their families, but there were a good many tradesmen and artisans on whom the jealousy and fury of their rivals wreaked itself. The intelligence and sobriety of the Huguenot rendered him a superior workman, and therefore hateful, and he paid the penalty of his skill with all his family. Thus the King's perfumer killed with his own hand a crippled young man whose goldsmith's work was admirable. The Queen's goldsmith and his son were killed, his wife leapt out of window, but broke both her legs in the fall. A neighbour took her in, but was frightened by the threats of the mob into yielding her. Her hands were cut off at the wrists for the sake of her bracelets, and she was dragged about the street and left at the door of the shop of a cook, who, annoyed by her groans, pierced her with his spit. Scarcely less dreadful was the fate of the wife of the King's *plumassier*, who was stabbed and thrown, still alive, into the river. She drifted against a pier of the bridge, and there was pelted to death, but, entangled by the long hair, the body lay there for four days, till another, said to be that of her husband, loosened it and they floated down together.

The Seine literally ran red with blood, and whole heaps of dead bodies began to float against the banks and encumber its course. The whole of that horrible Sunday the massacre lasted, and the greater part of the Monday. A whitethorn in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents was in untimely blossom, and some of the fanatic priests pointed this out as an evidence of the approval of heaven! Nay, it was declared heretical to whisper that the buds had appeared long before.

Charles, however, was sickening with horror, though he sometimes put on a furious air, half from frenzy, half to satisfy those before whom he quailed. His wife, the gentle German Elisabeth, spent these hours in praying and weeping, so that her face was quite disfigured; and when he was threatening his cousins of Condé and Navarre, she rushed in with her hair on her shoulders, and saved their lives, when they consented to go to mass, and remained as prisoners at large.

King, Queen Mother, and half the ladies of the Court had walked past the ghastly row of gentlemen laid out in the tennis court, breaking horrible jests on them; but the young Duke of Alençon, who had been fond of Coligny, wept and bewailed these brave men so bitterly that he was forced to keep out of sight of his mother and Monsieur. Charles himself was miserable beyond description. 'I burn with fever,' he said to Paré. 'All around me grin pale, blood-stained faces. Ah! Ambroise, if they had but spared the weak and innocent!'

Guise was gone. Montgomeri, who lodged on the other side of the

river, was warned by a friend who swam across with the tidings, and he, with some sixty others, made their escape before Guise, who was detained by finding the gates locked, could attack them, and he pursued them in vain all the Sunday, only returning on Monday afternoon. Then measures were taken, and the Queen Mother made Charles write letters ascribing the horrors to a conspiracy of the Huguenots, which had led to a tumult in which the house of Lorraine had prevailed against that of Chatillon. A solemn thanksgiving mass was ordered at Notre Dame, to which the Court went in procession. Frantic ruffians darted out to display their zeal by waving bloody swords before the King, and one Huguenot was hunted down and slain before him. 'Would that he were the last in the kingdom!' cried Charles. He went, after this sickening mockery of thanks, to the Palais de Justice, and rehearsed his lesson about the supposed conspiracy, in which not a soul believed, but which the Parisians accepted as an excuse; and the Parliament thanked him for his vigilance by the mouth of the President de Thou. After this farce, proclamations were made that order should be restored in Paris, and the few surviving Huguenots began to believe their lives safe at last.

Walsingham had secured all the English in his own house, and admitted all the French whom he could save, but a guard had been posted at his gates, ostensibly for his protection, though really to keep out fugitives. Young Philip Sidney, on the alert there all those days of horror, conceived an abhorrence of Romanism that made him one of the party most opposed to it in his after life.

The old Duchess of Ferrara, Renée of France, who had been the friend of Calvin, sheltered many in her hôtel, which her great-grandson, the Duke of Guise, durst not invade. The wife and daughter of the pastor Merlin were among them, and there, after his week's sojourn in the loft, he met them again. Her daughter, the grandmother of Guise, likewise tried to save life, and Guise and Tavannes are each reported to have spared *one* Huguenot suppliant. Hubert Langnet, a great scholar and friend of Sidney, was secured by the Bishop of Orleans, and there are a few other individual escapes recorded, which probably are specimens of many others. Young Maximilian de Rosny, who was eleven years old, was a student at the university. His tutor and servant went out at the sound of the bells, and were never heard of more. His landlord was threatened into promising to go to mass, and wanted to take him, but the boy refused, and set off in a scholar's gown to take shelter in his college, carrying a prayer-book under his arm. Three times soldiers set on him, but let him go at sight of his book, and he reached the college safely. The porter, however, would not let him in till he asked for the Principal, backing his demand with some coins. The Principal La Faye received the poor lad, but not without protests from two priests, who were talking of the Sicilian Vespers, and declaring that

the orders were not to spare even infants. La Faye took the fugitive away to a distant room and kept him locked up till the danger was over.

Another boy, named Caumont, was thrown down unhurt under a heap of bodies, among whom were his father and brother. There he lay stifled till the marker of a tennis court pulled him out to plunder him, and as the lad felt a hand on his stocking he begged for mercy. It was promised, but he had to lie there till a band of murderers were out of sight. Then he was taken to the arsenal, where the commander Biron was friendly to the religion and dressed him as a page.

Charlotte d'Arbalête, the young widow of M. de Feuquières, was in Paris with her little girl Susanne. On the first alarm she sent the child away with her maid. She was sheltered, with forty more, in the house of one of the King's attendants, but hearing that the house was to be searched, they dispersed, and she received shelter from another of the maid-servants, whose husband, a blacksmith, was captain of the ward, and received in his house the plunder brought in by the murderers. At last she embarked in a boat for Sens.

Her future husband, Philippe Duplessis Mornay, a sagacious man, had taken alarm some days before and sent his mother out of Paris. When the shouts of 'Kill! kill!' sounded on his ear, he burnt his papers and hid under the roof, where he stayed all Sunday, and then his host, a Catholic, begged him not to bring destruction on his house. He dressed himself in black, as a clerk, and reached the office of his agent, who gave him a seat at a desk for the rest of the day. The next morning he left Paris] as] a clerk going to Rouen for a holiday. He was soon stopped, and had to send back to his supposed master for a certificate; but by this time there was more danger to the Huguenots outside Paris than within. He found his home at Buley, in the Vexin, desolate, his family gone no one knew whither, and he found no rest till he reached Rye, in Sussex, where a whole colony of his fellow fugitives were establishing themselves. They numbered more than 1,500, and have left appreciable traces in the dialect of Sussex.

For the horrors of France were not over. It seems that the moment that Charles's wild assent had been forced from him on the Saturday orders had been sent verbally to each royal garrison to destroy the Huguenots within their city. Some refused, as at Nantes and Alençon, where no harm was done. At Angers the governor himself stabbed the pastor after having embraced him, and the massacre was begun by the soldiers, but stopped by the citizens. At the places near Paris—Meaux, Troyes, Orleans—the murders took place on the Sunday and Monday, and were very horrible. At Rouen the governor could not believe his orders, and sent to have them repeated; but he executed them too faithfully, and killed 600 men and women.

Lyons, always noted for deeds of blood, saw the death of more than

1,000, whose corpses poisoned the Rhone all down its course. Toulouse was also the scene of great horrors; but at Bayonne the governor said he had plenty of good soldiers and not one executioner. At Lisieux the Bishop declared that it was not the shepherd's business to slaughter strayed sheep. At Dieppe the governor declared the order only concerned the rebellious, and that he had only good citizens. At Nismes the town council were convoked, and determined to arm the citizens of both religions and keep out all strangers. The Montmorenci family too stood firm against the execution of the bloody edict. Thus in several cities the cruel orders were never put in execution, and in many towns, especially in the south, the Huguenots were too strong to be attacked. There were also many strong châteaux, little fortresses in themselves, where the inhabitants were safe; but in the northern provinces marauders roamed about sacking undefended houses and villages, murdering the inhabitants, and killing fugitives on the roads.

All through September, Huguenots were being drowned in the Seine by ten at a time, and besides the multitudes carried away by the river, 2,000 corpses are known to have been buried in Paris alone. Nobody can estimate the numbers butchered in the kingdom between the 25th of August and the middle of October. It was certainly not less than 6,000, probably more.

The horrible story itself has been so long that another chapter must tell its immediate effects. Only let us tell how it was in the palace of the murderers. About a week from the day of S. Bartholomew, a multitude of ravens, no doubt attracted by the corpses, flew round the Louvre and settled on the roofs. Every one was unnerved; and that same afternoon the air was filled with indescribable sounds of groans, yells, and shrieks, for half an hour filling the hearers with horror. At night the same noise was renewed. The King woke, leapt up, and called for the King of Navarre; and for seven nights this awful disturbance was renewed, and heard by every one in the palace. The King was pining away with horror and remorse. His mother retained her composure, and quietly said, 'I have *only six* of them on my conscience.'

AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER V.

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

INSTRUCTION on religious subjects may with advantage be considered as a different thing from religious instruction. The latter, which is intended to awaken the faith, love, and fear of God, as living principles which shall control the whole life, should never be deferred to school-room days, and must fail if confined to set lessons. The most powerful *lesson in religion* that a governess can give is her own life. Her watchful self-control, absolute truthfulness in word and deed, hopeful patience and loving cheerfulness, will convince her pupils that she not merely knows about, but knows, her Father in Heaven. But little need be said, and that at carefully chosen opportunities.

Religious subjects, however, must be studied, like other subjects, if they are to be received by the mind. Ignorance of the Bible and Prayer-book, in their origin, preservation and effects, is a direct hindrance to the knowledge of their character.

Before children can read quite easily, I think they ought not to read their Bible lesson for themselves. The Old Testament stories, the whole of the Gospels, and nearly the whole of the Acts of the Apostles, can easily be read to them before they are six years old. From six to ten they will gradually read both Old and New Testaments for themselves, but must be questioned each day as to the details of the story read last. The story of the Creation, that of the Deluge, the Exodus, &c., and the life of each patriarch, can just as easily be impressed on the memory with some minuteness of detail as without; there is no reason for hurrying through chapter after chapter; one story learnt for life will be more useful, and really give the child more pleasure, than two or three confused together without attention. Answer their questions as to right and wrong, if possible, by referring them to some evidence that there was a standard at the time under consideration, and point out how far the individual could have been acquainted with it. Children are very fond of labelling all historical characters bad or good; it is well to teach them that people are classed in the Bible according as they really loved God or not; and you must not palliate the sins which are recorded, such as Abraham's falsehood, from a mistaken respect, but simply remark how honest the writers were in recording these failures as well as the holiness of the characters.

Teach little children parts of the Sermon on the Mount, 1. Cor. xiii. and some of the Psalms; and, by degrees, the parables; do not set them

to *learn* Scripture until they can do it easily, and look upon independence as a distinction to be coveted. Be careful in the choice of hymns for them, lest they should take up utterly false ideas from misunderstanding words and phrases; *all* inversions are difficult to beginners, and their inexperience and limited vocabulary prevent them from taking in the meaning of words which seem quite easy to grown-up people. I have known 'future' to be understood 'fuchsia,' 'dinna forget' to be supposed to be a lesson against thinking about dinner, and many more fancies of the same sort; and most people know how many children gave 'chart' as the second word in the Lord's Prayer in answer to the inspector of schools! Next in rank as objectionable lessons, I think, stand those hymns in which children are taught to compare themselves to, or even call themselves, lambs and daisies, and doves, &c., &c.; all those which use the name of our blessed Lord and Master in a familiar way; and those which utter aspirations unwarranted by Scripture, such as 'to be angels' &c.; all, in short, which are either unscriptural or untrue. Even such hymns and prayers as breathe the sincere feelings of advanced Christians should not be put into the mouths of young persons; it is little better than a solemn mockery. After all these limitations you will still find enough among 'Hymns for little children,' 'Hymns for the very little ones,' and those of Mrs. Duncan, Jane Taylor, &c. The Scripture picture books ought to be as carefully watched as the early lessons. There may be two opinions about the 'realistic' school of art, but there can hardly be any difference as to the impropriety of allowing children to suppose that, *e.g.* John the Baptist and Mary Magdalene went about bare-headed under the Syrian sun, and in costume—or absence of it—unspeakably revolting to Jewish or any Oriental eyes, and which would not be allowed in Europe. The misunderstanding of the necessary effects of poverty, and of the meaning of 'ignorant and unlearned' among the over-refined and contemptuous Pharisees and pedants of the Evangelists' days, has led to all manner of representations of the Royal Family of Judea and the Galilean shipowners as rough peasants, boorish in dialect, and squalid in habits. If the Bible taught us these things we must accept them; but it is not necessary to import such details into the sacred story; mediæval painters could but represent that which they could imagine; we need do no less than they with our better selected materials. Pictures of natural history are as interesting to children as anything else; a little later they are delighted with coloured landscapes, or 'Manners and Customs;' and doubtful portraits and imaginary 'historical pictures' are really hardly wanted.

From seven to ten years of age your pupils ought to read all the historical portions of the Old and New Testaments with you, carefully recapitulating the stories with details of name and place, actors, numbers, correctly. It costs almost no trouble to accustom children to this amount of accuracy; yet, incredible as it may appear, grown-up young people, not very seldom, make the sojourn in Egypt, the wanderings in the desert, the days of the

Judges, &c., of all imaginable duration, from three days to five hundred years; I have even heard in church of 'the two leprous kings of Israel, Azariah and Uzziah'; and, stranger still, found that the mistake passed unobserved!

The children most exact in details are not always those who best understand the history; but neither gift need be sacrificed.

In reading the histories of the Bible it is necessary to point out that the books cannot strictly be called history, for children can hardly fail to observe the numerous gaps, and the disproportionate minuteness of certain parts of the stories. The character of *extracts* from the history of a family and nation which teach us the effects of faith and unbelief on individual and national destiny, and at the same time unfold the mystery of Redemption, its necessity, plan, and effects, includes, and at the same times reduces to order, the manifold contents of this—rather library than book. In reading the book of Psalms, you will point out the historical allusions, and in the book of Acts the coincidences with the Epistles. In questioning, you will accept no names of person, place, or thing, which your pupils can tell nothing about. Let them from time to time repeat the whole chain of Judges, Kings, &c., after having acquired them one by one *with their histories*. Lists of names of unknown persons are difficult to many children, and useless to all. If you have not a very recent map of Palestine, with the high ground clearly marked, you ought to get one, and show the children how exact the use of the expression 'went up,' 'went down,' &c., is throughout the book.

The children above twelve years old ought to study thoroughly one book of the Old and one of the New Testament each year. It ought not to be necessary for you to read with them; you must let them repeat verses to you, a chapter, or about as much, each week, and repeat old lessons periodically. No portion once learned should ever be lost again; therefore the whole store must be gone through from time to time. (This is one more reason against long lessons at once.) You must then let them write out from memory the incidents of the one, or two, chapters set for study. A very good plan is to take two or three lessons on a passage of five or six chapters, perhaps on alternate days, or in turn with a lesson in the New Testament and one on the Liturgy. The first lesson should be merely the history very shortly related, but explaining the proper names; the second lesson a list, also from memory, of the places, the natural productions, the social or political arrangements, such as trades and offices, form of government, climate, observances of true and false worship, money, weights and measures, &c. This list should be got through once or twice in a term, and should each time embrace all the chapters already studied from the beginning of the term, and later, from the beginning of the year.

In reading the Gospels, the parables and miracles in each can easily be acquired by degrees; and those peculiar to the Gospel under consideration carefully noted. Barrett's little Companion to the New Testament

will be very useful to you, or Davies' 'Notes,' or the 'Cambridge' books on the Gospels, but do not give them to children. The marvellous unanimity of the sacred writers on the attributes of God, the character and destiny of man, the characters of the more conspicuous personages, is a lesson not to be passed over in silence; the illustrations of ancient scenes now open to us by means of discoveries should not be withheld. You should see that your pupils *study* the book of Proverbs, and realize the bearing of its axioms upon their own lives. Surprising is the loss, the want, of those who carelessly neglect these heavenly lessons on earthly affairs.

The Epistles are a difficult study to those that have not yet learnt grammar. The first thing to be done is to mark out one by one the whole sentences and explain the statement or question which each contains, so as to be able to express the sense of a chapter in other words. Then all historical and personal allusions must be traced out and explained; and lastly, the 'synopsis' written from memory.

With regard to the Prayer-book, there are four distinct things to be done. First, the babies, so to speak, must have the Lord's Prayer carefully explained to them. I do not mean only the words; the scope of the petitions often escapes the observation of even older persons. If you study the paraphrase in the Church Catechism, and look out the texts from which that paraphrase is derived, and write out the sense of them, as if you were writing a letter to the youngest of your pupils, explaining that the word 'Our' was used—wonderful thought!—as a term in common between the Son of Man and His human brethren, and that when we say 'Hallowed be Thy Name,' we mean 'by me and all people,' and are therefore owning a duty of honouring it ourselves, and teaching all others to do the same; and go in this way through the whole prayer; you may after this teach the child, first to listen while *you* say clause by clause, and let *it* repeat a petition to the same effect in words which it can understand. Afterwards, it may be hoped that the privilege of using this most sacred form of words will never be abused and made a mere parrot-like repetition. Great familiarity with a form is too likely actually to *preclude* its real use as a prayer, unless pains are taken at first to forestall mechanical formalism. The Creed should likewise first be said *to*, afterwards *by*, the little ones, and the explanation given that we go to church and say it over in order to comply with Matt. x. 32, and Rom. x. 9, 10. The Ten Commandments can also be made practical to little children by using the 'duties' as a key for yourself, and telling them the sense in language which they understand. Many of the so-called religious difficulties of grown persons arise in exactly the same way as their difficulties about politics, from having acquired the use of the terms without their meaning. You must therefore constantly remind your pupils that the word 'faith' means not merely believing, but acting upon belief, and that it thus includes trust and obedience, and is incomplete when either of these is absent. The common notion that faith

means belief without evidence, or contrary to evidence, does not in the least answer to the use of it in Scripture, or in the Church formularies; everywhere evidence is appealed to for all statements; obedience is required in our actions, and these, which *are* under our own control, produce habits of mind which we know by the name of 'feelings.' We are never commanded to feel, but we are commanded to act; and if we act, we most surely feel in time. This lesson applies equally to 'love,' another of those words habitually misapplied. First people say that they *love*, when they do not, merely because they *like* a person or a thing; then they say they do not, or perhaps *can* not, love something else which they do not like. But you must show your pupils from texts that love means that *determination* to *benefit* which expresses itself in blessing, serving, helping to the uttermost, and finds its own reward in the *liking* which it produces. Hate is the exact counterpart of this. Another of these misused terms is 'honour.' I hope it will not fall to your lot to enforce 'honouring' parents, when children cannot feel any respect for them; but you will certainly have to explain that 'honouring' means outward action which we can and must give, whether the respect be felt or not; this cuts away the ground from those intolerable familiarities which some young people fancy to be marks of affection. 'Worship' must be carefully distinguished from prayer, even in its comprehensive sense of 'praise, supplication, intercession.' Closed shops, holiday garb and fare, the garnished vases, and 'Sabbath lamps,' are all worship, as well as the loving, reverent attendance in the 'palace which is not for man, but for the Lord God.' The repetition of the decalogue in church is easily felt to be a great privilege, if you remind your pupils that by this means the Queen and her whole people, down to the least child, every week renew the national covenant with God, only changing the *promise* given by Israel to a *prayer* that we may not, like them, fall away from the conditions of national happiness. This explains, too, the prayer for the sovereign immediately following, since the head so often stands as the whole, both for good and evil.

The *second* course of lessons on the Prayer-book is one that makes a very nice Sunday exercise, namely, reading and learning the Collects, and comparing them with the Epistle, Gospel, and First Lesson for the day. When the children can write a little, they will be delighted to pencil in the date of each part of the Liturgy, which you must learn up, if you do not know them, from Humphry or Maclear, or one of the standard books from which these are compiled. Hook's *Ecclesiastical Biography* and *Church Dictionary* will be invaluable to you if you can get at them.

When the children are nearly old enough to learn the Church Catechism, you should begin by reading to them that part known as 'The Christian Covenant,' and explaining the words, and placing them in modern order. Then teach, or have accurately learned, the following texts. You must teach them that 'repent' (Wiclif's 'for-think') does

not mean the feeling of penitence, but the living a new life; a 'think,' that is purpose, the opposite of our first purpose, which is, unconsciously, in most people, to do as they like; we repent when we begin to please God instead of ourselves.

I. Why are we 'bound' to believe and to do so? *Not* because 'they promised'; they promised because we were in every case bound to do God's will. Psalm c. 2; 1 Cor. vi. 20.
II. 1. Why must we renounce the Devil? 1 John iii. 8.
2. What are his works? John viii. 44; Eph. ii. 2; James iv. 6, 7.
III. 1. Why must we renounce the world? 1 John ii. 15.
(You will make clear to your pupils that it is not the *being* rich, honoured, or amused, that are forbidden to Christians; but *aiming* at these things, grasping them for our own gratification and in spite of duty.)
2. How do people 'love' the world? See '*Love*' above, p. 541. Matt. vi. 24; John v. 44; Matt. xvi. 24; James v. 5.
IV. 1. Why must we renounce (*not* the flesh but) the works of the flesh? Romans viii. 13.
2. How can we do so? Matt. xvi. 24; v. 8; Deut. xxi. 20, 21; 1 Thess. v. 5, 6; Heb. xii. 1.
V. What are we if we thus repent, believe, and obey? John i. 12; Romans viii. 14, 16, 17.
VI. How long must we continue to serve God? Ezekiel xviii. 24; Rev. ii. 26; John vi. 67, 68, 69.

After this lesson is perfect, I think you will have no trouble in getting the children to learn and repeat the Catechism perfectly. Let them find the texts from which the Creed is composed, and write them out one under the other, marking the words themselves by underlining or printing. This will impress on their memories the fact that the whole is derived from Scripture.

Try to read through all the order of Morning Prayer and the Communion Service with the young children *before* they begin to attend Church regularly. I am strongly against the custom of taking children too young. If they do not take part in what is going on, they form a habit of occupying themselves with their own thoughts, which is almost ineradicable, owing to the power of association. This unsuspected evil is compatible with admirably decorous behaviour, but fatal to devotion, and leads to gross hypocrisy. It is also one cause of the ignorance on religious subjects so unaccountable in habitual attendants on public worship. I might give many examples strange enough to discredit my accuracy with persons unaccustomed to examine Confirmation candidates of the middle and upper classes; I will only mention one, that of a girl whom I knew to have occupied a seat near me for about three years, and who at seventeen did not know the name of Isaac's father, nor of any man who had ever been desired to offer up his son. This was in a very small Church, with particularly good and distinct reading. But what can be more deaf than an absent mind? To forestall this terrible danger is worth much thought and contrivance, and I have certainly observed that previous introduction to the forms used has a very beneficial effect. At the same time the weakness of children's bodies ought not to be lost

sight of. The morning service, with a sermon, is long for young children. Perhaps if the present generation had been *gradually* trained intelligently to take their part in it as children, they would be able to endure a service half as long as an opera now that they are grown up. But pray contrive that your pupils have support for their feet in Church, and something to kneel on which does not take their heads down into the—alas! almost *always* close—air of the lower part of a shut-up pew. The want of skill in ventilating our Churches is so great a grievance, that I hardly know how to mention it with temper; but if no one will see that it ought to be cured, we must endure it as best we may, and try to keep our charges from sleepiness at Church, and headaches afterwards, by special attention to their health at other times.

After twelve years of age, your pupils ought to study carefully Dr. Maclear's edition of Proctor's *History of the Book of Common Prayer*—and you ought to add to it many little details from Humphry. Make them account for every word used in an antiquated sense, explain every obsolete word by its derivation, and 'analyse,' sentence by sentence, the exhortation and each collect as it comes, very simply, naming the subject, the verb, the simple or complex adjectives, the adverbs and adverbial phrases, and the object. This lesson is interesting if taken in a class, for the little ones can find nouns and personal verbs, and the elder ones the less obvious words; and they like to prepare their own set each time. The elder girls can also learn to compare for themselves the *Te Deum* with the Creeds and Litany, the 'Sacraments' with the 'Christian Covenant,' and ought to read the preface, and be acquainted with the *subjects* of the Thirty-nine Articles, so as to know where to look for authoritative teaching on subjects at present beyond their comprehension. If you can meet with 'Hardwick on the Thirty-nine Articles,' you can, without any difficulty, condense a story of their origin which will not fail to interest any intelligent girl of sixteen. I do not know why no one has pointed out the remarkable resemblance between 'My duty towards my neighbour' and the 'Rule of Saint Benedict.' Teach your pupils that as the Prayer-book is the law of the land, it is not optional with us to comply with its regulations, although we are bound to examine and compare it with Scripture. The Jewish law terms 'to bind,' meaning to forbid, and 'to loose,' meaning to allow, having been employed by our Lord in His commission to the Apostles, they will easily understand that if we can ascertain what the Apostles did bind and loose, it is binding upon us. If you instruct them in the history of that 'venerable document,' our Common Prayer-book, and accustom them to investigate the grammatical meaning, and trace the Scriptural origin of the formularies it contains, you will have done much to guard them against sentimental superstition and flippant conceit. For much of the conceit of our time arises from the very cause which ought to keep us modest—our immeasurable inferiority in knowledge and diligence to the predecessors, whom we despise on account of their privation of helps to wisdom, the presence of which too

often fosters indolence, instead of stimulating industry. We profess a historical faith, we practice a historical religion; ignorance, therefore, certainly does not become us. Ignorance, moreover, leaves us at the mercy of every shallow talker. Try, therefore, to instruct your pupils in such a manner as to indicate the vast treasures of knowledge left unopened during girlhood, and to induce a desire to learn more whenever they have an opportunity. Teach them the line of argument of Whately's *Christian Evidences;* it is simple and very easily remembered. It is not necessary to enter into the reasons for 'apologetic' and defensive teaching; but we can hardly hope that any will pass through life without experiencing the need of complying with the apostolic injunction, to be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in them. And never forget that however you may wish to make these lessons attractive, human nature unquestionably lies under a disinclination, rather than a longing for, such subjects. Let no faulty methods on your part confirm or draw out the latent dislike to holy things. And remember that when you have done all, another Hand than yours must unveil the dim eyes and touch the cold hearts—must 'show the wondrous things,' and 'bring to remembrance' what is learnt in childhood, so that it may indeed be a lamp to faltering feet, and a light on the heavenward path.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART I.—HOME LIFE.

'A little more than kin, and less than kind.'

CHAPTER XVI.

'An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom,
We two among them, wading together,
Stealing out honey, treading perfume.'

THE OTTER'S GLEN.

THERE was hardly a lonelier spot in all the country round than the little Black Tarn. The hill in which it lay possessed neither the rocky grandeur nor the fertile beauty of the neighbouring mountains; it was covered with grass and bog, not a tree relieved its desolateness, no grey rocks pushed their picturesque heads through the soil and gave variety to its shape. The approach to the little lake was defended by great beds of reeds and rushes, its waters were shallow, and later in the year full of weeds and water-lilies. But there was a fine view of the heathery banks of some of the more important mountains, and the stream that rushed down the Otter's Glen was broad and clear, and had been the scene of many an exciting chase in grey, misty mornings. To-day the sun was bright and strong, the fresh mountain wind intensely exhilarating, and the whole party were in the highest spirits and ready to enjoy every incident of their excursion. They had had their lunch as proposed at the little way-side inn, where the Lesters were well known and always welcome, and had then set off on their three-miles walk to the tarn in scattered groups, all at their own pace and with different views of the distances they meant to effect. A large division, headed by Mr. Ellesmere, had started off at a brisk pace, intending to get to the top of the hill and see half over the country, but stragglers began to drop behind. Mrs. Ellesmere thought the tarn would be enough for herself and her younger children; every one dropped off from Alvar and Virginia and left them to their own devices, while Cherry set himself to persuade Ruth that the best thing to do was to follow the stream, step by step, along its winding course, heedless of the end. He could hardly believe in his own good luck as the voices of the others died away in the distance and Ruth put her hand into his to be helped along the slippery stepping-stones planted here and there

on the marshy path-way. Whatever was missing for Ruth in the perfection of the day's pleasure, her great, dark eyes were bright and soft, and a little flush on her brown cheeks gave her an additional beauty. She wore a small closely-fitting hat with a red plume in it, and a tight, dark dress; and thus, with her hand in his and her bewitching eyes raised to his face, her image recurred to him in after days.

He had been laughing and talking and managing the expedition, but now alone with her he fell silent, and there was that in his face as he looked down at her that frightened Ruth a little.

During these past months he had grown less 'boyish,' and it crossed Ruth's mind to wonder if he had had any special purpose in getting her to himself.

'And have you been working very hard?' she said, smiling at him.

'Pretty well,' answered Cherry. 'I shall be glad when it's all over.'

'Won't they ring all the bells at Oakby?'

Cherry laughed.

'I hope they won't have occasion to toll them,' he said; 'it seems sometimes much more likely.'

'Ah! that is because you get out of spirits. And after all, who cares except a lot of stupid old tutors?'

'I don't suppose you—any one, would care much.'

'Why,' said Ruth, dexterously; 'who judges a man by the result of an examination? that would be very unfair.'

'Then,' said Cherry shyly, 'if I come to grief I shall go to you for—for consolation. You won't despise me?'

'Oh, Cherry! I am sure when one knows life one sees that after all those tests are rather childish. *I* should not think less of you if you made a mistake.'

Perhaps it was characteristic of Cheriton that he felt more than ever resolved to attain success, and he answered—

'You ought to think less of me if I did not do my best to avoid mistakes.'

'Now that is worthy of Jack, of whom I am becoming quite afraid. I care for my friends because—well, because I care for them, and what they do makes no difference.'

'That,' said Cherry, 'is the sort of backing up that would make a man able to endure failure till success came. But still one must wish to bring home the spoils!'

There was a dangerous intensity in Cheriton's accent, and Ruth laughed gaily.

'Of course, men are always so ambitious. Well, I believe in your spoils, Cherry, but don't work *too* hard for them. Don Alvar told Virginia you would knock yourself up.'

'Oh, Alvar! Hard work is a great puzzle to him. No fear of my

working too hard, I get stupified too quickly, otherwise I should not be here now; but I can't grudge what is so—so delightful. Take care, that is a very slippery stone. Won't you give me your hand? There, that's a safe one.'

Ruth was not a great adept at scrambling independently, but she knew how to be helped with wonderful grace and gratitude. Nor was a solitary ramble with Cheriton at all an unnatural thing. He had helped her up in many a difficult place in their boy and girl days, and teased her by pretending that he would not help her down; but now she felt that in more senses than one she was treading on slippery ground, and guided the conversation on to the safer topic of Alvar and Virginia.

'Weren't you very much surprised,' said Cheriton, 'when that came about?'

'Well, you know,' said Ruth, 'Virginia is rather transparent. I couldn't help guessing that she was interested in your brother. She is so romantic, too, and he is such a cavalier.'

'I suppose *you* always study common sense,' said Cherry, who preferred greatly to talk about Ruth herself than to distress Virginia.

'I have my own ideas of romance,' said Ruth; 'but I think I have out-grown the notion that every one ought to look like a hero.'

'And what is your idea of romance?' asked Cherry, gratified by this remark.

'Self-devotion,' said Ruth briefly, giving up everything for the one object. 'That's true romance.'

'Self-sacrifice?' said Cherry. 'That is too hard work to be romantic about.'

'Not for any one—anything one loved,' said Ruth very low, but with flushing cheeks.

'Then,' said Cheriton, 'there would be no other self left to sacrifice.'

Ruth was startled. Rupert had never so answered her thoughts, had never given her quite such a look.

Cherry paused and turned round towards her with a desperate impulse urging him to speak, her face shining with enthusiasm giving him sudden courage.

'Ah!' exclaimed Ruth, springing across on to a very unsteady stone, 'you are getting too serious! I declare, there's a white butterfly, the first for the year. And look—oh look, Cherry, isn't that bit of gorse pretty against the sky? It's too bad to discuss abstract questions at a picnic on a spring day.'

Cheriton stood still for a moment. He heard the rush of the water, he saw the shine of the sun, his eyes followed the butterfly as it fluttered up to the bit of yellow gorse, he could see Ruth smiling and graceful, beckoning to him to follow her; the glamour and dazzle had passed, and the day was like any other fine day now.

'I did not mean to discuss *abstract* questions,' he said, with a touch of offence.

'Ah! but you were getting very deep! Come, don't be cross, Cherry; you look exactly like Jack at this minute, and *you* can't make your eyebrows meet, so don't try.'

'Poor Jack, you are very hard on him,' said Cherry, recovering himself. 'Will you have a bit of the gorse for your hat, if I cut all the prickles off?'

'If you cut all the prickles off, what will you leave?' said Ruth.

They had a very charming walk after this, and were much more merry and talkative than at first. There was a sense of being baffled deep down in Cherry's heart, but if the rest was surface work it was very enchanting, and they dawdled and chattered till the time slipped away, and they saw their party in the distance coming back from the tarn.

'Oh, let us run,' said Ruth, 'and get into the road before them.'

'Come,' said Cherry, holding out his hand, and they ran across the short turf, the sweet, keen air blowing in their faces, a sort of excitement urging Ruth, who was a lazy little thing usually, to this childish proceeding.

They came running down into the road just as the whole party came back from the tarn, crying out on them for their laziness.

'We have been looking for you,' said Virginia, whose hat was daintily wreathed with stag moss. 'Alvar and I tried to find you.'

'Oh yes, you were miserable without us of course,' said Cherry. 'Hallo, Rupert! where on earth did you spring from?'

'I came over for a ball at the Molyneuxes; they have taken Blackrigg Hall, you know. I must get back by the first thing to-morrow. I heard of your picnic from some of the people about and came to see if I could fall in with you.'

'You are just in time to come back with us to the inn,' said Mr. Ellesmere; 'we shall have no more than time to get a cup of tea and be off for the train.'

'I thought you would not come,' whispered Ruth to Rupert as they all walked back together.

'So it seemed; what were you doing with Cherry?' said Rupert sharply.

Ruth looked at him with reproach in her eyes, but they had no chance then of obtaining private words. Rupert looked savage, but directed his efforts to sitting next her in the omnibus which was to convey most of the party to the station.

'Don't spoil these few minutes,' whispered Ruth imploringly as she looked up in his displeased face. 'Could I let people guess how I was longing for you? I thought you would have been here sooner.'

'Cherry is always to the fore,' said Rupert with an amount of ill-temper for which Ruth could not quite account. She felt profoundly

miserable, so wretched that she could hardly keep the tears out of her eyes. She had looked forward for the last day or two to this poor, little meeting as such a light in the darkness, and now some one spoke to Rupert and some one else to herself. There was no chance of making it up—if they were to part so? Oh, it was hard! Virginia could say as much as she liked to *her* lover. Then Ruth saw that Alvar was not in the omnibus, nor Cheriton either, and hoped that the latter fact might assuage Rupert's jealousy. Perhaps he felt ashamed of it, for as they neared Blackrigg she felt his hand clasp hers, and he whispered—'Forgive me.'

In the meanwhile Cheriton, having lingered a moment to make payments and final arrangements, was left for the 'trap,' a very nondescript vehicle, which had brought Bob and Jack from the station. To his surprise he found that Alvar instead of one of the younger ones was his companion.

'Why, how's this?' he said.

'I thought that I would wait for you. Is it not my turn?' said Alvar, who sometimes liked to claim an equality with the others.

'I'm afraid you'll get wet,' said Cherry; 'they have all the plaids, and it is going to rain. These mountain showers come up so quickly.'

'I do not mind the rain,' said Alvar.

Cheriton, however, mindful of Alvar's short experience of the cold, driving rain of the country, made him put a dilapidated rug that was in the carriage over his shoulders, and they drove on as fast as he could, through mist and wind, till about half-way to Blackrigg there was a great jolt,—off came the wheel of the trap, which turned over, and they were both thrown out on to the high bank beside the road.

Cherry felt Alvar's arm round him before he had time to get up, and heard him speaking fast in Spanish, and then, 'You are not hurt, my brother?'

'Oh, no—no. Nor you? That's all right; but we're in a nice fix. No getting to Blackrigg to-night. Here's the wheel off.'

The bank was soft and muddy; and they were quite unhurt, and after a minute, Cherry hailed a man passing by, and asked him to take the horse back to the inn, proposing to Alvar to try to catch the train at Stonybeach, an intermediate station, to which he knew a short cut.

'Can you make a run for it?' he said.

'Yes—oh yes, I can run,' said Alvar. 'This is an adventure.'

It was such a run across country as reminded Cheriton of his days of paper-chases, and was probably a new experience to Alvar, who remarked breathlessly, as they neared the station—

'I can run—when it is necessary; but I do not understand your races for amusement.'

Cheriton made no answer, as they entered the station and found that after all a neighbouring market had delayed the train, and that they had still some minutes to wait.

'That's too bad,' said Cherry, as strength and breath fairly failed him, and he sat hastily down on a bench, to his own surprise and annoyance, completely exhausted.

'Ah! you are too tired!' exclaimed Alvar, coming to him; and with a kindness and presence of mind for which few had given him credit, he made Cherry rest, and got the porter to fetch some water for him (the little roadside station afforded nothing else), till after a few minutes of dizzy faintness and breathlessness, Cherry began to revive into a state of indignation with himself, and gratitude to his brother, the expression of which sentiments Alvar silenced.

'Hush! I will not have you talk yet! You must rest till the train comes. Lean back against me. No—you have not made a confounded fool of yourself, when you could not help it.'

'I suppose the fall shook me,' said Cherry, presently. 'Hark! there is the train. Now, Alvar, don't you say a word of this. I am all right now.

He stood up as the train came creeping and groaning into the station, and Jack made signs to them out of the window. The train was crowded, and the rest of the party were farther back. Jack exclaimed at their appearance, and while they were explaining their adventure, Alvar got some wine for Cheriton out of a hamper that had been brought for the luncheon.

'Why, Alvar, you are more than half a doctor,' said Cherry, as he took it. 'I'm all right again now.'

Jack scanned him a little anxiously. 'You had no business to be knocked up,' he said, briefly. 'You should not have tried to run when you were so out of condition.'

'If I am a doctor, Jack,' said Alvar, 'I will not have my patient scolded. He is better now, are you not, *Cherito mio!* And we are not fit to see the ladies. See, I am covered with mud,' and Alvar endeavoured to brush the mud off his hat, and to make his wet clothes look a little less disreputable. Cherry put a great coat on, as a measure both of prudence and respectability. He had been desperately desirous of catching the train for the sake of a few more words with Ruth; for on the next day he was obliged to return to Oxford. They were all to part at Hazelby, where their respective carriages awaited them. Ruth had forgotten his very existence as he hurried up to her in the crowded station; for Rupert had been forced to go on by the train. She remembered now that her walk with him had made Rupert angry, and hardly able to control her voice to speak at all, she wished him a cold, hasty good-night, and sprang into the carriage without giving him time for a word. Cheriton was both angry and miserable; he stood back silently, while Alvar put Virginia into the carriage, and excused himself gaily for his muddy coat. Dick Seyton ran up at the last minute, and the Lesters set out on their six miles drive in an open break, under waterproofs and umbrellas,

through the pouring rain. The twins disputed under their breath, and Jack lectured Cheriton on the amount of exercise necessary during a period of hard reading. Cherry, for once, answered him sharply, and Alvar, as was usually the case when his *Geschwistern* quarrelled, wondered silently, both how they could be so uncourteous to each other, and how they could excite themselves so much about nothing. But there had been something in the manner of his kindness and attention that dwelt pleasantly in Cheriton's memory of a day, which for many reasons he had afterwards cause to look back upon with pain.

CHAPTER XVII.

RIFTS.

'It is the little rift within the lover's lute.'

In the June following the expedition to Black Tarn, some great festivities were held in honour of the coming of age of a young nobleman, who possessed a large property about fifteen miles from Oakby. His father, the late Lord Milford, had been a friend of Mr. Lester, and the young man himself was at school for a time with his sons. The event being also of importance in the county, old Mrs. Lester broke through her usual home-staying habits, and took Ruth and Virginia Seyton for a three days' visit to Milford Hall. It was right for Virginia to be seen in her own county before her marriage; it was years since her father and aunt had been present at such a gathering, and Alvar and his father were of course among the guests. Cheriton was passing, or had passed, his examination; but he had decided not to come home until he knew his fate; and in studying the papers every morning in the hope of seeing the Class Lists long before they could possibly be printed, Mr. Lester and Alvar found at last a subject on which they could thoroughly sympathise, though Mr. Lester frequently remarked that there was never any knowing how those matters would be managed; he did not expect much, while Alvar suffered from no misgivings at all.

Rupert and some of his brother officers were among the guests; the entertainments were of the most brilliant description, and the weather perfect.

Ruth was well known and popular. True, she distinguished herself neither in archery nor any other out-door sport; she was not even a very great dancer; but she could talk and look and smile, as if her companion's words were the one thing interesting to her; hence her success. And Rupert was there, and in the dark alleys and lonely shrubberies of the great gardens at Milford, opportunities for *tête-à-têtes* were not wanting. Ruth, conscious of her becoming dress of the soft, warm maize that suited her brown skin, with amusement and

admiration to froth her cup of pleasure, and Rupert's exciting presence to spice it and make it worth the drinking, might seem to be enjoying the most brilliant outcome of young lady life. Sparkle and colour, feeling and passion, she would have chosen as her greatest good. Theoretically she would have willingly embraced the pains and penalties which they might bring in their train. Yet Ruth on the sunny lawns and stately paths of Milford was profoundly and violently miserable, full of anger and despair.

The terms on which she stood with Rupert were such as could only be endurable with the most perfect trust on both sides. Where it was necessary to feign neglect, it was sometimes a strain to believe in the real devotion. Neither Ruth nor Rupert were people whose manners precluded the possibility of a mistake, and, as has been seen, Rupert was not proof against jealousy. The strength of Ruth's own passion made her more trustful of his, but at the same time she demanded more from him, and he failed to fulfil her ideal of an ardent lover. He appeared to her to be too cautious, to miss opportunities, and be his necessity for secresy what it might, she *could* not bear to see him attentive to others—to another, rather. There was a young Lady Alice, in her first season, a charming, childish beauty, after whom it was the fashion to run, and who found it agreeable enough to torment her many admirers, and provoke the aunt who chaperoned her, by flirting with the handsome Captain Lester, who, on his side, knew well enough that she meant nothing serious; and, while he was true in his heart to Ruth, was vain enough to be flattered by the preference of a beauty, and of a lady, moreover, of rank and distinction. It showed every one that he was a man of the world, and a very agreeable fellow. Perhaps matters might have mended if Mrs. Lester, who thought modern manners much too free, and drew a sharp distinction between the simplicity of her own straightforward, unwatched girlhood and the coquetries of a ball-room, and who, moreover, disapproved of Ruth, had not looked so very sharply after her, that private interviews were rendered difficult, and Ruth was growing too angry to seek one.

She had not sat by him at dinner; they were separated at the great concert that had been given on the day of their arrival; and on the next, which was one long *fête*, ending in a ball, they only caught a few hasty words with each other; and it appeared to her excited fancy that he was for ever at Lady Alice's side. In the evening she would not dance with him, crowding her card with names, laughed, talked, flirted, and was wretched. It was not till after supper that he pursued her into the last of a long vista of conservatories, where a very youthful partner had conducted her to smell the stephanotis, and claim the next dance as his own.

The warm, scented air, the distant music, the soft, dim mingling of lamp and moon light, through which strange, rare flowers gleamed out from their dark foliage, formed such a background as Ruth's vivid

fancy, fed by many a tale and poem, had often painted, to scenes that should satisfy her in their tenderness and intensity. Among the wild fir-woods of Oakby, here and there, at odd times and by unexpected chances, she had known blissful moments, every one of which was before her now as she set her mouth hard, and looked at Rupert with eyes full both of love and anger. Rupert was excited and eager, conscious of having given cause of offence, and a little off his head with the flattery he had received. He failed to read the meaning of her face, and turned to her eagerly.

'At last, my child! Mrs. Lester is a perfect dragon!'

'I don't think it has been Mrs. Lester's fault.'

'It has been none of mine,' said Rupert. 'Your fine, yellow dress escaped me at every turn, and I could not get away from the people. I have had to work hard for my fun, and arrange dozens of things.'

'I daresay it is very pleasant to be so popular,' said Ruth, detecting the little boast, which in a cooler moment would have passed unnoticed. There was a sort of airiness in Rupert's manner, inexpressibly irritating when she wanted every assurance of the passion which she was so often obliged to take upon trust.

'Come, Ruthie, that's not fair. What is a poor fellow to do? I have been horribly down in the mouth since we parted; it takes so long to get one's affairs to rights. Your guardians would bow me out of the house pretty quickly if I applied to them now. Can you trust me a little longer, my darling? I'm living on twopence a day to bring things round.'

'And did the gloves Lady Alice won from you, come out of the twopence?' said Ruth, unable to control her anger, sarcastic because such a storm of tears was pending.

Rupert's quick temper took fire in a moment.

'If you have so little confidence in me, Ruth, as to be angry at such a trifle,' he said, hotly, 'it is impossible——. You make me feel that I ask more of you than you can give.'

'Yes,' said Ruth, 'I cannot give such confidence. When it is months since I have seen you—weeks since I heard from you, I *cannot* see you devoted to—to another, when you cannot find a moment for me. If *you* can bear it——'

'You are very unreasonable, Ruth. I thought that you were generous before all other women, and patient. You speak as if you doubted my honour.'

'If it comes to talking of *honour*,' cried Ruth, 'if you need *that* to bind you, you are free. I will not hold you one hour by your honour!'

'Nor I you to a trial of generosity, which it seems you cannot bear.'

If Rupert had not been first *tête montée*, and then very angry, he would not have made this remark.

'Generosity!' cried Ruth. 'No. If honour and generosity are required between us, I'll make no claim on them. Let it all be over—we'll part. Yes, we'll part, and then you need deny yourself nothing—nothing for my sake.'

'It might be best—if you look on it in this way.'

There was a silence. Rupert pulled his moustaches sharply; his face was pale; in that hot moment he felt he might be well quit of Ruth's unreasonable jealousy and suspicion. Ruth sat quite still; she would have yielded at a word, perhaps—in a minute more she might even have made the first advance to a reconciliation. But as the dance ended the conservatory filled with people. They were joined by two or three couples, and a young lady, an old acquaintance of Rupert's, exclaimed, with sufficient forwardness—

'Oh, Captain Lester, what do you think we were discussing? People say that you are engaged to be married. Is it true—do tell me?'

'No,' said Rupert, shortly. 'I am not engaged to be married, nor likely to be.'

He laughed bitterly as he spoke, and perhaps under the circumstances could hardly have avoided some sort of denial; but the directness of this one, and the tone in which it was spoken, seemed to seal Ruth's fate. She said afterwards that she went mad at that moment, and certainly she lost the soft self-possession that was one of her chief charms, grew daring and defiant, and said and did things that others remembered long after she had recovered from the wild excitement that prompted them. The sacredness of ungovernable feeling was an article of her faith, and she was quite as miserable as she ever thought true love would demand of any one. But the poor child, as she sat on the floor in her own room that night, with her face hidden on a chair, did not think at all that she was 'having an experience,' nor going through the second volume of the story, in the beginning of which she had so gloried: she only felt that she was utterly and inconceivably wretched, and angry beyond expression. Rupert did not care for her, or only cared in a cold and commonplace fashion. There was nothing left in life for her. Evidently he had been glad to find in the quarrel an excuse for an escape.

Ruth's hot displeasure culminated when she came down to breakfast the next morning, and found that every one was regretting the departure of the officers from York, who had been obliged to take leave early that morning. They would be a great loss at the tenants' ball that night.

'Father, my father,' suddenly exclaimed Alvar Lester, coming into the room with a newspaper in his hand. 'See, it is here, "Gerald Cheriton Lester." And he is first. I said so. Ah! I rejoice!'

Alvar's eager voice and excited face attracted general attention, as

he put the paper into his father's hand, and pointed over his shoulder. There was a chorus of congratulation, while Mr. Lester's blue eyes looked as bright as his son's black ones, as he hummed and ha'd, coughed two or three times, and said, with as little exultation as he could manage to show, 'That he was glad Cheriton had worked hard and done his best. He was a good lad, and had never given any trouble. Now, they could have him at home for a bit.'

'Ah! that will be *jolly*,' said Alvar. 'But he will have come home, through last night, and we shall not be there.'

'Send a telegram to meet him, and ask him to come over,' said young Lord Milford. 'He always was a capital fellow, and I shall be delighted to see him.'

'And I hope, Milford,' said the young lord's mother, 'that you will take example by your friend.'

'Don't you build on any such hopes, mother, but I'll go and see about getting him over here at once.'

Mrs. Lester was moved to encomiums on Cherry's studies and steadiness; and more than one of those present remarked with admiration the unselfish pleasure taken by the elder brother in the success of his universally popular junior.

Virginia Seyton watched her betrothed a little wistfully. Ruth's was not the only love story that was running its course through these early summer months, and Virginia's heart was not quite at ease. If 'what Rupert was like,' had come upon Ruth with a sudden blow, 'what Alvar was like,' was still something of a problem to Virginia. He was attractive to her beyond measure, he occupied every corner of her heart; it was joy to her to be near him; his gentle, chivalrous courtship gave her unimaginable delight. She could remember every glance of his eyes, every touch of his hand; but—— But what? Alvar was at once too obtuse and too proud ever to assume a character that did not belong to him. He did not think it worth while to acquire or profess new sentiments; perhaps he never even perceived that they were desired. He was, spite of his courteous tongue, as absolutely candid a person as his brother Jack. He was not a bit worse than he seemed, neither was he much better. He behaved very well in his difficult life, and regulated his conduct by certain maxims of honour and courtesy; but, in the sense in which Virginia understood the word, he had no principles at all. It was with a curious mixture of sensations that, when, *à propos* of some scrape of Dick's, she had timidly alluded to the gambling that had brought such distress on her family, Virginia heard him answer—

'Ah, they have had much ill-fortune,' without a spark apparently of righteous indignation.

Nor could she help perceiving that he scarcely ever occupied himself with anything more useful than a cigar. 'My father is always busy,' he would say, complacently, as he sat idle; but he did not point any

popular moral; for idleness made him neither ill-humoured nor mischievous.

Virginia loved him well enough to set all her will on the side of making allowances. When he saw her scrupulous and earnest in fulfilling her religious duties, he would kiss her hand and say, 'My queen is as holy as a saint,' and he conformed sufficiently to the Oakby standard to satisfy her conscience, if not his own, never uttering a word that could offend her. But, as he had told Cheriton, 'he did not interest himself in these matters,' and she knew it.

Perhaps Virginia, diffident as to her knowledge of masculine standards and modes of expression, might never have realised even thus much to herself, but for the instinctive sense of another shortcoming in her lover, which she would not admit, and which she hated herself for even imagining. It came, by a strange turn of fate, both to her and to Ruth, to feel that the love they gave was not returned in its fulness. With what a passion of despair and jealousy Ruth had resented the discovery has been seen. To Virginia it brought a disheartening sense of her own demerit, a doubt of the truth of her own impression, vexation at her own want of trustfulness, shame and self-blame, because she could not help knowing that Alvar missed sometimes the chance of a word or an interview when *she* would have secured it, because she felt that he did not care as she cared. But then, temperaments differ; some people were reserved; perhaps she was exacting, and her cheek had flushed and her eyes sparkled with joy when Alvar praised the dresses she had taken such pains to choose for the Milford *fêtes*, and when he paid her all the *attention* due from an affianced lover. She had no cause to feel neglected, while Ruth was chafing at the sight of Rupert's flirtations. And when the news came of Cheriton's success, was she not proud of Alvar's generous delight? Yes, but *she* had never stirred his passive content to such pleasure; he had never been in such high spirits for her! Ah! how hatefully selfish she was to think of it!

The two girls exchanged no confidences. Ruth's heart was too sore, and Virginia's too loyal for a word; but as they consulted over their dresses and speculated whether Cheriton would arrive in time for the tenants' dance that night, each wondered what the other would say to the secret thoughts of her heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RED SUNRISE.

"O happy world!" thought Pelleas, "all me seems
Are happy—I the happiest of them all."

On that same hot summer night, when Ruth and Rupert were first making each other miserable, and then finding out separately that they were very miserable themselves, Cheriton, with hope and joy in his

heart, was speeding home to Oakby. With hope and joy, for Ruth had made up for her cold farewell, by making some little excuse for writing to him, and asking him to get her a picture of the Arms of the Colleges, a commission which, it is needless to say, he found time to execute. This pleasure had helped him through his hard work, for he was excitable enough to have felt the last few weeks of effort and suspense a severe strain, and had not brought quite his usual health and strength to bear on them; for he had caught a bad cold with the race in the rain at Black Tarn, and had never given himself a chance of getting rid of it. However, it was all over now, he thought, his mind was relieved, and the prospect of home with its leisure and its occupations had never seemed so delightful to him. For his love for Ruth did not shut out the thought of all other affections, it rather cast a radiance over them, and made him more conscious of their sweetness.

It was a lovely summer morning, as the train came in to Ashrigg station, the wide landscape showed clear and fresh against the cloudless sky, the peculiar northern sharpness was in the air. It was sweet to Cherry's senses, and finding no conveyance so early at Ashrigg, he set off to walk home across the dewy fields, Buffer, enchanted at his release from durance vile, trotting and barking at his heels. By various short cuts the walk was under three miles, and Cheriton soon found himself at the house, where he had time to get some breakfast, and to feel somewhat disappointed that no one was at home to hear his good news, for he felt too tired to go and seek for congratulations at the Vicarage, where Nettie was staying, or where he would have been at least equally certain of them, to the Lodge to which the old family nurse had migrated. So he contented himself with greeting all the dogs, and with the delightful consciousness that he had no need to exert himself, till Lord Milford's telegram arrived, and the thought of so quickly greeting Ruth, and of finding her belonging as it were to his own party, and thus making a thousand opportunities for paying her attention, roused him from his fit of languor and fatigue, and he eagerly made his preparations, and started off in the middle of the bright June day, on his further travels.

The midsummer weather in that northern country had still much of the freshness and the delicacy of the spring. The trees were in their first bright green, the bluebells lingered in the woods, the birds sang songs of hopefulness to him. Milford was in a softer, more richly-wooded landscape than Oakby, and the gardens were splendid with early roses and flowering shrubs, the park still here and there white with hawthorn. This was the children's day, a great school feast for all the parishes round, to be followed by a children's dance in the evening. Cheriton arrived in the midst of a grand tea in the park, and pausing to detect his relations, perceived Alvar looking even unusually tall, stately, and graceful, as he walked along a row of the very tiniest children, and filled their mugs with milk and water from a huge can.

He looked up as he came to the end, and saw Cheriton's laughing eyes fixed full upon him.

'Ah! Cheriton!' he exclaimed, 'you are here, and with all your honours! Welcome.'

'Thanks; I knew you would be pleased. So you are making yourself useful. Where's my father?'

'In the tent with Lady Milford. I will show you.'

Cheriton was inclined to think it a great bore to find his own people surrounded by strangers, and was ashamed of the congratulations which the circumstances of his arrival and the warm-heartedness of his hosts called forth. So he and his father hardly said a word to each other, though they experienced a great content in being together; perhaps a more uncommon ending to a university career than Cherry's honours, even had they been doubled.

'Come, Lester,' said Lord Milford, 'and make yourself useful. I know you are great at sack races, and three-legged races, and such diversions.'

'After being up all night? Well, as long as I am not expected to jump in a sack myself——' said Cheriton. 'Come, Alvar, don't you want another can of milk and water?'

'Ah! you laugh at me,' said Alvar, contentedly. 'I am too glad to see you to care. This *fête* is very pleasant. I am glad you came back in time for it.'

'Yes; but I wish we were all at home,' said Cheriton, absently, and looking anxiously round him. He soon discovered Virginia, much in her element among a crowd of school-girls; and at length his eyes found the object of their search. A little apart on a bench sat Ruth in the most delicate of white muslins, gloves, fan, and ribbons, all in first-rate order, looking, with the fantastic fashion, and brilliant dashes of colour in her dress, like a figure on a fan. She gave a little start as she saw Cheriton's figure in the distance, and her flush of disappointment as he came nearer was at once noted by him, and—misinterpreted.

'So you have got your laurels?' she said, softly, as she held out her hand, and looked up in his face. 'I am glad.'

'Then they are worth having?' said Cheriton.

It might have been a mere jesting answer, but Ruth did not so take it, nor did he intend that she should do so. He would have altered nothing in her greeting to him, it was a better meeting than he could have imagined. Afterwards, if Ruth had wished to discourage him, she would not have found it easy; he had but one purpose, and he set himself to fulfil it; hopeful through the charm of present bliss. It was not often that Cheriton's native skies were so cloudless, nor were these hot, full summer days at all typical of the home that he loved so well. But it was in such 'blue unclouded weather,' in such smiling midsummer beauty, that he pictured afterwards the wind-swept moors and hardy fir-woods of his north-country home. Nor did the memory

of hot, glaring sunshine, of dust, and noise, and fatigue, cease to haunt Ruth for many a day to come. She was one of those to whom excitement gives another and an intenser self. Of this she was dimly conscious, and when she had said that she could die for Rupert, she had perhaps not been far wrong. That extreme anger would urge her to a course almost equally desperate she had never guessed, but to give Rupert pain, to cause him chagrin and remorse, in short, to make him jealous and miserable as he had made her, she would have endured tortures. When people are thus minded, in other words, when they are in a passion, life always helps them on. Whether by accident or by malice, she had heard plenty of gossip about Rupert; he had written no word of repentance; she knew that Lady Alice would shortly meet him again. Well, if *her* conduct was discussed between them, he should hear enough, both to hurt his provoking self-love, and to show that hers did not suffer. And Cheriton offered the sort of strange counter-attraction often felt on such occasions to any one else than the object of anger. She had always liked to 'talk to Cherry,' his love was flattering, and she instinctively knew that it was true. He was also a singularly attractive and loveable person, and in Ruth's sore-hearted rage she felt his charm. 'It was nice to be with him—he did her good,' and if she could wound Rupert and please herself, the possible disappointment to Cheriton was not worth considering. But Ruth reckoned without her host. She neither allowed for Cheriton's ardour, nor for the effect that it would have on her; she did not know how definite her choice must be.

Cherry was not nearly so useful as his friend had expected; he was too tired to play games, and dancing, he said, gave him a pain in his side and made him cough, which was true, and would have been an equally good reason against wandering about in the shrubberies and distant paths with Ruth, where he incurred other dangers than night air and dewy grass. He was too happy to heed any of them. She listened, as Ruth knew how to listen, to his account of his Oxford life—his hopes and fears—his future prospects—and she was carried away, spite of herself, by the single-minded earnestness with which he spoke. He interested her, and she forgot herself for the moment as they strolled along; the yellow sunset dying in the distance, the first star shining over the great house behind them. Suddenly Cheriton turned and took her hand.

'Ruth,' he said, 'I have told you all this because it is so sweet to see you listen. I have something more to tell you now. I have a great many aims and ambitions—there's one dearer than the rest. I love my own people—my home—very much. I love you best, infinitely best. I always have loved you. Can you love me?'

'Oh, Cherry!' cried Ruth, in desperate self-defence, 'don't say so! That sort of love is all a mistake. Keep to the other sort—it is a great deal better for you.'

'Better!' exclaimed Cheriton. 'One thing is best for me—to have you for my wife. Oh, Ruth, my darling! ever since I was a boy I have loved you. Can't you care a little for me? I think you can—I hope you can. *You* have always listened to me and understood me. I think you know me better than any one does!'

'I know—you *do* care,' said Ruth, half to herself.

'It is my very life,' he said, and as she, trembling, hardly able to stand, made a half movement towards—not away from him—he threw his arms round her and drew her close. 'My darling!—oh, my darling! am I so happy?—ah! thank God! Thank God!'

Ruth burst into a passion of tears. Retreat was growing impossible; she hardly knew what she wished; anger, a sort of wild triumph, the difficulty of resisting this passionate pleading, the inconceivable joy of Cheriton's face and voice, added to the overstrained excitement of her previous feelings, completely overpowered her, till her sobs were uncontrollable, and with them came the strangest impulse to tell him all, the most incongruous confidence in the justice and sympathy of this passionate lover for the love and sorrows that would have wrecked his hopes. Ah! if she had but done so!

'Oh what a fool I have been!' cried Cheriton, exceedingly distressed. 'Oh, Ruth, my darling! I have frightened you. I'll be patient; I'll not say another word. See, here's a seat—sit down. I deserve that you should never speak to me again.'

Ruth let him lead her to the bench, and endeavoured to collect her senses.

'I am not half good enough for you. You don't know what you want,' she faltered.

'Oh yes, I do. I know just what I want,' said Cheriton, softly and gently; but venturing to sit down beside her, and trying to reassure her by a little playfulness; 'but I don't know how to ask for it. Alvar might have shown me the way!'

'Oh, you know well enough,' said Ruth, in a more natural tone, and in the few moments, while he sat watching her, her excitement cooled down, or rather hardened itself into shape. Her tears dried up, and she said—

'What would your father say?'

'He will think me too happy! Will you forgive me for startling you and give me my answer now?'

He was half smiling, as he timidly put out his hand again. She had given reason enough to hope for the answer he wanted, and suddenly there darted into her mind as an excuse, a reason, an explanation of all this conflict of impulses, of the wish to pique Rupert to avenge herself on the one side—to snatch something from life if she could not have all on the other—a thought—'When Rupert knows he has such a rival, if he loves me, he will not give me up.' She yielded her hand to Cheriton's, and said quickly—

'Only promise me one thing. I did not think of this—it is so sudden. I am going away to-morrow, to Mrs. Grey's, for a fortnight. Promise not to tell any one—your father, your brothers, till I come back. Give me time to—to get used to it first.'

'Of course,' said Cheriton, reluctantly, 'that must be as you please. 'But I long to tell them of my great happiness. And my father will care so much about it. But of course I promise. But I may write to you?'

'No—no—then every one will find it out!' said Ruth, with recurring agitation. 'You—you don't know how I feel about it.'

'Well, I have gained too much to complain,' said Cheriton, too loyal-hearted, and too inexperienced, for a single doubt. 'But Ruth, *my* Ruth, one thing—give me one kiss to remember!'

'Go then—go! some one will find us!' cried Ruth, and startled by approaching footsteps, she rushed away from him; but the treacherous kiss was given, though she felt in a moment that she would almost have died to recall it. She had revenged herself; she hated herself; she already began to try to excuse herself.

A little later, while troops of gaily-dressed children were dancing in the lighted hall, and the out-door guests were rapidly departing, Alvar was standing on the terrace, wondering what could have become of his brother. More than one person had remarked that he looked delicate and overworked; and Alvar felt anxious as he saw him come slowly up from the grounds towards him.

'Where have you been, Cherry?' he said. 'Are you not well?'

Cheriton smiled rather dreamily.

'Oh yes, quite well,' he said. There was a far-away look of blissful, peaceful content in his eyes, as if it were indeed well with him; an expression of perfect, thankful happiness, as far removed from the ordinary state of this tolerably comfortable work-a-day world as one of great wretchedness and misery; and as remarkable. As Alvar looked at him, they heard the cry of a little child. Cheriton turned and saw trotting along the terrace in the dusk a very little boy, left behind by some of the schools now trooping out of the park. Cherry lifted him up in his arms and smiled kindly at him, trying to make out whom he belonged to, and the child clung to him, quite at ease with him. 'Milford School; ah! I see their flag. Come, my lad, we'll go and find them. There, don't cry, nobody must cry to-night, of all nights in the year.'

'When Lady Milford has been so kind,' said Alvar, for the child's benefit.

'Ah! every one is kind!' said Cherry, with a little laugh, as he carried away the child, 'and we must—say thank you.'

THE BLUE LADY OF MILDENHALL.

BY MAY PROBYN.

CHAPTER IX.

EUREKA.

'Faint heart never won fair lady.'

'WHAT has become of Dis?' Lady Compton was inquiring later in the evening; 'I have not seen her since tea.'

'She went up to her room a while ago.' This was Dorothy's information. 'She said she had a headache.'

'Poor dear! I must go and see after her,' said the kind woman, 'as soon as the rest of these people are gone. There are not many now. Here are these children, Miles,' she went on, with a little troubled expression, 'afraid to go up to bed because of the Blue Lady! But really it is time.'

The two little girls looked towards her appealingly.

'Here, I'll take them,' said Miles, springing up and giving a hand to each. 'Come along, my dears! You won't be afraid if brother goes too.'

''Tis getting very dark,' they whispered as they went across the oak-panelled hall, clinging fast to his hand, one on each side.

'Why, I hope we shall see her,' he answered gaily. 'I promise you I'll lay the ghost, if I hunt her all my life.'

'Brother,' whispered Nancy, as they went up the broad staircase altogether, 'why are you in mourning still? We have left off our black for Muriel.'

He looked at the little girl with a grave smile.

'I am in mourning for somebody else,' said he, gently. 'Perhaps I shall be all the rest of my life. Why, what is the matter, Nancy?'

'I—I thought I heard—some one breathe,' faltered the child.

'Oh, my dear!' he returned, laughing kindly at her and clasping closer her little, cold, quivering hand, 'I hope we are all breathing.'

Roddice's bedroom door was half open as they passed. They could see her slender figure in the window, her hand up, putting away a tumbled wave of hair from her forehead. Miles hesitated a minute—should he speak? Then he thought it was better to break the spell from the first.

'Dis,' he called out, 'will you come and undress these children? Positively they are afraid to go to bed alone.'

'Oh, yes,' she said, with scarcely a quiver in her voice. 'Of course I will.'

She turned round and came to them quite calmly, her face very pale, her hair a little ruffled. Nothing more.

Miles was just going to wish the little girls 'good-night,' when they suddenly shrank up to him with a little smothered cry—

'Oh, brother! see!'

He glanced up hastily from their pale frightened faces, and saw a little blue figure flitting away before them down the gallery.

'Don't be afraid, I'm going after her,' he whispered, and hastily passed their clutching hands from his to Roddice's—how the colour flashed up in her face, and her fingers quivered as they touched his for a second!

Miles rushed precipitately after the retreating form. Hearing the steps behind, she half turned her head, then gave chase, and flew on through the long gallery.

The passages at Mildenhall are very long, and narrow, and dark. The Blue Lady had a good start of Miles, and she got to the turn of the passage into the farthest wing of the house, and escaped down it, full three minutes before he came to it. There was a little rustling sound—a door clapped violently to. When the young man rushed round the corner there was not a thing to be seen but the blank wall on either side.

The girls were following at a distance, the children quaking, but reassured by Roddice's confidence in Miles being there. Their high heels came tip-tapping gingerly over the boards towards him.

He was standing knocking with his hand all along the wall.

'There's some sort of a trap-door here. Stay, let's see,' said he, putting his hand to his forehead and considering. 'This is the very end of the house. Yes, inside there,' striking the wall again, 'is "the little old room," as you call it, that only opens down the broken steps into the garden.'

With that he seized a broom that was standing against the housemaid's cupboard, and re-commenced battering and buffeting along the panelling till all the passage reverberated.

'Oh!' whispered Nancy, terrified, 'he will break the house down.' And even as she said it, one of the panels sprang back with a crash and fell inwards.

In an instant Miles had vaulted over and dropped himself down to the floor beneath. It was six feet or so below the level of the gallery. The girls peering in saw a narrow, dark room lined with oak, an old white-haired man crouching in a chair, and, standing up protectingly before him, with a hand on his, a little lady in a blue gown, with a pale, alarmed face.

The next minute Miles, with an inarticulate cry—'What, Molly! What, sweetheart!'—had caught her into his arms.

She, after the first second of amazed uncertainty, gave herself into his clasping, and could not speak for tears.

'Oh! you are come—you are come,' she said at last, with her little hands still clinging to him in tremulous joy. 'Oh, sir! I looked never to see you again.'

'My darling! and did you? What made you go away just as I came after you? We must have crossed on the road. Now tell me quick—I cannot understand!—why are you in hiding? What has brought you *here*? What is the secret?'

She flushed and grew troubled.

'It was papa—he wished so much to come. But you know,' low and fearfully, 'we have—he has, no right, by the law, to be in England.'

'Well, any way, thank God I have found you again!' said Miles, taking her back to him not much the more enlightened, but conscious of little beyond the actual joy. 'So then you have not come here to see if you could find me at home?'

'No; oh no,' glancing up at him in fresh bewilderment. 'This is not your home? They told me it belonged to the Comptons. And you—you are not a Compton?'

'I am a Miles and a Compton too,' he answered, joyously. 'But I will explain all about that by and by. Now tell me, Molly, tell me, sweet, do you love me still?' said he, altogether forgetting that anybody was by, hardly believing yet in his happiness, 'as much as that first day?'

'More, oh, fifty times more!' she answered, and with all her shyness put up her face for his kisses.

She was still all in a tremor of startled gladness. The tears stood in her eyes. The rose was up in her face.

'You know it was no fault of mine I didn't come sooner, my little Moll. But we will talk of all that afterwards,' for he suddenly caught sight of the three girl-bystanders looking down through the open panel.

Roddice had understood in one moment. This was the girl he loved. And she knew *now*, that, fancy as long as she might, he had never cared for her. Never had he spoken to her like that—never looked at her so with the love in his eyes.

Her face was as pale as the ruffle at her throat.

'What is the matter—what is it?' questioned the little girls in a half-tearful whisper, pulling her gown.

And then Miles took his young love by the hand, and brought her underneath where the three were leaning over.

'I have found her again, Dis,' said he, looking up flushed with joy and excitement, his voice still quivering a little. 'Molly, that is John's sister—You remember John?'

'Yes,' she returned.

And the two girls curtsied formally to each other in a little embarrassment, and said nothing. But the grey eyes sought the brown ones with a sad, reluctant earnestness.

'See, my dears, you need not be afraid of the Blue Lady any more,' Miles went on merrily. 'She is going to be your sister—sister Molly, and the sweetest that ever you saw.'

The children looked inquiringly to Roddice and shrank back.

'There is nothing to mind,' Roddice whispered; 'she is a real, live, pretty lady, and Miles is going to marry her,' said she, with a voice that was steady and a lip that trembled.

Nancy, looking very shy, leaned further over and kissed her hand to this 'new, sweet sister.' And Miles, delighted, held out his arms and lifted her down.

'Why are they afraid of me?' Molly said wonderingly, and bent down gently to kiss the little one on both cheeks.

'In your flittings you have passed for our family ghost and caused terrors innumerable,' Miles explained, lifting his little sister into his arms as she crept up to his side, half frightened at being so near that terrible blue gown.

'Oh, I am sorry! I would have spoken if I had known that,' said Molly, in her sweet, serious way. 'Was that why you ran after me, sir, to-night?'

'Why, yes; how could I tell it was you? What made you run away from me?'

'How could I tell it was *you?*' she retorted, with a tender smile in her eyes. 'I thought that we should be discovered—that I should never get back in time—that we were undone. Ah! how my heart beat. And then, when it was you——!'

'Did your heart beat the less, Molly?'

'Oh, sir!' looking down in shy happiness.

'But now tell me,' said he eagerly, ''tis all a riddle to me yet. What has happened? What are you doing hid away here?'

'Ah! do you not know? It is papa's old home. After he was ill he would give us no rest till we came here again.'

'Why—of course,' Miles exclaimed, a light breaking on him. 'How is it I never thought of it before? *Delaval—de Laval*—What a fool I have been!'

Old Reginald had sat mumbling and smiling all this time, seeming to take no account of any of them. And they were so wrapped up in their talk that they had almost forgotten he was there.

But at the sound of his own name he got up and tottered towards them, nodding to Miles in a half-recognition.

'Well, well, sirs,' he murmured, with a gentle laugh. ''Tis a long while you've waited. But I've brought her home safe at last, to be Lady of Mildenhall among ye.'

'You must not notice him,' said Molly, a little sadly. She took his wrinkled hand caressingly between hers. 'He is thinking of my mamma, who is dead. Since he came here he is confused with the change, and he does not seem to know what he says.'

'He is saying the Gospel truth now,' Miles returned, with a happy look into her eyes. And taking Reginald's other hand—'You're welcome home, sir, with all my heart. And Molly'll be Lady of Mildenhall before the summer's out. You say "yes" to that?'

'God bless her for the fairest lady that ever stepped,' said the old man, dreamily, 'and her master too,' with an inquiring uncertain glance towards Miles.

Unconsciously he brought his hands together till the two young hands, holding each of his, met and clasped.

Miles bent to kiss the girl's pretty fingers. And for Molly—her eyes were full of tears again. There was a minute's tender silence.

Roddice looking down upon it, with her heart breaking, had never seen a sweeter thing.

Reginald relapsed into his confused murmurs and pauses, looking slowly from one to the other with a vague smile. And the rest fell back into their eager question and answer.

'But why is she the Blue Lady?' ventured the children, having recovered a little from the first shock of amazement.

'Yes,' pursued Miles, 'why are you hidden in such mystery?'

A little cloud passed over the girl's happy brow. Even now they were not safe from this!

'Papa—I told you,' she said, very low, so that only her lover could hear. 'He is under sentence of banishment. We have no right here by the law.'

The young man flushed and became grave also.

'That is long ago, ever so long ago,' he said, musingly. 'It does not touch *you*, and afterwards, as my wife's father, it can surely be arranged well. We will consult with John upon it. Don't be troubled, Molly darling,' as he saw the dew in her eyes. 'Leave all that to me. Now tell me more. How have you managed? How have you existed? And without their finding out—'tis incredible!'

'It was only a few days. Dear good Dame Armitage brings us all our things ready cooked.'

'Ah! that is it,' Roddice interrupted, smiling rather wanly. 'That was her big basket of mushrooms, was it?'

'Do you know,' said Molly, turning to her, 'she cannot climb into our room, she is too old. But I have to go and fetch the things from her just out of doors, quite early, or else when it is getting dark. Oh, how it frightens me, peeping round the corners to see if any one is looking.'

'My Molly!' Miles exclaimed with tender reproach.

'I come through the house if I can,' she went on. 'Yes, I am more afraid of meeting people that way. But the steps into the garden are so broken, it frightens me to come down them. And one night I slipped and fell quite down to the bottom. Since then I have gone down the passages instead. But you know we could not have kept on much

longer—Oh, no! I knew yesterday we could not live like that many more days. I thought,' turning again to Roddice, 'I should come and tell you and beg you to help us. You looked so kind that morning when I passed you on the stairs.'

'I am glad you thought that,' the girl answered, in a low voice. If she had looked up, she would have seen how kindly Miles was looking at her.

All this time it had got dark without their noticing it. They could hardly see each other's faces.

'Do you know,' said Miles, starting up, 'you have got to come and see my mother now? Does that frighten you? O no! Come, sweetest heart.'

'One thing,' said she to him, quite in a whisper. 'Will you? I want to show you——'

She took his hand, and led him away to the other end of the room. And then she lifted up the lid of a trunk and set it open. In the darkness he saw a white shimmer lying there. And she took his hand, and guided it over something soft and rustling.

'Do you know?' she said, with her pretty French idiom.

'O Molly!' he cried, softly. 'And I was to come before it was ready.'

'Yes,' she said, drawing closer. 'I thought then you would never come again. But I brought it with me. I would not leave it, because I promised you—do you remember? And I thought if you never, never came, it would do then to bury me in.'

'O sweet, hush!' said he, and then the words recalling Nancy's story. 'There goes the last of it! Somebody has said already it was a shroud. Have you looked at it, like this, before to-night?'

'Oh! yes—I come and look at it often—and think of all the things you used to say to me—and, O love! you are here,' she broke off suddenly, turning to him with a little burst of irrepressible gladness, 'and you will begin saying them all to me again. It used to make me cry when I remembered. And then I thought when the Last Day came, I should rise up all ready for you in my wedding-gown, and we should surely find each other *then*.'

He stooped down to kiss her, and could not speak just directly.

'My dearest love,' then he said, and stood for a minute with his lips upon hers,—as he had thought never to stand again!

'Is it lavender I smell so sweet? I will have every bit of it kept, Molly, for the love of that dear little garden with the lilies,—mind! And now away with you, pretty! I will not wait a minute longer. How do you get out of this little dark hole of a place?'

'I climb up by a chair,' said Molly, demurely. 'You should have seen how far I jumped when you were running after me this evening!'

'Well, now you shall neither climb nor jump, for I am going to carry

you,' said he, and taking her up in his arms, stepped on to the chair, and set her down in the gallery beside Roddice.

There they stood for a minute, side by side, these two women who loved him so well. They looked at each other silently, then with a sudden impulse, took hands and kissed.

And then Miles, having half-dragged, half-lifted Reginald out into the gallery, held out his hand for Molly, and led the way back.

They hardly noticed that Roddice did not follow, but stayed behind to re-assure and persuade the old man, trying to make him understand the new turn the affair had taken, which was the more difficult, as she hardly understood it herself.

Miles and Molly, hand in hand, came along the gallery, a young fair couple, as gay and handsome as the daylight.

'Ah! think, Molly,' he exclaimed to her, with yet a fresh rush of exultant gladness, as they came out at the head of the wide shallow stairs, where a window looked out upon long moon-lit lawns, and the park sweeping beyond; 'think! there is nothing more to wait for. You and I are going to live here, and be happy, all our lives.'

She looked up into his face, and then in a sort of lovely dream, stepped down beside him, into the river of moonlight that lay along the staircase.

'See, there,' said he, stopping midway. 'Look up! There is the very Blue Lady.'

The girl gazed into the sad face for a minute, then dropped a serious curtsey to it.

'Am I like her?' said she, as they passed on.

'Like her? If you ever look so unhappy, as she does,—sweet, it will break my heart.'

'Ah! love,' she murmured, clinging closer to his hand, 'shall I ever be unhappy again?'

Lady Compton was still out on the lawn, standing at the other end, by the swing in the horse-chestnut tree. The three girls were there too; John was giving Katherine a swing before they came in.

The mother stood by silently, pondering on her son, with a sense of relief that her daughters, at least, were safe under her wing yet a while.

She was standing so, in a stillness hardly broken by the rush of the leaves, as the swing flew to and fro, and the ripple of the girls' clear laughter, when Miles came across the moonlight, holding Molly by the hand.

The girls saw them first, and cried out all at once. Lady Compton grew very pale.

'John, what is this?' she said, in a low voice, beginning to tremble, feeling that a crisis was come.

He started a step forward, peering across the uncertain light.

'Great heaven!' he exclaimed, startled for once into an expletive. ''Tis Mademoiselle de Laval! What plot has he laid hold of now?'

'Mother, I have found the Blue Lady,' Miles called out, 'and brought you another daughter.'

And on that there followed a clamour of exclamations and perplexed questionings, and a rush of rapid explanation from Miles, that was more confusing at first than convincing.

John stood by grimly, his head full of dark suspicions of treasonable plots, a secret, illegal marriage, and I know not what beside.

As for the young sisters, they, girl-like, were ready to dance for delight at this new *dénoûment* in the family mystery.

'It was like a fairy-story—It was like a romance—And how Miles kept looking at her, just like a real lover in a picture!'

They were the first to break in with their joyous responses—

'Oh! Miles, we are so glad;' and 'Brother, we shall be so fond of her.'

And at that he turned to them and cried out—

'Thanks, thanks!' and wrung their hands, as if they had been grown women.

Then he turned back to Lady Compton, appealingly—

'Mother, do you accept the explanation, and my wife with it?'

But he need not have been afraid. All her woman's heart was melted at the sight of Molly, fair, and girlish, still holding by her lover's hand, and glancing up, shy and half-scared, from one strange face to another. That this young girl should find herself turned a-drift in a strange country, with a feeble, half-foolish old man, under penalty of the law!

'Poor child!' she said, growing as soft and pitiful over it as if it had been one of her own daughters, and, taking her from Miles's hands, held her for a minute while she kissed her. 'I am so thankful you found your way to us, and not among strangers.' And then, her mother's love stepping in and taking the place of congratulations, 'Oh! my dear, you have got a good husband!'

'Ah! madam,' the girl said, with the look that Miles likened to starlight, coming into her sweet, dark eyes, 'could you think I do not know it?'

And then she turned, a little fearfully, and looked up at John, the only one who had not spoken to her yet. She thought he did not like her. And was it not he who, in a measure, had brought all their trouble upon them?

But his suspicions about her had melted as he heard how it all had fallen out. And he changed his mind, 'It had evidently been brought about by Providence; who, therefore, might go against it?'

He stepped forward and took Molly by the hand.

'So you are really in England at last?' said he; 'I wish you very well.'

And then he turned to Miles, and grasped his hand in even heartier friendship than ever before. And now he really felt for the young

man's gladness. For he was thinking, if Muriel had once looked at him as Molly was looking up at Miles, what would life have been like to him?

And with it all, not one of them gave a thought to Roddice, until by and by, when they came in again, and found her standing up, tall and beautiful, by the side of old Reginald, still re-assuring and persuading.

Miles and Molly were touched to the heart. But not for the same reason.

* * * *

That is all, I think.

One warm, hazy morning, in the beginning of September, the bells clashed out again, with a *real* wedding-peal.

And Molly put off her gown of maiden blue, and was married to Miles in her mother's egg-shell brocade, powdered at bosom and elbow with the Compton diamonds, and clouded with the Compton lace.

The bridesmaids' flowers were young half-blown white roses, set in rosemary.

And the bridegroom, too, caring very little, this time, whether it stamped him court- or country-bred, carried in his button-hole a white rosebud and a spray of ROSEMARY.

(*Concluded.*)

THE ANGEL OF VIAREGGIO.

A TALE OF CHILD-LIFE IN ITALY.

BY LINDA VILLARI, AUTHOR OF 'IN THE GOLDEN SHELL,' 'IN CHANGE UNCHANGED,' ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLOUDS PASS AWAY.

ALL the evening and throughout the night the storm raged fiercer and fiercer, its violent gusts frequently startling the silent watchers by the bed where poor little Gigia lay tossing in a burning fever. For many hours she was delirious: sometimes raving about the vase, sometimes reproaching Alexis with his cowardice, now shrieking that the boats would be lost, and then wailing piteously that she could not fly away because her wings were burned. She repeated this last cry so often that Rosina, unused to delirium, thought to soothe her by fetching the winged robe, and holding it up to attract her attention.

It was of no use, the poor little thing went on raving as before, and there seemed every reason to fear that she was only at the beginning of a long and dangerous illness. But in the early morning, when the light was stealing in through the chinks of the shutters, the fever rapidly abated, and Mrs. Ashton, creeping on tip-toe to the door, had the satisfaction of telling the anxious grandmother in the next room that there was a decided change for the better, and that at last the child was resting in a quiet natural sleep.

A couple of hours later, when the artist's wife and Rosina, worn out by their long vigil, had dropped into a doze on either side of the bed, they were awakened by hearing a feeble voice inquire why Zia Rosina was not in bed.

There was little Gigia wide awake and quite sensible, though very pale and with black circles round her great dark eyes.

In a moment Rosina's arms were round her neck, and she was showering warm kisses on her dear little niece, and cooing all sorts of loving words over her.

Mrs. Aston made signs that the child must not be excited, and leaving the corner in which she had been sitting she too kissed and caressed Gigia, saying—

'Now Gigia must lie still and go to sleep again, or she will be as ill as she was yesterday.'

Gigia stared at her with a puzzled expression.

'I thought you were away!' she said. 'Was it all a dream then? And oh! I'm so tired and so hungry!'

The child's head felt very confused. How was it that the English signora was with her in her aunt's bedroom! She had a sort of vague remembrance of many troubles; of being in a crowd on the pier, of a great storm. She would have liked to ask many questions, but somehow she felt too tired and stupid to try and find out what it all meant. She could hear the rain pattering against the window-panes, and the wind howling round the house. The storm, then, was no dream!

And now Mrs. Aston held a glass of some fragrant, coloured liquid to her lips, and bade her drink it and try to sleep again.

Gigia meekly swallowed every drop, but said she did not want to sleep ever any more for she had had such horrible dreams.

'She seems quite well,' said Rosina, joyfully. 'How happy poor mamma will be! Surely we may call her into the room now!'

Just then the bells of S. Francesco began to ring the joyful peal reserved for high days and holidays. Their sound, and the mention of her grandmother, brought back in a sudden flash to the bewildered Gigia the greatest of her sorrows.

'Don't let Nonna come!' she exclaimed excitedly, plunging her head under the bed-clothes. 'I don't want to see her; she is very angry with me.'

'No one is angry with you, my pet,' said Mrs. Aston, soothingly. 'It was a mistake; we know all about it now, and you are not to think of it any more.'

The little girl was easily quieted; nevertheless Mrs. Aston thought it better to keep Signora Maria away from the room until the doctor should have paid another visit.

When that gentleman presently arrived, his feelings may be compared to those of the renowned Mrs. Hubbard when she had been out to buy a coffin for her remarkable dog.

There was his little patient sitting comfortably up in bed, sipping a basin of broth, and eating with great relish the tiny slices of bread and butter which Mrs. Aston had prepared for her in delicate English fashion.

His grave face brightened at this unexpected sight; and hardly believing his eyes, he counted her pulse, examined her tongue, and felt her head before pronouncing that every trace had vanished of the violent fever of the past night.

Weakness and a slight cough were the only remaining symptoms of illness that he was able to discover.

'H'm, H'm,' he said, 'this is very extraordinary! Most extraordinary! A case of ephemeral fever such as I have seldom met with in the whole course of my practice. Whether thanks to my medicines, to your careful nursing, or to the little woman's own vigorous constitution, it is a fact that the fever has left her as suddenly as it came on. So far, so good; but remember, she must be

kept very quiet, for she has evidently a most excitable brain, and that little cough of hers requires a day or two of bed.'

'Why did you cut off all her pretty hair?' asked Rosina reproachfully, for she loved the thick locks that needed so much combing. 'You might have waited a little, doctor!'

'My dear Rosina,' answered the old man, patting the girl's cheek paternally, 'I don't mind telling you now that I quite expected she would have needed ice on her head to-day; and after all there's no harm done. Much better for children to be cropped close in the summer as you yourself used to be. But of course you don't remember that; it is so long since you were young.'

And the good man chuckled at his own small joke as he helped himself to a pinch of snuff.

So now at last Signora Maria and the landlord were allowed to see their dear little invalid. The Nonna's smiling face and outstretched arms told Gigia without a word of explanation that she had no further anger to dread. Both caressed and petted the child more tenderly than ever, as though to make amends for the mistake of which she had been the victim.

'You must make haste and get well, my darling,' said Signora Maria, gently stroking the little pale cheek, 'and perhaps the doctor will let you follow in the procession next Sunday.'

On hearing these delightful words Gigia gave her Nonna as forcible a hug as her weary little arms were capable of.

'But I thought it was to be to-day,' she said, looking puzzled; 'I can hear the church bells ringing.'

'Nay, my child!' answered her grandmother, 'listen to the wind and rain! Why all the altars and flower arches put up in the streets have been blown down! There will only be a procession inside the church. But if the Virgin and Saint Francis give us a fine day, my Gigia shall flap her wings with the other little angels on Sunday.'

'Then you didn't burn my beautiful frock, Aunt Rosina?' said the happy child. Rosina laughed and shook her head. The dress was spread out on the bed, and when Gigia had admired it to her heart's content she settled down among her pillows and was soon fast asleep, clasping the dainty rose wreath to make sure that she should lose it no more.

Then Mr. Aston carried his wife away to her own room to rest after her long vigil, and the affairs of the house went on as usual. I should rather say that they might have gone on as usual, but certainly Signora Maria did not pay much attention to domestic matters. She felt the need of talking over the varied events of the past four-and-twenty hours, and with such abundant food for conversation, for which no one is ever too busy in Italy, it was not wonderful that she should have held a species of levee in the entrance hall; giving full and particular

accounts to all who came in her way, whether lodgers in the hotel or friendly gossips from the town, not only of little Gigia's alarming symptoms and sudden recovery, but likewise of all the Countess's iniquities, and of the noble manner in which her Gianni had rid the house of that terrible lady's presence. Of course, with so much talking going on, it would have been cruel to expect Raffaele and Teresa to confine themselves to their work, without coming to join in occasionally with fresh comments and explanations interlarded with plentiful 'Says I,' and 'Says he.' Regarding the summary dismissal of the Countess opinions differed, and several persons shook their heads, and opined that Signor Gianni had been too much carried away by his feelings, and had done a very rash and imprudent deed.

Rumours were afloat that the Countess had threatened to be the ruin of the hotel, and was going to institute immediate law proceedings against the landlord. This was unpleasant, to say the least, and Signor Gianni, despite the comforting assurances of the English artist, and the officers, was not without sundry gloomy presentiments on the subject. But Signora Maria laughed at his fears. The Russian woman might do her worst, she said boldly. The child would never have recovered so miraculously had the wicked Countess remained in the house. She even hinted that it would be well to send for a priest to purify the second-floor rooms by a plentiful sprinkling of holy water. There were no two opinions about the great goodness of the artist and his wife; all Viareggio rang with their praises, and whenever they went abroad they had to acknowledge so many smiling salutations that each walk resembled a royal progress. Owing perhaps to the fulness of detail with which everything was related, the most exaggerated reports got about regarding the scene with the Countess; and on one occasion Mr. Aston heard himself gravely pointed out by a knot of fishermen as the brave *forestiere* (foreigner) who had knocked down the mad Russian when she was attempting to strangle the padrone of the Commercio after half murdering his grandchild. It became rather difficult to keep Gigia in bed as the day went on, for after a long sleep she awoke feeling quite strong, and anxious to get up and play about as usual. But the affectionate little thing was easily persuaded to lie still, when Rosina said that she herself was very tired and would come to lie down beside her. This arrangement delighted Gigia, and went far to reconcile her to the necessity of staying in bed.

'You shall be my baby, and I'll sing you to sleep,' she said; and nestling close to her dear auntie, she wound her arms round her, bade her shut her eyes very tight, and began to sing one of her funny songs. However, as she inquired every few seconds whether her aunt was not asleep yet, her lullabies did not have the expected effect, and soon giving up the attempt she lay silent for a few minutes, and then asked in a hesitating voice—

'Tell me, auntie—do you think naughty Alexis is sorry that I am ill?'

'I dare say he is, dear,' answered Rosina. Then, fearful lest the child should excite herself by talking of past troubles, she added, 'But never mind Alexis; he has gone away, and you won't see him any more.'

'Gone away!' echoed the child. 'I should like to have seen him once more, for I am not angry with him now that you all love me again. I think—I really think—I would give him a kiss, though I do like Michael best. Why did they go away?' she continued, after a pause.

And Rosina could not resist telling Gigia how her father had sent them away because—as she put it—they made too much noise.

'Why is the Countess so wicked, auntie?' pursued the child reflectively, after another pause. 'Fancy! poor Alexis said he knew she would kill him if he told her he had broken the vase.'

Rosina only replied by bestowing a shower of kisses upon Gigia, and telling her that she was a kind-hearted little darling.

'But oh! I wish,' continued Gigia, who could not easily drive away the thought of the ill-treated children, 'I do wish some one would make the Countess be good.'

And Rosina could only suggest that she should implore the Virgin Mother to give the Russian a better heart; so accordingly for many days afterwards Gigia fervently added that supplication to her morning and evening prayers.

And now Mrs. Aston returned to the room armed with a sheet of paper and a big pair of scissors, and placing herself by the bedside, enchanted Gigia by the wonderful figures she cut out for her. Then Raffaele's puckered face appeared at the door, and a big bouquet of roses and five or six visiting cards, with duly turned-down corners, were handed in, with the officers' compliments to the Signorina Gigia; and it is hard to say whether the fragrant flowers or the complimentary cards gave most pleasure to the delighted invalid.

When the doctor came again in the evening it was a very bright little face that greeted him from the bed, and there was evidently no fear of any return of the fever.

She might get up the next day, he said, provided she passed a good night and the cough had disappeared; but he looked very dubious when the grand question was asked if she might be an angel on Sunday.

'You are the most unreasonable women!' he exclaimed at last in mock anger, as Signora Maria and Rosina repeatedly urged that it could do the child no harm, and that it would be the greatest of cruelties to deprive her of this long-expected pleasure. 'I tell you it would be little short of madness to let a child so narrowly escaped from a bad illness go trailing all over the town with a pack of snuffling priests. Let her wear her smart frock of course, and take her

to the church for a few minutes if you like, for I see plainly it is no use to forbid that, but then be sure to bring her straight home and keep her quiet till the cool of the evening. I shouldn't think you would want her to be too tired to see the illuminations. They will be grander than any we have ever had.'

Noticing how little effect his words had on Signora Maria, the doctor gave an appealing look to the landlord, saying, 'I am sure you will agree with me.'

And Signor Gianni, who up to that moment had entirely agreed with his wife, basely went over to the enemy, and, possibly dreading his wife's expostulations, left the room arm-in-arm with the doctor, and joined with him in sundry witticisms at the expense of the weaker sex.

Signora Maria looked after them disdainfully, and then remarked, with a significant nod—

'Men are all alike, even the best of them; but mark my words, Rosina, just let them talk as much as they like, and one always ends with getting one's own way. As if we didn't know that the secret of all this fussiness of the doctor's is his want of reverence for the Church. It made me shudder to hear him talk of the "snuffling priests."'

Here the devout landlady's eloquence was cut short by the entrance of Momo with a capful of the prettiest shells he could find, as an offering to the little signorina.

Signora Maria smiled encouragingly on the boy, and bade him give the shells to Gigia himself.

Ragged Momo had found his way to the grandmother's heart, for had not Mr. Aston told her how the boy had insisted on carrying Gigia home himself when he found her lying on the pier, and had she not witnessed his grief and anxiety during the past night? He had positively refused to go away while the dear little signorina, who was so good to him, was ill; and accordingly had remained all night in the hotel, making himself useful in many ways, and on the look-out to fetch all that was required for the sick room. Already the good woman had begun to turn over in her mind various plans for befriending Gigia's ragged friend. She could not give him any cast-off clothes, for that would be unjust to Raffaele and the cook, who had an old-established right to them; but she might do something better by assisting his industrious mother to earn a sufficient livelihood. Accordingly, after a lengthy squabble with her right-hand, old Teresa, who always thought it her duty to oppose every innovation not suggested by herself, Momo's mother was sent for and promoted to the post of washer and ironer to the hotel.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ANGEL OF VIAREGGIO.

And now Sunday has dawned bright and cloudless. The wind has sunk into the gentlest of morning breezes; the angry, hurtling waves have disappeared, and in their place is a dazzling expanse of sapphire water, dotted with numerous white sails. The bells of every church in Viareggio are clanging madly and continuously—one wonders where so many energetic ringers can be found; but here, as in other parts of Italy, it is considered not only a meritorious, but a religious, act to take a turn at the church bells. The heaviest of nets, or the best crop of bearded wheat or Indian corn, ought surely to fall to the lot of those who pull longest and most lustily at the bells; and thus volunteers in this service are never wanting.

Every man, woman, and child in Viareggio is dressed in his or her best to do honour to the double festival, and groups of children are hastening towards S. Francesco laden with baskets of everlastings and twigs of box and other greenery, to add to the store ready to be scattered before the feet of the advancing priests. Country people are pouring in from the neighbouring villages to take part in the procession.

One ceases to wonder at the superstition of the Italian peasantry when one sees how their every amusement and excitement is derived from the festivals of their Church. Then, and then only, do they hear music, or have anything to satisfy that sense of pleasure in beautiful things which every human being has lurking somewhere—no matter how deep down, nor how densely clouded by ignorance—in some cranny of his nature. A church gay with tinselled drapery, filled with glittering lights and clouds of fragrant incense, must indeed seem a foresight of paradise to those who drudge from daybreak to nightfall for enough chestnut flour to keep body and soul together; to those dwellers in dirt-begrimed hovels which they have never been taught to render habitable by a little order and cleanliness.

Our Gigia awoke bright and buoyant from her calm night's sleep, eager to enjoy to the full the long-looked-for festival. It was impossible to keep her quiet after her eyes were once open; and good-natured Rosina turned out of bed two hours earlier than usual to dress the dear little fidget who could no longer be treated as an invalid.

As if to make amends for her two days' seclusion, Gigia rushed up and down the house like a little mad thing, chattering and singing at the top of her voice. It was a joyful day for the whole household, for all had missed the merry child voice and pattering footsteps. Who so happy as Gigia when the moment came for putting on the dainty

tarlatan frock and many-hued wreath—so happy that a strange shyness came over her. Her chatter ceased, and she did nothing but smile very hard as she stood in the midst of her admiring friends. Of course Raffaele insisted on taking her into the dining-room to be shown off to the officers, who, equally of course, were as eloquent as they were expected to be on the subject of the wings, and sympathetically furious against the doctor for having clipped the brown locks that should have flowed from beneath the wreath.

And little Gigia stood before them with a demurely coquettish air that sat strangely on her baby face; half abashed and wholly pleased by all their playful compliments.

Then she tore off to her dear Mrs. Aston, and regardless of the fragility of her wings, clambered into her friend's arms, and hid her glowing face upon her shoulder. She was still nestling there when her grandmother, arrayed in her best gown, came to fetch her to go to S. Francesco, and that good lady's contentment almost outrivalled Gigia's when the artist gave her a sketch he had just finished of the clinging girl-angel in his wife's arms.

And soon they were all making their way through the crowded Piazza S. Francesco to the church door; all, that is to say, excepting Signor Gianni, who was somewhat of his friend the doctor's opinion with regard to processions. The artist naturally loved spectacles of any kind, and Mrs. Aston had been easily persuaded to accompany them, partly by Gigia's pressing entreaties, and partly to prevent the landlady from allowing the child to over-tire herself.

'She cannot be quite strong, you know,' urged the lady, 'after her feverish attack and two days of bed;' and good Signora Maria, who had so stubbornly held to her own opinion in the face of the doctor's objections, was soon brought to a common-sense view of the matter by Mrs. Aston's motherly reasonings.

So Gigia only walked round the church amidst the angel band following the gorgeously-arrayed priests—and indeed she felt so bewildered by the chanting and the brass band and the general confusion of the scene, that she allowed herself meekly enough to be taken home to the cool, shaded rooms that were so pleasant after the out-door glare.

As they passed the other hotel where the Countess had taken up her quarters, they saw a carriage heaped with familiar-looking luggage standing waiting at the entrance; and behold there was the Russian family on the point of departure! The Countess bestowed a very evil scowl on the holiday party. Alexis blushed up to the roots of his hair when he saw Gigia in all her bravery nodding and smiling to him. His mother turned her head away sharply, and bade the coachman drive on, and both the boys seized the opportunity to rapidly kiss their hands to our little heroine.

Gigia stood still watching the carriage until it disappeared round

the corner of the street, and then with a sort of sigh of relief, she glanced smiling in her aunt's face, and exclaimed—

'How glad I am she didn't kill him after all!'

Signora Maria crossed herself, and remarked emphatically that Viareggio was well rid of the wretch.

And I may as well say here that the Countess's wild threats against the landlord were never carried out, and that the second-floor rooms speedily found new occupants who brought no trouble to the house.

The hot hours of that glorious festa day passed merrily and happily for our little Gigia. Part of the time was spent in Mrs. Aston's rooms; and when the child grew tired of trying to execute gorgeously-coloured pictures of the procession with the old brushes and scraps of paint which Mr. Aston had rummaged out for her benefit, she found plenty of amusement in watching the various pleasure parties who were dining *al fresco* under the awning on the big terrace.

When, towards six o'clock, the church bells began to clang more noisily than ever, Gigia was once more robed as an angel (rather a crumpled one!)—and now in the cool of the evening she proudly paraded the streets in the procession as far as the spot where a gorgeous flower-carpet had been put down.

This was a very poor affair compared to those that used to be seen in Florence and other large cities before these public processions were prohibited by law, but still it was very pretty and very well done, and to Gigia, who could make no comparisons, it seemed a very dream of splendour. This particular carpet had a green groundwork of thickly-strewn cypress twigs, ornamented by an architectural design of green, and red, and violet petals; and in the centre of each pattern was a starry passion-flower. The whole was carefully executed, had taken a long time to make, and several women and children had industriously sprinked it with water throughout the day to keep it fresh and bright until the procession reached it.

Gigia thought it such a pity that this fairy-like carpet should be trampled under foot, and was so anxious to admire it thoroughly that she was quite willing to desert the angel band, and let it go on without her.

It was touching to see the simple pride which the carpet-makers took in their work, and their pleasure in listening to the admiring remarks of the bystanders.

'You've nothing of this kind in your country, I suppose, signora?' said one old peasant woman, her face aglow with satisfaction at Mrs. Aston's warmly expressed praise.

In a short time, as the brief southern twilight began to fade, bonfires and tar-barrels were lighted in every piazza, numerous rockets shot up into the air, the church-towers were a blaze of light, and a row of candles illumined every window-sill.

'Gigia's stout little legs were very weary, and her eyelids beginning to droop by the time all these grand sights had been seen; but not for worlds would she have owned that she was tired, for her grandfather had promised to take her down to the pier to have a general view of the illuminated town.'

'Would you much mind carrying me a little way on your shoulder, Nonno, dear?' she asked presently, in a coaxing voice; 'I should see everything so much better, you know.'

And the landlord, who had noticed how the little feet were flagging, cheerfully granted the request, and our Gigia, well wrapped in a shawl, was hoisted to her perch, and carried comfortably the length of the quay, and on to the pier.

Here all was still and quiet, for the Viareggio population was either in the streets gazing at the illuminations, or assembled on the terraces of the Nettuno bathing establishment, gossiping, flirting, dancing, and promenading to the music of noisy bands. However, the pier was not quite deserted, for the artist and his wife, tired of the heat of the crowded streets, were sitting on the bench at the end, enjoying the beauty of the summer night.

There was no moon, but the stars were shining brilliantly, making many sparkling tracks on the quiet sea, now lapping so caressingly against the woodwork it had so fiercely assailed on the day of the storm. The dusky pine-woods and the hills beyond made a dark framework to the glittering town. Soft lights were twinkling in all the villages on the slopes of the Apennines; the outline of a large villa on Mon Tramito was picked out in many-coloured lamps; tall flames soared up into the still air from amid the marble quarries of distant Serravezza, and even, like Baal fires, from the summits of the highest peaks. Gigia struggled down from her perch as soon as she caught sight of her English friends, and climbed on to the seat by their side.

'Hasn't your little angel had enough of pleasure by this time?' asked the artist, making room for Signora Maria and Rosina to sit by his wife.

'No, no!' cried Gigia; 'I wish it could go on for ever! How nice to be an angel always! I wonder if the angels—*real* angels, I mean—have frocks like mine! I should so like to fly up to Heaven to see!'

And Gigia clasped her hands and bent her head back to gaze the better at the starry sky above.

'Nonsense, child! It's time for you to go home to bed!' exclaimed her grandmother, rather impatiently; and, turning to Mrs. Aston, she continued—

'I can't bear to hear her talk like that! It reminds me that but for the signor chancing to come here on this pier that dreadful evening, the poor little thing might have been in the cold grave by this time,

instead of being alive and well to gladden our hearts! I am sure I can never be grateful enough to your husband and to you, signora, for all your kind care of her.'

And seizing Mrs. Aston's hand, good Signora Maria pressed it fervently to her lips.

'Come, come!' said Mr. Aston, cheerfully, with his British shyness of anything approaching to sentiment, 'you exaggerate matters. Some one else would soon have found the child, if I hadn't; and, by the by, it was our faithful Momo who spied her out, remember! Your sweet Gigia is a charming, wilful, thoroughly mortal child; no fear but that she will be content to remain the angel of Viareggio for many and many a long year to come.'

And for a while they all remained silent, inhaling the cool breeze from the sea, watching the flickering lights on the far-off mountains, and listening to the bursts of music from the animated Nettuno. Gigia's happiest of days had come to an end now, and by the time they rose to go homewards she was nestling half-asleep between her Nonna and Mrs. Aston, and had to be carried home a very weary angel in Signor Gianni's protecting arms.

* * * * *

The pleasant summer days slipped past without any more storms bursting over our Gigia's head; and I do not think she shed a single tear until the sad moment arrived for saying good-bye to her kind English friends.

They did not forget her, however; more than one funnily-illustrated letter, bearing the Roman post-mark, and directed to Signorina Luigina Morelli, reached the hotel during the winter, and then the following year, just as the swallows began to build their nests and make their whirling flights above the terrace, Mr. and Mrs. Aston came back to Viareggio.

What, too, was our Gigia's delight, when the much-discussed problem why they should have bespoken an extra bedroom was solved by seeing them arrive with a rosy, crowing baby, who showed his approval of the beaming little girl who came bounding into his mother's arms, by instantly plunging his fat, dimpled hands into the thick masses of her hair?

Nor did this new blessing, that had come to console the artist and his wife for past suffering and loss, in any way diminish their hearty affection for our little heroine. And as time goes on, Gigia increases in stature and in wisdom; and though soon she will be too tall to flutter tarlatan wings in church processions, she promises to remain for all who love her a very angel of Viareggio.

(*Concluded.*)

KÖRNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VI.

AWAKENING LIFE.

NAPOLEON himself had quitted his army, leaving his generals to conduct the retreat, and was hurrying rapidly towards Paris to announce in person his disaster. Friedrich Förster describes his sudden appearance at Dresden, on the 14th of December, in a letter written to Körner the same evening:—

'Though it is past midnight I take pen in hand, my dearest friend, to regain in communion with thee my peace of mind and repose. I can scarcely yet determine whether the scene which I have witnessed is a mere vision of the night or reality itself. It was past one o'clock when I left your father's house, where music had formed the entertainment of the evening; it snowed heavily, and, driven by the blast, I hurried with rapid steps towards the bridge, for I live, as you know, in the Neustadt. On a sudden I heard loud swearing in French and German before the door of Doctor Segert; impelled by curiosity, I hastened to the spot, when at that moment friend Segert poked his head out of the window in nightgown and nightcap, exclaiming, "Ce n'est pas chez moi, moi, je suis le docteur Segert, et vous cherchez M. Serra;" adding a not over courteous good-night in German—"So let me alone, and don't expect me to run your errands in the dark in twenty-five degrees of cold." With that he slammed down the window and disappeared. I was next appealed to, and being aware of their wishes, I said, "N'est ce pas que vous cherchez l'hôtel de Monsieur l'Ambassadeur Français? Suivez moi." This was exactly what they wanted, and I soon led their sledge to the spot. A footman sprang down in an instant, and pulled at the Ambassador's bell as if he were quite at home. The porter opened; there were still lights above; and two furred Knights Rupert* unfolded themselves, in their wolf hides, from the inside of the vehicle—a carriage mounted on a sledge. The first was a stout, well-made man, but frozen so stiff, both hand and foot, that he was unable to assist his still more helpless companion to alight; half from courtesy, half from curiosity, I advanced, when the cold man of snow put his hand on my shoulder as if a polar bear had thrown his paw upon me; the glove fell off, I lent him my hand and led him to the door; it sprang open, the ambassador, and servants bearing wax-lights, presented themselves; the full blaze fell on the countenance of the guest, whose hand still held mine; the eyes and nose alone were visible amid the muffling furs, but I recognised them again—those fiery eyes which I had

* The name of a character in a Christmas play.

seen so often in Dresden in the spring. It was the Emperor Napoleon whose hand lay in mine! Friend, what thoughts are whirling through my brain! The newspaper with the eventful twenty-ninth bulletin is on my table; the great French army is destroyed—totally destroyed; it was but yesterday we received the news. I felt as if I could have drawn a dagger from beneath my cloak, and with the words "Europe, I give thee peace!" have plunged it into the heart of this mortal foe of freedom and Fatherland. But no! Cæsar, thou shalt fall, but not by the hand of the assassin. We will fight out our cause chivalrously with thee; and even so shall the righteous judgment of God be fulfilled upon thee.'

In January, stragglers from the army began to appear, their woful condition and the terrible histories they had to unfold revealing more fully the magnitude of the overthrow. Förster was present when all that was left of a once gallant Saxon regiment arrived in Dresden—a forlorn handful of maimed and mutilated men, so disfigured by their sufferings amid the snows of Russia that their nearest friends could hardly recognise them. He describes the dreadful scene, and the storm of grief and fury it aroused among their friends and townsmen, with 'curses loud and deep' against the French Emperor. He adds, 'I should recommend no Frenchman to venture amid such a mob.' 'Matters look wretchedly enough in our beloved Dresden,' he observes in the same letter; 'but I look on all the misery with a certain feeling of consolation. Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.'

Intense excitement now began to be felt; everywhere new hope was springing into life. This first great disaster which the conqueror had met—it surely was the prelude to his downfall, and the chains with which he had bound Europe would be broken. Was not the time come at last when men could rise and act?

Theodor Körner's sentiments were well known to Förster, by whom they were fully shared. Theodor had ventured in January to give his parents a vague hint of what was passing in his mind. At the conclusion of a letter he says,—A great moment of life is approaching; be assured that you shall not find me unworthy of you whatever the future may bring.' Förster happened to be present when this letter was received. Some one asked if it contained any intelligence of the French armies; if things were quiet in Italy and the Tyrol. 'Theodor,' said his father, 'thinks of nothing but his marriage; he is happy in his love, and will bring his young wife to us in the spring.' 'He is very anxious respecting so important a step,' said his mother; 'read what he says at the end of his letter.' 'Your family,' wrote Förster, 'found nothing in the words but an allusion to your marriage. I kept silence, not to betray my thoughts; but I know you too well not to interpret them very differently.'

As the remnant of the French army which had escaped from Russia, being unable to keep its ground on the Vistula, retreated towards the

Oder, followed by the Russians, the excitement in Prussia increased. On the 29th of January the King left Berlin and repaired to Breslau in Silesia, uncertain yet which course he should pursue; whether he should break his compulsory alliance with Napoleon and boldly join the Russians, or should still cower beneath the hated yoke. The decisive action of his ministers, who were already making preparations for revolt, the enthusiasm of the people, and the obstinacy of Napoleon, himself happily left but one course open to him. On the 3rd of February he issued the appeal calling upon young men to enroll themselves as volunteers, and a few days later he signed a treaty with Alexander; and when the Rubicon was passed he assumed a loftier tone, and became in the eyes of his people the leader of the national cause.

All classes responded to the appeal. The Tugendbund and the Burschenschaft poured forth their members; from the universities came grave professors at the head of their pupils; sober burghers relinquishing the cares of business, active professional men, citizens of every North German state, all assembled at Breslau under the standard of Prussia. Boys too young to bear arms, who had to be sent back to their families, were to be seen entreating, with tears in their eyes, for admission to the ranks. Throughout the country there was one unanimous cry for arms. The women shared the general enthusiasm; young and old gave up their ornaments of gold and silver and cast them into the impoverished treasury, receiving in return ornaments of beautifully-wrought iron, with the inscription, 'I gave gold for iron, 1813.'

Among the first to join the rendezvous was the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, the well-known author of *Sintram* and *Undine*—a soldier who had won his spurs in 1793 as a cornet of Cuirassiers on the Rhine. He now hastened to join the standard at the head of a youthful band of volunteers.

'You may well conceive,' wrote Körner on the 10th of February, 'how my feet have burned since the appeal of the king of Prussia has been in my hands. I hear from Humboldt of the state of feeling in his country, of the preparations making at Breslau. When I say my feet are burning, do not attribute it to the pavement of Vienna, which is cold enough, while those who tread it are colder still. It is the Prussian eagle which will lead the way in the approaching struggle; under her wings let us meet. It is now not the cause of Prussia alone, but of Germany itself.

'Several considerate friends have lately warned me to be more careful in expressions concerning politics, especially with reference to Napoleon, as I am watched by the secret police. Gracious Heaven! my words are too sharp for them here, and I long to be where my sword shall not be sharp enough. You rightly interpreted my words to my father; I have since written to tell him that I alluded to the contest of the times.'

And now the French garrisons left in the Prussian towns began to tremble. By the end of February the Russian light horse had advanced

to the neighbourhood of Berlin. 'We have had sharp doings here,' wrote a friend to Friedrich Förster; 'for days past the Cossacks had been hovering in the distance, having crossed the Oder at Frankfort, and General Tchernicheff, an enterprising young officer, was persuaded to pay our good town a visit. Just think of it—those desperate fellows, not more than fifty in number, gallop in at different gates, unchecked by the French guards, to Alexander's Place. Here they divide: part ride to the Castle Place, and part wander, losing their way, as far as the Donhof Place. Meanwhile the French had planted the castle bridges and the sluice bridges with cannon; the alarm was beaten over the whole city, and the Würtemberg light cavalry rode in pursuit of the Russians. Had the affair been better arranged the whole of the French head-quarters might have been captured. Possibly Tchernicheff reckoned upon a rising of the citizens. Of good-will and courage there is no want; and I myself was witness of a scene which showed what the French have to expect if they do not speedily take their leave. As I saw from my window a number of volunteers in uniform, I put on my green jacket and joined the rest. The streets were crowded with people; in the distance we heard the sound of musketry and cannon; we went on to the Castle Place; there we were met by another crowd, among whom were several wounded citizens. A cry was raised, "Down with the dogs! they fire on the citizens!" From the Breitenstrasse now came a troop of artisans, with a fine fellow of a blacksmith at their head; he swung a large hammer, and cried, "Follow me; we'll spike the guns for them." He made short work of it; two blows, one to the right, another to the left, and two cannoniers lay on the earth; the others took to flight; he then took a couple of large spike-nails from his apron and drove them into the touch-holes. Meanwhile a reinforcement was coming up the other side of the bridge. "I'll keep these fellows at bay while you get safe out of harm's way," said the smith; and, like another Horatius, planted himself to defend the bridge; several Frenchmen fell beneath his blows, but at length he was overcome, and fell, pierced with bayonet wounds. We succeeded, however, in repelling the French, and bore our valiant leader on a bier to the Reitbahn, I got a wound in my foot, and crawled home, with the help of a couple of woodcutters; and to-day am confined to my room.' They got on just as well at the Sluice bridge, where several waggons of powder were thrown into the Spree. Several Cossacks were killed. Two German patriots, a merchant named Borsch, and a poet, von Blomberg, were the leaders, the latter fell by a ball from the enemy, and is therefore the first Prussian who has died the blessed death for freedom and fatherland.

'As soon as my foot will allow it I shall go to Breslau and join the Lützow Corps, where I hope you and I shall soon meet. If you write to Körner at Vienna, adjure him by all that is sacred not to withhold himself from the cause. All his faithful comrades and fellow-students are hastening to Lützow; we have roused them in all the universities, in

Halle, in Göttingen, and in Heidelberg. Leipsig, Jena, and Tübingen fall to you. Jahn and Arndt are active for the Lützow Corps, and we intend shortly to make an excursion across the Elbe, to organise the insurrection of Westphalia and the Harz.'

Ten days later, he writes again: 'Now, thank Heaven! we are altogether rid of the French. On the 4th of March, very early in the morning, amid darkness and fog, the last of them were off and away by the gates of Halle and Potsdam. Ever since the first sally of the Cossacks they saw that it was no place of abode for them; then came the appeal of the king, and the announcements made by the representatives of the nation; and what contributed still more to hasten their departure was the king's order for wearing the national cockade; no sooner had the ordinance appeared in the papers, than not a man was to be seen without the patriotic sign; and the power, the magic of a symbol I never saw before. It is formed, it is true, of but two stripes of ribbon—one white, the other black, destitute of colour and of show, denoting rather resignation—but what a vast circle of significance does this our symbol comprise! Fatherland, war, death, life, nationality, honour, freedom, and equality, in the noblest sense of the terms. The French have observed this well; they know the power of the red, white, and blue in the wars of their Revolution.'

The advance of the Russians continued, and the French, leaving only garrisons in some of the most important fortresses (which were speedily blockaded), withdrew to the Elbe, where, supported by the strongholds of Saxony, they might await the fresh army which Napoleon was straining every nerve to raise.

Frederick William and Alexander were anxious to secure the support of the king of Saxony, a prince remarkable for integrity of purpose, but he being under numerous obligations to the French Emperor, and closely bound by treaties, felt himself constrained to abide by the fortunes of his ally, and when the Russians and Prussians approached, he left Dresden. His decision was a great blow to the hopes of his subjects, who were eager for the cause of liberation, and longed to turn their arms against the common foe rather than against their brethren. Many of them openly espoused the national cause, notwithstanding the mandates of the Government.

'We are beginning to stir ourselves here,' wrote Friedrich Förster to Körner on the 5th of March. 'We have had a little skirmish about the bridge, and my brave countrymen have behaved nobly. Yesterday morning I could no longer restrain my impatience, and determined to go in quest of the Russians; and scarcely had I proceeded, with my friend E——, an hour's walk on the King's Bridge Road, when I perceived some horsemen with lances approaching.'

He describes his interview with the Cossacks, and relates how, on returning to Dresden, he found a disturbance in the town, as the French were mining the beautiful bridge over the Elbe with the intention of

blowing it up, to prevent the entrance of the Russians. Förster hurriedly collected a number of mechanics, saying, 'It has come to this: if we mean to save it, it must be to-day; to-morrow will be too late.' Off they set with their tools, and went singing along to the bridge. The French guards were pushed aside, shovels and hatchets thrown into the Elbe, and the pavement replaced by the masons, 'who in the strictest sense applied plaister to the wounds of the bridge.' The crowd parted for the night, but reassembled in the morning, when a more serious skirmish took place. The French soldiers, who had resumed the work, were repulsed by the citizens and driven off the bridge, several being wounded on both sides, a squadron of Saxon cuirassiers were then brought up and ordered to disperse the people; they were about to charge, when a mason stepped forward, crying, 'Comrades! we are all brothers and countrymen—you would not cut us down? We had all much rather down with the French!' The cuirassiers sheathed their swords and rode off. Cries of 'Down with the French!' were heard on all sides; and the latter thought it better to keep in their quarters. The excited mob proceeded to break the windows of General Regnier, and order was with difficulty restored by the Burgher Guard, who at length prevailed on the people to disperse. Several mechanics, among whom was the mason who had spoken, were arrested and lodged in the fortress of Königstein. 'Our sapient town council,' observes Förster, 'have issued a most insane proclamation,—Would to Heaven the French, instead of the bridge, would blow up the corporation.'

The success of the citizens was only temporary. Some days later Förster writes again, 'Our beautiful Elbe bridge is no more. Against Regnier and his Saxons we might have held it, but he summoned Marshal Davoust to his aid with 10,000 men, and he soon formed other plans. He planted the Brühl terrace with cannon, and barricaded the bridge, and patrols secured the streets. He brought miners from Freiberg, and compelled them to sink a shaft, and never surely did their cry, "Glück auf" (success) come forth from sadder hearts.' Davoust ordered the destruction of the bridge to take place early in the morning. The night before a pious miner discovered that amid the confusion the image of the Saviour which stood on the third pillar immediately above the shaft, had been forgotten. With great difficulty permission was obtained from Davoust to secure it. Förster was present at the scene. The night was dark and silent, the flickering of fire and the flame of torches threw bright and fitful gleams around as an aged smith, mounted on a ladder placed against the cross, drew with his pincers the nails from the hands. Two stout and bearded sappers took down the image, and a couple of porters stood beneath with a bier on which they carried it away. Some ladies who were watching could not restrain their tears as the crucifix was carried past, and with it vanished the last hope of saving the bridge, for a popular saying had been current that as long as our Saviour watched the bridge neither fire nor water could injure it.

The next morning a thick pillar of smoke arose, and a hollow sound like distant thunder broke upon the ear. 'When the smoke rolled away the splendid row of pillars which had defied foaming torrents and crushing icebergs was destroyed, and a black chasm defaced the finest structure of the kind in Europe.'

Theodor Körner was at Breslau before the letter relating these events reached him. The time had come when he must act upon his determination. An attack of illness had confined him to the house in the early part of February; his health and strength being now restored, he felt that he could not delay, but must take his place among those who were preparing to battle for their country. He had been reluctant to bring anxiety to the hearts of his parents a moment sooner than was needful, but now it must be done.

On the 5th of March he had written to his mother the never-omitted birthday letter full of tender and dutiful affection. And on the 10th he wrote to his father, disclosing fully his feelings and intentions. 'Dearest Father, I write to thee respecting an event which I think from my knowledge of thee will neither shock nor surprise thee. I gave thee lately a hint of my purpose, which has now arrived at maturity. Germany is up! The Prussian eagle, beating her mighty wings, awakens in all hearts the great hope of freedom for Germany, at any rate North Germany.

'My spirit sympathises with my country, let me prove myself her worthy son. Yes, dearest father, I wish to become a soldier, and will cheerfully lay aside the happy life I enjoy here to win for myself, be it with my life, a free fatherland. Call it not levity, rashness; two years ago I might have called it so myself; but now that I know what happiness can ripen for me in life, now that fortune bestows her brightest rays upon me, it is now surely a sacred feeling which inspires me with the conviction that no sacrifice is too great to obtain our country's freedom. . . . Shall I be content only to celebrate in poetry the deeds of my brethren, while they strive and conquer? Can I linger here writing entertainments for the theatre, when I have the chance of taking my part in earnest upon the stage of life? I know that thou wilt suffer anxiety, my mother will weep. God comfort her, I cannot spare you this trial. . . . Either on Saturday or Monday I must depart, and shall probably go in good company. At Breslau we shall meet the free sons of Prussia, who are gathering under the banner of their king. I have not yet decided whether to join the cavalry or the infantry.

'As to my situation here, I know nothing with certainty as yet. The Prince (Lobkowitz) may give me leave of absence; if not I have assurances from Palfy of still greater advantages, should I return to Vienna. Antonia has shown me in this crisis the greatness, the nobility of her soul; she weeps, it is true, but I trust the end of the campaign may dry her tears. My mother must forgive me the pain I am causing

her; those who love me will not blame me, and thou, father, shalt find me not unworthy of thee. The Humboldts, Schlegels, and many of my friends have given me counsel in this matter. I have letters of introduction from Humboldt; will write again on Monday.'

Theodor rightly judged his father's feeling. Christian Körner sympathised heart and soul with the movement; he was among the first in Dresden who openly avowed the cause; and from his resources, already diminished by the pressure of the times, he contributed large sums for the equipment of volunteers.

He could now only verify Theodor's words, that no sacrifice was too great for such a cause, by not withholding his only son from the impending strife; but the three loving women, mother, sister, and aunt, who had watched the career of their boy with a glad and tender pride, could not acquiesce without sinking hearts and dark forebodings of sorrow. 'My father is satisfied with me, the others weep,' said Theodor, when a few weeks later his duty allowed him a brief but precious visit to his home.

A few hasty days of preparation, of arrangements with publishers and theatrical directors, receiving from the latter a promise in writing that he should resume his post when he wished, and then came the dreaded hour of parting from Antonia, and of bidding a farewell, which he well knew might be for ever, to the city which had been his second home. 'The leaving Vienna lies heavily on my heart,' he wrote on the 13th. 'Would that it were over. Why must the course of duty pitilessly tread down many a flower? Please write something comforting to Antonia; in particular I want mother to advise her about her health—poor child, she grows quite thin. On Friday I hope to be in Breslau. Heaven preserve you, and oh! bless me, my father, even if some tears mingle with thy blessing.'

(To be continued.)

'WAITING FOR HELP.'

'And Jesus, when He came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd.'—ST. MARK vi. 34.

NOT yet! not yet! to-morrow I will rest.
But for to-day, are there not fainting hands
Stretched out impatient for the bread of life?
Are there not wandering feet seeking the path
Hidden by weeds? and wistful eyes that strain
After the light that hath not dawned for them?
Are there not wild despairing souls to calm?
Weak souls, and sad, to strengthen and to soothe?
And dying to absolve? Babes to be bless'd?
Let me work on? To-morrow I will rest.

Not yet! not yet! I cannot r est to-day.
They must not perish through my negligence—
These thousands dead in trespasses and sins—
Living for greed or pleasure—not for God.
These are the sheep for whom the Shepherd died,
And He would have me seek and bring them back,
And stand between the living and the dead,
Swinging the golden censer of my prayers,
If for a little space the Lord relent,
And give the sinner leisure to repent.

Not yet! not yet! To-morrow I will rest;
But just to-night they tell me that a man
Has been brought home, mangled and bruised, to die,
Who, through the whole of a degraded life,
Has scoffed at Jesus and His boundless love.
My God! what misery hath he heaped on me!
Now my dear Lord this message sends to him—
Believe, repent, and live, and trust the love,
Waiting through death to bear thee into light.
To-morrow rest! Let me go forth to-night.

Only to-day, thou say'st, for those I love
In my dear household gathering. Oh, my God,
Are there not wretched wives tempted to sin?
And hopeless mothers hardened by despair?
And fair young girls, who tread life's dangerous ways,
Without a safeguard from the tempter's power?

And tender children growing up in sin,
Or dying in the city's fever haunts?
Knowing all this, how can I bear to stay
E'en midst my loved ones? Let me work to-day.

Not yet! not yet! To-morrow I will rest
The weary head and limbs, but not to-day.
When on the grassy slopes of that far sea
The fainting thousands sat in groups, and He—
Himself, the bread of life, gave thanks and brake,
And passed to His Apostles—what if they
Had said, 'Dear Master, we are hungry too,
And faint with toil,' had He not answered them,
'I came to serve, not to be served; and ye,
If ye would do My work, must serve like Me.'

Only a broken vessel! It is true!
No golden bowl fit for the Master's use;
But stained and soiled, with scarce a semblance left
Of the dear Image—all the brightness gone—
Only a potsherd with the Maker's brand,
Holding the wine of Life, yet wasting it,
Through flaws and imperfections and defects;
Scarce strength or spirit left to cope with sin;
Yet pledged to combat—harassed and distrest—
Let me fight on. To-morrow I will rest!

Let me fight on. To-morrow I will rest!
How he will choose, what matters it to me.
When the tired hands and brain can toil no more,
The weary limbs their day's work shall have done,
Then from the Captain of the Host shall come
The welcome order to lie down and sleep.
And I, unworthy servant that I am,
Shall win on battle-field the Victor's Crown,
For simply doing His beloved behest—
Let me work on. To-morrow I will rest!

No other hope for rest? Yes, one besides!
And at the very thought my heart beats high.
Are there not loving hands who long to give
Of their abundance, knew they but the need?
Are there not ardent souls who wait the call
To yield their lives to Him who died for them?
Perhaps our tender Lord by such e'en now
May send me help and comfort e'er I faint.
Then Heaven itself were scarce more fully bless'd;
To live were Christ—to work were perfect Rest. M. E. B.

A few words in explanation of these lines. It appears that, in consequence of the depression in trade and agriculture, the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates was obliged to withdraw several grants last year; and that, besides these, there are nearly two hundred unaided cases on their list, earnestly asking and 'waiting for help.' When one sees at the end of these applications such statements as these: 'Grant of 50*l.* asked to meet 100*l.* locally guaranteed'; 'Grant of 70*l.* to meet 80*l.*'; 'Grant of 50*l.* to meet 60*l.*' *&c. &c.*, one feels how doubly blessed would any present help be. And these appeals come from the overgrown parishes (most of them with populations of 8,000 or 10,000, and often more) of our own country, where too often a solitary man, overworked and sometimes in failing health, and with increasing family cares and too often a miserable income, is struggling against the depressing influences of sin, that he has no power to check, and want that he has no means to relieve.

Are there not some who have never yet helped the Home Missions of the Church of England who will come forward now to aid the servants of God in their need? Are there not many who will do it for the Master's sake? Never was the need greater! Never was the strife between Good and Evil, between the Church and the World, more deadly—nor yet more hopeful. Will not some that are rich give freely of their abundance, promising the help that any one parish needs so sorely, say for three or five years? Will not all give something much or little—but as to God, willingly and with prayer? And may He who is able without our help to do exceeding abundantly beyond our want or wishes repay all such gifts sevenfold, in the joy of being the instruments of His grace in holding up the hands that are now ready to faint, and in saving souls for Christ that are now ready to perish.

Mrs. Bromfield, Fladbury House, Pershore, will thankfully receive and acknowledge any subscriptions sent for the parishes 'waiting for help'; or they may be sent direct to The Rev. A. J. Ingram, Secretary to the Additional Curates Society, 7, Whitehall, London, S.W. All contributions will be acknowledged in the *Home Mission Field*, the Society's Quarterly Publication.

EDITOR.

TOWN CHILDREN AND COUNTRY HOLIDAYS.

ANY visitor at the east end of London must often be struck with the pale, sickly look of many of the children who throng the streets and alleys.

'You must take the child out of London, madam; a little fresh country air is all that is needed.'

Such would be the verdict of the family doctor on any of our own little ones should they begin to flag as the summer advanced; but, alas! to the poor little east-end children, advice of such a kind would often be only a mockery. Going out of town requires money, and when rent and firing, food and clothing, are paid for, there is little left to meet the expense of such luxuries as change and good country air. At Whitechapel, for the last two summers, the clergy of S. Jude's have endeavoured, with the help of some kind friends, to provide country holidays for some of the very poorest of the London children. I will here quote a short extract from a paper written at the close of last year by the Rev. M. Atkinson, of S. Jude's, as giving the best idea of what has been already accomplished.

'The whole number sent into the country this summer (1879) was 170 children, besides ten or a dozen grown-up people. These were distributed in twenty-one different neighbourhoods, usually from six to twelve in one place at a time; out of the whole number, thirty children, and most of the older people, were provided for by their entertainers, leaving 140 children, for whom we paid usually at the rate of 5*s.* a week (in a few cases, 4*s.*) for each child, the average duration of the holiday being three weeks. The total cost, exclusive of the thirty and others mentioned above, was 130*l.* 10*s.*, which may fairly be taken to represent the board and lodging, travelling and incidental expenses of the 140 —less than 1*l.* a head. In some cases the parents paid all, or part of the railway fare, and we always urged this when possible. The plan has worked admirably, and done more good than could have been imagined. Not only have the children come back wonderfully improved in health and looks (one little girl was so changed that her mother did not know her, and the guard of the train refused to give her up to a stranger), but their mental powers were also improved, and their horizon enlarged by the new scenes and people; and the cottagers who took them in have been brought in a very real way face to face with town life and town poverty.'

It was in a somewhat curious way that I became personally interested in this work, rather beginning, as it were, from the country end. There was a good deal of distress last year in some of the agricultural districts, several men were out of work for many weeks, and it was in endeavouring to find a way of helping some poor people in a little village in Cambridgeshire (for many years my own dear home), that I first heard, quite accidentally, of the want of country homes for these London little ones, and I confess I helped at first entirely for the sake of my country friends. Now, visiting myself at the east end of London, I feel my sympathies are enlisted as strongly on the children's part. I wrote first

to the cottagers to ask if they would be willing to receive the children, and then sent the names of those I could faithfully recommend to the Rev. S. Barnett, the rector of S. Jude's. Seventeen children were sent in the course of last summer to my country friends, and I am able therefore to speak from personal knowledge and with happy confidence of the good effects produced, both on the people who received them, and on the children themselves.

The arrival of the different batches of little ones was an event of great interest in the very quiet little village, no small amusement being created by the labels tied round the children's necks—'To be put out at S—— station.' At first, the pale wan faces of the Londoners excited much compassion; but soon brightened looks and freshened colour spoke of awakened pleasure and renewed health; and the kindly sympathy of the good mothers who took them into their homes was rewarded by seeing the happiness of those who were being thus benefited. 'They eat as hearty as my own children,' one woman wrote to me, with evident pride and pleasure, and taking no little credit to herself for the change that had been wrought in her young charges. To her, and to many others, it was a new experience to find how much in the midst of their own poverty they had to bestow. They had scarcely realised the blessings that God had been giving them so richly to enjoy, not riches of silver and gold, but His sun and air, and country quiet and freedom—priceless gifts, and such as by the exercise of a little self-denial, or rather by a simple act of love, they could share with those little ones to whom these good things had heretofore been so scantily given. The country folk were thus awakened to the knowledge that they, too, could share in work for the poor—for those who were poor with another kind of poverty from any they had experienced or conceived. The intense enjoyment of the city children in the fields and flowers was a fresh revelation of the beauty of these things to those who, having lived amongst them all their lives, scarcely realised what it was to be without them, and had never guessed perhaps their worth and value to the bodies and souls of children. As for the children themselves, I can only say, as has been stated in the paper from which I quoted, that they were some, times perfectly changed in appearance when they returned from their holiday, and hardly recognisable as the pale little creatures of street and alley.

I saw some of those last November who had been to my old home, and their recollection of the happy time they spent there was very touching. 'I was in the fields all day,' one little fellow said to me. 'Did you ever see such fields—such big beautiful green fields?' Some friends have asked me, 'But is it not cruel to send children to the country for so short a time, just to taste of its delights; and is it any good when they have to return to such homes?' Surely it is good; if this objection is worth anything, it would prove too much. It would prove we should give no treats or pleasures, or brighten churches or

schoolrooms, or do anything to enliven a dull existence. And if strictly adhered to, the objection should also prove that no city clerk, no hard-worked clergyman or barrister should ever take a holiday, go abroad, or see beautiful scenery, if there is dull and dreary work to return to. As it is, glimpses of better things may all, we hope, do good to the children even by sometimes rousing a spirit of discontent. For there are two sorts of discontent — a bad discontent, which simply grumbles, and is yet satisfied to live on in sin and misery; and a divine discontent, which yearns after something higher, and leads to a striving for a nobler, purer life. One little girl says, 'I shall save up my money and come and see you all again;' and though this is perhaps likely to be only a dream, yet it may lead on to something more, as the quest of the Holy Grail ended in the Better Life.

Then we hope a great many may go again. One holiday in a lifetime would be but a poor gift, but one every year or two would be a bright spot in life to look back upon and forward to; and, after all, does not a great part of the happiness of life consist in looking back on past pleasures, or forward to pleasures to come?

It is worth remembering, also, that much as the children liked the country, and sorry as they often were to leave, yet that it was *home* to which they returned—and home is home, even to the squalid ones: 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;' and the fresh burst of affection which is often poured out after an absence from the mother, is a great solace to a child. Love and affection are not always shown exactly in the same manner, yet *are* the same in castle and cottage, and at the east and west of London. 'I suppose ladies and gentlemen love each other in the same way we do!' was once said to me by a poor woman in the country.

It cannot be denied that to find proper cottage homes for the little ones involves great and anxious trouble: careful inquiries must be made as to the character of the people to whose care the children are entrusted; and with regard to the children, that they are entirely free from any infectious complaint, and are sent clean and respectable. But I can truly say that the results so far justify the experiment, and more than repay the labour it entails. I may also mention, that those to whom the children were sent are ready and willing to receive them again, which seems as if, so far as they were concerned, the duty had been a pleasant one, and the trial a success. We find the sum of 5*s.* a week amply reimburses all expenditure, it being especially desired that the children should be treated exactly as one of the family to which they are sent. It is proposed to continue the plan next summer, and if I have been successful enough to arouse any interest for the work in this short account, I may perhaps be allowed to add that the clergy of S. Jude's, Whitechapel, will be glad to receive offers of help of any kind, in providing these country holidays for their poor little ones.

MARGARET TILLARD.

PAUL SEIGNERET, HOSTAGE OF THE COMMUNE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is undoubtedly far less prejudice against the French amongst us than there was even some thirty years ago. The immeasurable ambition of Bonaparte had, in the beginning of the present century, excited apprehensions which, when allayed, took the form of antipathy. But although in our own day there is certainly a greater willingness to judge the French calmly and soberly, and by their merits rather than by the false rule of ignorant and blind prejudice, it is still a very difficult task for English minds to do the French justice. We see them extravagant in their politics, ruthless in their revolutions, unhumbled by their reverses, and we wonder that a country which, since the Great Revolution, has capriciously tried, and impatiently rejected so many forms of government, and which seems to us to be so fickle and unstable, should again and again, with a principle of vitality like that of the fabulous Phœnix, rise from the ashes of her ruins to live and take her place among nations.

Politicians tell us that France owes this vitality to the richness of her soil, and the varied capabilities of her climate; and that the most tremendous losses can create only temporary distress, because the abundant harvests of her countless crops ensure her from destruction, and guarantee the return of prosperity. But, although we may admire the fertility of a country so favoured, that of her may with literal truth be said as of the promised land, that 'it is a fruitful land,' 'a land of corn and wine, a land of bread and vineyards, a land of olive and of honey,' the very comparison induces the reflection that, as these natural advantages were wholly insufficient to save the country of the people of God, so it is probably a superficial judgment which assumes that it is by similar advantages that France is always saved from total ruin.

Let us seek our reasons beneath the surface, and we shall perhaps discover that France is saved because she is redeemed by her own children, and that every day, and all the day long, she is offering countless victims of prayer and sacrifice, to avert and appease the wrath that hangs over her. 'I will not,' said the Lord, 'I will not destroy Sodom for the sake of the ten;' and if ten had saved the doomed city, France has her tens and tens of thousands of just men and women, whose quiet lives of reparation, hidden from the calculation of statistics, are remembered by the Judge before Whom nothing is forgotten.

The annals of France are full of striking contrasts. It is the country in which dreadful crime and heroic virtue stand side by side,

and where the one seems to provoke the other. We who are spectators of these things are horror-struck by the crimes, and we regard them as the sentence of the nation's disgrace where such things can be. But we too often forget that the disgrace is counterbalanced, and that the honour of France is sustained and vindicated by a great company of those who live bravely, who suffer heroically, and who know how to die nobly.

It is our intention here to tell the story of one of these, of one who died, humbly hoping that his pure young life might be accepted for his country's pardon—of one who literally 'rejoiced' that he was hated for the name of Christ, and chosen to suffer for His sake.

Paul Seigneret was born at Angers, Dec. 23, 1845, where his father held the office of 'censor' of studies in the Lycée; and his education was carried on in the Lycée of Angers until at the age of fifteen he was removed to that of Nancy. It is at this period that the simple record of his life really begins. There are however some allusions to the uneventful years of his early childhood to be found in his later letters. His home was a happy and pious one, and he was brought up with those sentiments of implicit obedience to parents, still not exceptional in France, and which are found to be compatible, not only with the deepest respect, but with the tenderest affection. As we shall have occasion to remark in following the story of his peculiar and gradually-developing vocation, he was accustomed to pay the utmost deference to his father's authority, but he also made him his confidante; and he loved his home, and was always as sorry to leave it as he was glad to return to it.

'It is,' he writes, 'when one has been drinking in happiness, when one's heart is broken by a fresh separation, that one remembers most tenderly, or rather most cruelly, all the touching kindness one has found in the hearts, voices, looks of one's beloved relations, and that one understands the whole charm of their affection, and feels as if one's own were being torn up by the roots. My father, my mother, their faces full of tender affection, to which absence lends a shade of penetrating sadness; and you, my poor little sister, who kept so close to me, and were so tenderly devoted to me those last few days. Alas, it is all gone from me!'

And again, writing to his uncle, a priest, to tell him that he is going home for the short Whitsuntide vacation, he says:—'Three evenings, three nights, to spend with them; three *nights* best of all! Oh, how I love the nights! Charles and I are alone then in the blue room, and we talk for ever so long together. I tell him all that I never can tell any one else. He is the only person with whom I never feel that timidity, which, in spite of all I can do, makes me shut myself up from every one else. Oh, dearest brother! how I love you, and how much good you always do me! May we always continue to be like each other, and you always to show me what I ought to do. And then

when Sunday comes, the joy it is to go to Holy Communion by the side of the dear brother, the very sight of whom stirs up new fervour, and such joy, in my soul!'

He was very unhappy at Nancy, especially at the beginning, not merely because he was lonely, but he found himself for the first time without any refuge from constant intercourse with those whose words and ways shocked him.

'I want to see those I love,' he writes in 1861. 'I want to comfort myself with my own people. I am tired of hearing nothing but rude, disgusting talk. Ah! if you could only tell what sort of company I am in. Everywhere blasphemy, and horrors of which I cannot even write, meet my ears and wound my heart. Oh! if I could but be alone! . . . . *Happy is the prisoner;* he is at least by himself, and in his cell he may think, hope, and regret without being disturbed.'

He made one friend, however, at the Lycée, and the superiors, who, as usual in French schools, generally disapproved of intimacy between pupils, were reassured by the peculiar frankness with which Paul talked to them of his friend. He was himself an especially apt and intelligent pupil, and was a favourite with his masters for his bright confiding manners, and his docility, as well as his application to his studies.

'What should I have done,' he writes, 'if instead of such wise, kind advisers as *Messieurs* the censor, the chaplain, and the house-steward, I had had no one here to care for me!' The chaplain gave him a special permission to visit the chapel whenever he liked, of which he writes to his uncle, to whom most of his letters are addressed—

'I can go into the church whenever I please to make my adoration, and to pray for you all and for myself. It is so good to be there, in the silence and solitude, and to lose myself in the thought of God, to adore Him upon His altar, and to ask Him to pardon all the insults heaped upon Him. Oh, my God, I want to give my whole self to Thee and for ever!'

But this desire to give himself entirely to God had as yet assumed no definite shape. He envied his brother, who thought of becoming a priest, but for himself, he looked forward to the army as the profession in which he could at once satisfy his desire for self-devotion, and give proof of the patriotism of which, in common with most of his countrymen, he had a large share.

'How happy he is,' he writes, in allusion to the supposed vocation of his brother Charles; 'would to God that I were also destined to have a vocation of that kind' . . . . and then after considering the dangers and temptations to which a soldier is exposed, he adds, 'pray . . . . that I may give up the idea of entering the army if I have not the strength I should need to keep myself pure and intact in that career;' and again, remembering the pain he had been caused by what he had

heard and seen at the Lycée, he says: 'After all it is only the image in miniature of a regiment.'

By degrees thoughts of an ecclesiastical vocation began vaguely to float through his imagination. He was extremely sensitive to externals, and he was never so happy as when he could attend some grand religious ceremony.

'It is all so beautiful,' he says, 'the chants of the church blended with the mysterious voice of the organ, the clouds of incense, the bright lights. Ah! what a lovely dream *it* is,' meaning probably an ecclesiastical vocation. 'Why am I not able to realise it? But I hear the drum!'

He was greatly stirred also by a romance which appealed strongly to his imaginative and poetic temperament. It was Lamartine's *Jocelyn*, a powerfully told, but wholly impossible and romantic story of a young priest. In obedience to his father's and his uncle's wishes, 'a double recommendation which is, for me, an inviolable and sacred command,' as he says, Paul put the book aside without finishing it; but what he had read of it worked in his mind, and left a lasting impression there. At the same time Guido Reni's *Ecce Homo* moved him, as pictures which appeal to the senses have the power of moving minds of the order to which his belonged. He says of it, 'I used often to look . . . . with tears in my eyes at that Divine Face, with its expression of profound suffering and love. And as I looked, I learnt how beautiful it is to love a God so good, in return for all His love, and to make amends to Him for all the horrors I had before my eyes, I promised then that I would give my life to Him, Who gave His life to us in agony so dreadful.'

But it still remained to be decided how Paul was to accomplish the purpose from which he never swerved, when once he had realised his vocation. He had already timidly spoken of his thought of becoming a priest to his uncle first, and then to his father, who made no opposition, but recommended temporary silence upon the subject as a trial which God would not fail to bless; Paul obeyed simply, and by degrees became convinced that he was physically unfitted for the life of a parish priest; his health was very delicate, his voice very feeble, and his growth so slow, that at eighteen he looked like a mere child. But difficulties only acted as a stimulus to his fervour, and his mind was soon occupied with visions of the religious life. He was only troubled lest his father should disapprove the idea, and regard it as a caprice, but he thought it wrong to have such a secret upon his mind without, as usual, confiding it to him. As he had foreseen, his father received the news kindly, but with a certain anxiety, and recommended caution and delay; at the close therefore of his career at the Lycée, Paul accepted a situation in Brittany, as tutor, which was offered to him. He was thoroughly qualified as to education for the post he had to fill, and he set to work with eager zeal to begin his labour for souls; regarding his

employment in a limited sphere as a useful prelude to the life-long occupation to which he looked forward in 'that blessed asylum,' as he called the cloister, 'where life passes in pleasing God in prayer and mortification.'

Present duties thus sanctified, not hampered, by future hopes and exalted aspirations, he soon gained the affectionate esteem of the inhabitants of the Château de Dréneuc, and of the peasants in the neighbourhood, who used to call him 'Monsieur Paul' and to expect the alms he always found means to offer. 'Money slips,' he writes, 'through my fingers . . . . poor dear people! they are so poor, so hungry, so badly clothed, and they are so pleased when I give them money, and I am so pleased to give it to them.' The Marquise de Dresnay, the mother of his pupils, regarded his presence as a blessing to her house, and used to call him 'our little St. Louis of Gonzaga.' She was called into his room one day by a servant, who had found there a mysterious object, as to the use of which he was puzzled; it proved to be a hair-shirt, and Madame de Dresnay, unwilling that Paul should be wounded by discovery, told the man to leave the room untouched, as if no one had entered, and Paul never suspected that he had been found out. He was very abstemious about his food also, but no self-imposed mortifications cost him so much as the interruptions of his beloved solitude, and the want of time for study inseparable from his position.

He was beginning already to think of the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes as his ultimate retreat instead of La Trappe, to which he had felt an attraction at first, but where, he was assured, the life of austere penitence was more than his feeble frame could bear.

'I myself think,' wrote his father, 'that he would do well to go and shut himself up within the cloister. Everything in this outside world, where life is so rough, would wound him.' But still his father asked that he should wait a second year at Dréneuc, and again the trial was accepted. The château was far from any church, and Paul could get to mass only on Sundays, at Frégeac, a town six miles off. 'On Sunday morning,' he writes, 'between four and five o'clock, with my heart free and my soul in peace . . . . I set out alone for Frégeac. . . . Oh how short the two leagues seem. . . . Those are the moments I offer to God, my Father . . . . happiness fills every pore of my being . . . . the birds sing, flowers perfume the air . . . . and above all there is the *golden* thought that I am making my way towards Him.'

At length the time arrived for him to go to Solesmes to make a retreat for the purpose of ascertaining his vocation. He had been for some time in correspondence with the reverend fathers, and upon his arrival at the monastery he was welcomed with an affectionate warmth which one does not find in strangers; his character and aspirations were already known to his hosts, and everything was readily done to give him an opportunity of understanding their life and testing his vocation. The whole atmosphere of the community fully realised his

most sanguine expectations, and he left the abbey with every intention of returning as soon as he could; he was, however, to go back to Dréneuc for a short time before making his final decision. What that decision would be he did not doubt, and he counted the days until he should be free to return to Solesmes. He made in the meantime an excursion in Brittany with the Dresnay family, and, in a letter to his uncle, gives an interesting and picturesque description of a scene he witnessed on the eve of St. Anne, the patron saint of Brittany.

'I was present,' he writes from the Château du Tromeur, near Plouvorn, in Finistère, 'on St. Anne's eve, at the most picturesque and touching scene I have met with since I have been in Brittany. At nightfall the chapel bell warned us to assemble on a sort of esplanade, where, according to annual custom, an immense fire was made.

'A hundred peasants, their arms crossed, stood in that grave, haughty attitude which the Armorican assumes, and took part in the simple demonstration; all were utterly silent, their faces illuminated by the bright reflections from the great log. At last, when the crackling noise had ceased, and the log, almost consumed, emitted only fitful gleams, a tall young man stood forth from the ring of spectators, and in a strong voice chanted a Bretonne *complainte*, in slow rhythm, and with indescribably melancholy effect. Whilst he sang the fire died out, and the moon mounted like a queen from the horizon to throw her light over the scene.

'It seemed to me as if I heard breathe through that song the mournful spirit of strong old Brittany; it was the melancholy in which one's aspirations after a higher world are revealed to one.'

This journey over, Paul, for a few days only before his departure for Solesmes, returned to Dréneuc, and he finally quitted, not without emotion, the house where, as he said, he had led a life 'so occupied, so peaceful, so full of petty causes of irritation, and yet so happy;' the church at Frégeac, which he loved so much, '*my* hollow little roads,' as he calls them, where as he passed he used to see the rosy faces of the little children peering over the thick hedges to wish him 'Good morning, Monsieur Paul.'

'He was,' says Madame de Dresnay, 'like some good angel passing amongst us. Each step he took was a good action, and every word he spoke was meant to do us good, or give us pleasure. I think that here the dear boy never committed any sin except that of leaving us.'

But, as he was leaving, a change came which was apparently very sudden. He began to imagine that he should be too happy at Solesmes, and that he was despising his real vocation to La Trappe. He was ashamed to confess what he thought could not fail to appear to those whose authority he implicitly recognised, as a whim. His first confidante was Dom Couturier, the Benedictine father under whose direction he had made his retreat at Solesmes, to whom he wrote the most impassioned letter upon the subject. Then he told

his uncle and his father, and all agreed that he must be permitted to sift the matter for himself by making a visit to the Trappist Monastery, and all were equally sure that his health would not stand the trial. 'At any rate,' was his only answer, 'if the good God does not give me the strength required . . . . I shall fall . . . . with the one only desire . . . . to love Him less unworthily Who has so loved us.'

The trial was made, and his health failed so completely, that at the end of three weeks he was obliged to go home to be taken care of and nursed. This was in November 1866, and his family insisted upon his making no further trials of the religious life until the next Lent should be well over. At Solesmes also, where he now once more hoped to be received, the delay was approved of, as a fair test of his vocation, which, in spite of the evident sincerity of his piety, began to excite certain apprehensions. There was a feverishness about his letters which seemed rather the ardour of nature than the effect of supernatural grace. The new delay was accepted with his habitual docility; and with his usual sense of the value of the present, he set to work to study hard that he might enter the learned order of St. Benedict, as he said, 'rather less of a new hand at such things.'

There was no faltering in his determination, but the prospect of war, distant as it still appeared, reawakened in him the old spark of military fire; and he writes to the prior of Solesmes as if, already anticipating the invasion of French territory, he had contemplated further delay. The letter, written from Epinal, where his father was living, says:—

'My father has pointed out to me that, for the sake of an improbable danger, I ought not to run the risk of being refused at Solesmes. Besides, father, there I shall have you and the very rev. father abbot to advise me; and, until religious bonds attach me to the monastery, if stricken France should need the devotion of her weakest sons, and if I could serve my parents, you would not refuse to let me do my duty as a citizen and as a son?'

The simplicity of such an inquiry may have caused some amusement to the reverend fathers, but they were none the less ready to receive the ardent youth, whose passionate desire for self-devotion would, they hoped, ripen into the dispositions required for the religious life. The first few days after his arrival at Solesmes were spent in the guest-house; and upon the 4th May he was permitted to join the exercises of the community, and, shortly afterwards, received as postulant and given the habit.

'Nothing,' says Dom Couturier, 'can describe how glad he was upon that happy day. He was unable to sleep the previous night, and had arranged in his cell, his tunic, his belt, and his scapular, so that he could see them from his bed, and his eyes filled with tears of joy as he looked at them. He rose and lovingly kissed the insignia of the monastic life, and to each object addressed some childlike, but grave,

words, full of really poetical feeling, anticipating with impatience the morning when he should put them on. Thus it was that he began amongst us the life of prayer and study, in which he was always so attractive a model to his brothers.'

Exactitude in fulfilment of the rules, kindness in performing friendly offices, forgetfulness of self, and perfect obedience were virtues which seemed to cost him no effort; but he soon found that, studious as he had always been, he was in reality very ignorant, and, as he listened to the learned conversation of the fathers upon Holy Scripture, and the liturgy and history of the Church, he could not help confessing that he was frightened by what he heard and saw in the shape of study. 'It is like some new world,' he writes, 'so ignorant am I about everything discussed.' The conferences of the father abbot seemed, however, to open his intelligence, and to reveal to him the truths of Holy Scripture.

'At this time,' writes Dom Couturier, 'the Holy Gospels, St. Paul's Epistles, and the Psalms became his favourite study, and the food upon which his piety was chiefly nourished. Of these he loves to speak in all his letters. He also greatly cared for history . . . . little by little the prejudices of college days were dissipated, and light came . . . . he felt that "through history he gained the truth."'

'You know,' he wrote to his uncle in July, 1867, 'how I used to love, and still do love, Greek poetry; but there is nothing like the Psalter, the Prophets, and the Gospels, explained by men whose minds are deeply penetrated with the things of God and with what is most truly beautiful. How sad are those who know nothing of these things, and who are defended and preserved in His love only by a sentiment, more or less vague, of His infinite goodness and supreme beauty, but who have never found the living, the great God, good to excess, terrible in His justice, such as He is shown in the Holy Bible!'

But happy and good as he was at Solesmes, he did not remain there. News came from his family which troubled and alarmed him; and the manner in which it affected him revived former doubts as to his vocation. Invariable in his yearning to do well, he was very variable in his idea of the way in which it was to be done.

He received the cowl, however, and became a novice, with sentiments of the greatest devotion; and his exemplary conduct overcame all doubts for a time. But he was uneasy; the old desire for a life of active charity returned: he was, moreover, unable to merge his own peculiarities in the spirit of the order to which he was attached; and community-life, intolerable under any other conditions, irked and did not suit him; and at length we find him, in a letter to his uncle, saying—

'Recognising that I was not intended for the religious life, my superiors, after every possible precaution, have advised me to steady

prevailed, and, so long as he had strength to stand, he attended the sick and wounded, and at one time even thought he ought to join the army as a volunteer. 'It is not to make up my own mind that I have delayed,' he writes, 'but solely because I wanted to be quite sure of doing nothing out of place or unsuited to that vocation which is the joy of my life. . . . . It is not, be assured, any horrible homicidal mania which inspires me to be a soldier, but . . . . the ambition to prove myself the brother of those who resist, and of those who endure this invasion. . . . . Thus I should do nothing which would be displeasing to God. . . . . Perhaps I might in this way serve His Church better even than by life, which promises, in my case, so little. In public calamities, should not the blood of the clergy flow for the common cause, as well as their hearts beat in unison with the hearts of all?'.

'I write to you in the silence of the night, the eve of the Presentation, with my heart full of all the touching memories of the seminary, which this *fête* recalls. *Will God this year grant me the grace of giving my life to Him as a sacrifice? For to fall beneath His justice which hangs over France, would be to die for Him! Such a death would be so beautiful that I can hardly hope for such happiness.*'

The Seminary of S. Sulpice, closed during the siege, was reopened on the 15th March, 1871. Paul Seigneret was one of the eighty seminarists who hastened to return so soon as he could be received. 'He arrived,' says his biographer, 'after a difficult journey, and sleepless night, and a day spent almost without food, looking very pale and worn out with fatigue, but his expression was one of radiant joy.' The seminary exercises opened with a retreat which was not over when the Commune was declared on the 18th March. The right bank of the Seine remained, however, comparatively quiet, and Paul writes: 'Our position is rather peculiar. Here we are hard at work at our studies in the midst of the disturbances. They let us alone, however, and we hear nothing of what goes on outside except some clamour occasionally, and the noise that the national guards make as they pass in and out, and the booming of the cannon, which they fire from time to time, as a token of independence. Ah! when will all this folly cease!'

But this state of things did not last. The priest, as the representative of religion, was the special object of hatred, and immediately after the arrest of the Archbishop, which took place on the 4th April, the house at Issy, belonging to S. Sulpice, was filled with the insurgents, who turned out the young seminarists, but kept the directors as their prisoners. Danger thus announced, the seminarists were at once advised to leave Paris, but Paul was one of the few who decided to stay. This was on Wednesday the 5th, but the next day his superiors, having again urged him to reflect upon the anxiety his friends would feel if he remained, he determined to apply for a pass and to leave also. Arrived at the prefecture of police, Paul, and the

other seminarist with him, found a great crowd gathered. The general rush from Paris had already begun. The young men were politely addressed by a police-officer, who inquired their business, and asked if he could assist them. They followed the man, suspecting nothing, into a chamber, where they found a commandant of the national guard seated, with a woman, at an untidy-looking table spread with glasses and empty bottles; the room was full of the smell of tobacco-smoke, and had altogether the appearance of a disorderly tavern. As soon as the commandant had heard what was required, he broke into a volley of abuse. 'Cowardly *calotins*,' he cried; 'idle good-for-nothings who think of nothing but running away when good citizens are all ready to fight. Yes, I will give you a pass! You shall have a pass for prison, and you will be shot! I have a relation of my own who is a priest, and I wish I had him here; he would soon be done for. Never,' he wound up after he had said everything insulting that he could think of, 'never shall we be able to repay you for all the harm you have done us.'

Paul, as if surprised, simply answered, 'Are these the things you have to say to young men like us?' Perhaps there recurred to his mind the words of Him for whose sake he was hated, the first words he had written in his gospel notes under the head of persecution, taken from the Passion, and which the Church was even then, in the office for the Holy Week, reciting in those affecting tones which reveal the deepest sense of the very name of the Passion, and connect themselves for ever in the mind with the words which they so touchingly interpret. '*Si male locutus sum, testimonium perhibe de malo, si autem bene, quid me cædis?*' S. John xviii. 23.

A few moments later, three more seminarists came in, and, after some hours delay, the five youths were imprisoned upon the authority of a *billet d'écrou* or *registration* in the gaol book, the only pretence of legal form which was ever used, and which was in reality the death-warrant of one of their number.

At the police-station, in which they were at first lodged, the cells being all filled, the seminarists were confined in a hall where they found six Jesuit fathers already imprisoned with some of their lay-brothers and convent-servants. A sort of imitation of community-life was at once begun. An hour's meditation in the morning, examination of conscience, the rosary, evening prayer, were the common exercises by which they fortified their souls. The day after the arrival of the seminarists was Good Friday, and Paul wrote to S. Sulpice a letter which was not merely resigned, it was joyous. He was in prison; he was suffering for the name of Christ, he was hated for His sake; it was enough. He could not sleep at all upon the straw-pallet which, with its solitary coverlet, composed the prison-bed; but, although his delicate health must have made him peculiarly sensitive to privations, he seemed to feel nothing; his face was illuminated as

if by some great inward joy, and every one remarked him. The Jesuit fathers also particularly noticed the affection of the seminarists for one another.

'Our hearts,' wrote Paul, 'have formed the same desires, and have throbbed with the same love. Our brotherly affection this life can never satisfy, and it will be perpetuated in God.' He felt also that it was a privilege to live in such close terms of intimacy with the learned priests whose captivity he shared. He used to talk to them of his beloved Bible, of philosophy, of literature. He regretted that he had left his Biblical notes behind him, and feared they might be lost. 'I remember,' says one of his companions, 'that his imagination was just as vivid and fresh as it had always been . . . . He used to feel the want of the sun's rays, which he had always loved. . . . . One morning, at day-break, a bird came and began to sing near the bars of our single window. It was a *fête* for him, and filled his mind with all sorts of beautiful thoughts.'

His only real trouble was for the terrible anxiety of his relations. 'Ah,' he said, 'if one were alone in the world what a small thing would be the sacrifice of one's life; but I hope that God will bless and comfort my dear people, with no sparing hand.'

'If they would shoot us,' he said, 'would it not be a beautiful death?'

Yet there was one last offering he prayed for strength to make, and which cost him much struggle. He was willing to die, and could rejoice to lay down his life for his Master's sake, but he shrank with an involuntary terror, which doubtless proceeded from the extreme delicacy of his physical organisation, from falling into the hands of the mob. The awful picture of possible scenes in which men and women, greedy for blood, should throw themselves upon him, and, almost literally, tear him to pieces, haunted him; and a few days before he was actually put to death, he confessed, with touching simplicity, that he had been obliged to pray very much before he could face the prospect of such a death. But his was that surest courage, not animal insensibility to impending danger, but victory over the weakness of the flesh, proceeding from physical causes over which we have no dominion; by that faith whereby the Agneses, the Cæcilias, the Lawrences, and all the band of those of 'whom the world was not worthy,' faced the excruciating tortures of martyrdom, adorned with tokens of triumphant conquest, 'looking,' as S. Paul says, 'to Jesus, the Author and Finisher' of our faith.

On the 13th of May the turnkey came to the hall in which Paul and his companions were shut up, and announced to them that they were to be transferred from the police-station.

'I think,' said the man sadly, 'that you are to be sent to Mazas. I am not sure, but one can't have such good prisoners as all of you for eight days without taking some interest in you.'

The meaning of the transfer was a mystery, but it seemed to promise nothing favourable, and in their uncertainty the first impulse of the seminarists was to throw themselves at the feet of one of the priests and ask him to give them absolution.

'It was,' said one of them afterwards, 'one of the most solemn moments of our captivity. The future was obscure, and this absolution might be our last.'

Outside the hall the seminarists found a great many other ecclesiastics, hostages like themselves, who were to be transferred to Mazas also. The youthful air of the seminarists attracted every one's attention, and the vicar-general of the diocese, Monseigneur Surat, said to them—

'I can understand that priests and old men should be here, gentlemen, but you, mere seminarists . . . . sharing the troubles of your ecclesiastical superiors!'

For indeed all orders of the clergy were represented in these trials, from the archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Darboy, down to the humble aspirant to the priesthood.

The transfer to the new place of confinement was made in prison vans, partitioned off into cells so low and narrow that every jolt knocked the occupant against the sides or roof; it was, as has been said, 'like being shut up alive in a coffin.' It was in one of these vans that the Archbishop had been a few days previously removed to the same prison. Here each prisoner was confined in a solitary cell, but one of Paul's companions, who occupied the one next to his, recognised his voice singing the *Te Deum*, and afterwards, as if in defiance of the Commune, humming the beautiful air of the *Marseillaise*.

In this cell Paul spent six weeks. He was never lonely, never weary. 'Let all the world be shut out from us,' he wrote, 'and with Jesus Christ we shall have the Sovereign Joy.' His health was good, and he was, as usual, always very busy.

'I have a nice little cell,' he wrote home, 'with a scrap of blue sky above where all my thoughts fly; a hammock which has made it possible for me to sleep again. . . . I can hardly dare tell you that I am happy and have no anxiety, confiding myself to God's hands. . . . Only I am anxious for you . . . . and for our poor France. . . . I have my great comfort—work. I have already made a study upon S. Paul, which I have been meditating for a long time. I am expecting a Bible, and with it I could defy weariness for years, I think. . . A few days since I discovered that one of my greatest friends . . . . is my neighbour. We bid each other good-night and good-morning by rapping gently three times on the wall, and this would make it feel less lonely if we were ever oppressed by the sense of solitude. I try to be very sensible . . . . about buying little extras . . . . but I confess I should prefer doing with as little as possible.

'There is only one real privation, that of the Holy Mass; we feel

that very much. But every morning we offer it to God and ask Him to give us grace never to misuse that heavenly action. Every day we experience that happiness which no words can tell, which our Lord reveals to His priests and to all Christian souls in the ineffable sweetness of His love. I could not tell you all the joy I have felt .... in turning over and over my New Testament. ... This very evening a complete Bible is to be brought to me, and I cannot describe to you the pleasure I look forward to when I can start upon that *great ocean* with all sails set.'

'I have at last' he says again, 'the dear Bible, and I bless you for it. You should have seen how I seized it and kissed it. *Sint castæ delicia meæ.* And now the *Commune* may leave me here to moulder as long as it pleases!'

He filled sheet after sheet with his Bible notes, all of which, however, were wantonly destroyed when the pillage, which always preceded an execution, took place.

The imprisoned hostages were allowed to have some intercourse with the exterior world. They could buy food and receive letters, and even occasionally a newspaper. Mr. Hogan, one of the directors of S. Sulpice, who, being a British subject, enjoyed a certain immunity, did all he could for them, and even paid them two visits, but he was at last arrested himself, and only at the urgent instance of the British Ambassador released, upon condition that he should leave Paris within twenty-four hours.

One of the newspapers which made its way into the prison, after giving an account of the fall of the column in the Place Vendôme, went on to say:—

'So far our wrath has been spent on inanimate objects, but the day is drawing near when the reprisals will be terrible, and will be aimed against the infamous reactionary movement which is undermining us and attempting to crush us.'

Paul, to whom the paper had been given, sent it by the turnkey to his neighbour, after having written between the lines the words '*Te Deum*, dear brother.' 'I have it before me now,' wrote his companion afterwards, 'and after this long interval I can still recall the impression those words made upon me. I only know I fell upon my knees and asked God to give me some share of the beautiful spirit of my holy friend.'

At the same time he wrote to his family—

'As for us, the threats of the unconscious Commune have made us thrill with hope. Can it be indeed possible that at the very outset of life God has taken the part for the whole and judged us worthy to render to Him the testimony of our blood, more fruitful than a thousand lives? Oh, happy the day when these things shall be, if ever they shall take place. I cannot think of them without tears in my eyes.'

'Be quite easy about us,' he writes to a priest. . . . 'I live all the day long absorbed in my Bible, in presence of the Eternal Beauty, which, praise be to God, has for ever possessed me. . . Thank you very much for offering to write to my family. . . . the idea of their anxiety is the inevitable shadow over our present life.

'Thank you also for the things you have sent us. We are overwhelmed with such good things that it will be a long time before we want for anything.

'We are really grateful to the Commune for having sent away from Paris our dear Mr. Hogan. He did nothing but expose himself for our sakes, or at any rate he did everything to over-fatigue himself. I wish all whom we love were sent off with him. Adieu, dear monsieur. I sing the *Te Deum* all the day long; you see I am not to be pitied.'

On the 21st May the French army at last made its way into Paris, and the Commune, seeing that the power which had at first seemed to themselves like the fantastic realisation of some preposterous dream, was to be snatched from their hands, became desperate. The scheme of independent or communal government for each separate town, to be arrived at by the abolition of national government, was an idea borrowed partly from the Middle Ages, but it was to be combined with the division of property into equal shares to every citizen, and 'liberty, equality, and fraternity' were to be established by the destruction of all religion, the repartition of all property, and the abolition of class. Frequent engagements had taken place between the Versailles troops and the insurgents, who held Paris by means of barricades and an army of national guards, into whose ranks, doubting or unwilling recruits were enlisted by force, terror, or drink.

The arrival of the regular troops was the signal for the removal of the so-called hostages. An order was sent to Mazas for the immediate transfer to 'La Roquette (*dépôt des condamnés*) of the Archbishop, all the priests, Senator Bonjean, the spies, *sergents de ville*, and of all others of any importance as hostages.'

The names of Paul Seigneret and of M. Gard, another seminarist, were, apparently by some subordinate officer of the Commune, mentioned in the list, and the two youths met again, after a separation of six weeks, in the cart which conveyed them both to La Roquette. M. Gard, who survives, says of Paul—'I had never before seen him like what he was now. There was some strange attraction about him. I felt my whole heart touched and fortified. By his side it seemed to me as if I could never fail, and I wanted to be shot then and there.'

After a warm greeting, Paul assured his friend that he had no fear. His companion seized the opportunity to go to confession to one of the priests in the van with them.

'Don't you want to go too?' he said, turning to his friend.

'Oh, no!' said Paul, with a bright smile, and very quietly.

He hardly spoke as the cart moved on towards the prison. Before the great gates, above which is the inscription, '*Dépôt des condamnés*,' stood a crowd, composed chiefly of women and children, waiting for the arrival of the prisoners.

'Here they are,' they yelled; 'shoot them! Down with the *calottes!* Cut off their heads! Kill them!—kill them!'

A glimpse of a cassock through the curtains, which had been improvised to hide the prisoners, was the signal for insult and vituperation, and Paul witnessed this scene, so like the one he had dreaded, with a look of serene hope in his face. All terror was gone; his prayer had been answered.

The other seminarists had remained at Mazas; and the same evening, at about eight o'clock, three more, together with other hostages, were being sent to La Roquette, when, just as the third, M. Barbequot, was passing out of the prison, a man, whose business it was to decide who should be sent, stopped him, and noticing his youth, asked him what he was.

'A seminarist,' said M. Barbequot.

'I want something better worth while for hostages,' he said, addressing a kind of acting clerk who stood by. 'Get a *sergent de ville* in his place.'

Paul's name and that of his friend, M. Gard, as has been said, had apparently been inserted by some accident, and when the mistake was discovered, a message was sent that the 'two seminarists' were to be returned. The director of La Roquette refused to give up his prisoners, as no names were mentioned; and before a second order had time to arrive it was too late. The approach to La Roquette had become impracticable from that side.

The prisoners arrived at La Roquette were first passed into a hall, where they found the Archbishop and several priests waiting. The venerable Archbishop, whose features were altered by suffering, was calm, but looked very ill.

'What,' cried out M. Gard, almost involuntarily, 'monseigneur here!'

'There is no monseigneur here,' said the drunken guard, in an insolent voice: 'here we are all citizens.'

The captives, after an hour's delay, were huddled, without order, into any cells which happened to be empty. Paul and his friend were separated; and here again we must quote his own words from a letter written to M. Dechelette, the friend who had been his neighbour at Mazas—

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

'I don't know whether you are still at Mazas, but I will chance a letter *au petit bonheur*. How glad I should be to be sure you were left at Mazas. We are at La Roquette, the prison of those under

sentence. I bless God with my whole heart! Everything is turning out just as I wished. . . .

'Oh, dearest friend, whether I go or whether I stay, how we shall always love one another, whether it be here or there. God knows all the joy you have given me, and all the good your friendship has been to me for the last two months. I hope to make you some return by my entire affection. If God should take me, I will watch over you like a brother, and I will try to reward you a hundredfold for all the good, all the graces, all the joy I had hoped to have myself.

'Good-bye, dear friend. We are again reduced to the simplest forms of life—a pallet such as we had at the prefecture of police—and I am leaning on my window to write. . . . I saw M. Gard in the van; he is the only one, thank God, who has changed prisons with me. Ah! it would be difficult to tell you what a time of joy it is to me.

'Good-bye once more. If we do not meet again, tell all whom we love how much I have always thought about them. May God keep you. I should die so happy if I knew you were safe and sound.

'PAUL SEIGNERET.'

Again and again we find the words, 'I sing the *Te Deum*.' Can one not see him as he is described, 'leaning on the sill of his prison-window, his face serene, upturned towards the heaven he loved; full of the thoughts of God, and of those he loved on earth; welcoming death with a smile; simple and true in his heroism; detached from earth, and raising his mind to God easily and joyously?'

In the next cell to his was the excellent and devoted Abbé Planchet, and by means of a gap which existed between the bars of their common window and the partition-wall, they could hear one another's voices. They thus were able to pray together, and from the day after their arrival, on the 21st May, they daily recited together the prayers for the dying. In the morning M. Planchet prayed aloud; at a later hour he read a chapter of the *Imitation*, or some other spiritual work; and in the evening said the rosary with his neighbour.

Many of the priests who were the subjects of persecution carried upon their persons the Blessed Sacrament, that in the last extremity they might not be deprived of the *viaticum;* whether M. Planchet had this privilege is not known. M. Gard gives a touching description of the way in which he received, through the bars of his prison-window, the Holy Communion for what he thought would be the last time, but it is impossible to ascertain whether Paul had this supreme consolation.

It was customary at La Roquette every afternoon to unlock the doors of the cells to allow the prisoners to visit one another and converse. One of the imprisoned priests, who had formerly been a missionary, was consequently questioned by Paul.

'Come, father,' he used to say, 'tell us something about your young Chinese martyrs.'

'It makes your mouth water, does it not?' said the missionary to him one day. 'He seemed to me,' the same priest afterwards said, 'to dream of martyrdom in his very sleep.'

'The one of our companions whose courage and resignation I most admired,' writes one of the hostages, an old soldier, 'was M. P. Seigneret. The fearlessness with which this most attractive young man, who was as gentle as he was modest, offered his life, was truly remarkable. When he spoke, I always admired the power of the faith in a pure and virtuous heart. His figure was good—rather above than below the middle height; he had beautiful chestnut hair . . . . his features were regular, and there was something angelic about him which captivated one . . . . He seemed to be quite detached from this present life, which might so well have had charms and attractions for one of his age. He accepted martyrdom as a privilege, regretting only the pain his death would cause his family. He seemed proud to have been chosen by Providence to take his place amongst so many noble victims . . . . and his surprise was visible when I said I would sell my life dear to the wretched assassins.'

On the 24th May the barbarous execution of the Archbishop and five other hostages took place. Paul had seen the procession pass his window, and one of the savages who followed it, perceiving him, leered up at him and pointed his gun at the Archbishop, as if to make Paul understand the work in hand. The following day another hostage was shot—as was supposed privately—in some corner of the prison; that day the remaining prisoners met for the last time. Paul, and M. Gard, and one of the directors of S. Sulpice, also a hostage, walked together in the courtyard of the prison; they talked of death, of eternity, of martyrdom; and Paul said he thought of death as of the return to God.

The end was very near. The next day the order came. 'Gentlemen,' said the brutal messenger who brought it, 'pay attention. Answer when your names are called. Fifteen are wanted.'

The thirty prisoners left had been assembled, and as his name was called each took his place in the row formed, and Paul Seigneret amongst them. He was very calm, and gently pressed the hand of M. Gard as he passed, whose name was not called. As the victims went down stairs Paul waved his hand to M. Petit, the secretary of the Archbishop, and smiled to him as if nothing extraordinary were taking place.

In the office below, the fifteen hostages were joined by thirty-five gendarmes or soldiers, prisoners like themselves. The execution was to take place at the farthest extremity of Belleville, and the march thither was made on foot. A crowd followed, and it has been said that when the procession arrived at the Rue Haxo, where the prisoners

were to be shot, that, whilst attempting to raise a venerable priest who had been knocked down, Paul was himself thrown down; that he was then beaten and dragged along the ground to the place where he was to be shot; that during these moments of agony he was heard to speak of his family and to pray for his executioners; that he was left on the ground for dead, but that being found still alive after all the others had been put to death, one of the murderers shot him through the chest.

This account of the manner of his death, so like the scene he had pictured to himself and prayed for strength to face, has never been fully confirmed, although given upon the testimony of an eye-witness, and upon the 29th of May, when his body, after much difficulty, was found by M. Sire, one of the directors of S. Sulpice, and M. Gard, there were no signs of such past suffering. The body had just been taken out of the common grave into which the remains of all the victims had been thrown. The eyes were closed, the face untouched, and white as alabaster; there were no contractions, and the expression was one of perfect serenity. The cassock bore no traces of violence, except that it was pierced in several places by bullet-shots and was saturated with blood. Upon his person were found his rosary, the Little Office of the Virgin Mary, and his beloved New Testament. The following day he was buried at S. Sulpice, where his remains are now guarded as a sacred heritage.

'I was with him,' said M. Gard, 'for eight days at the Prefecture of Police; I went with him upon the sad journey from Mazas to La Roquette; in the prison of the condemned we were together for four days at the worst times; I saw him when he was called away to be massacred. In the Rue Haxo I saw his body stretched out upon the blood-stained earth with the fifty other bodies, and on Tuesday I saw it laid tenderly in the leaden coffin at S. Sulpice. Yet of all these memories not one is sad, not one is painful. I think of him with a vague pleasure, a grave joy. I feel how gentle, how serene he was, and I remember his calm, sure courage.

'What he was at S. Sulpice that he was in prison—always peaceful, never weak. Thus I saw him in the cart which took us to Mazas, when he told me with a smile he did not see the necessity of going to confession; thus he was when the name of Seigneret was called, and when I touched his hand on the threshold of eternity.

'It seemed as if death and imprisonment were nothing to him. In prison he was silent, modest, peaceable, as if he smiled at something within. There was never any bitterness, never a regret, never a complaint, never a movement which betrayed the loss of self-possession. Every one who saw him took an interest in him, and people used to ask me who he was. I went sometimes into his cell. I sat on his bed and we talked, fortifying one another in simplicity, in the faith, in the expectation of heaven or with the hope of liberty. He spoke to

me of the days spent at Mazas in work, in prayer, in recollection. He spoke to me also of Holy Scripture and of his studies.

'Now I wish that I had tried to find out more about his inmost thoughts, that I might have told more to his relations, his friends, his masters. But how could I foresee that we should be separated in death, and that I should remain whilst he should go away to heaven?'

His father received the news of Paul's death calmly. He could in the very first moments of his grief write to his other son, Charles, these words: 'Let us bear our poor child's death as much like Christians, as much like men, as we can. . . . . May his blood, joined to that of so many other innocents, finally appease the justice of God.' But when, shortly afterwards, Charles also died from an illness brought on by excessive fatigue in serving the ambulances, the father sank beneath the double stroke, and there were only fifteen days between his death and that of his elder son. . . . .

'I could not understand,' Paul had written to his brother at the beginning of his illness—the brother whom, in the touching words of an inscription upon a photograph found amongst his little papers after his death, he calls 'Paul, mon frère par la nature and par le culte du beau'—'I could not understand how it was that God should take you instead of me.' And one had been taken and the other not left.

'Nothing remains to say. Words only trouble the vision of peace his memory leaves. But surely there is yet hope for the land whose sons are such as he was, or more truly *is*, amongst those 'who fall down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.'

Spider Subjects.

On the Feast of the Tabernacles Lambda gives a good Sunday School model lesson; Karshish and Waikatu are excellent, but long; Meg, very good; Spinning Jenny, very pretty symbolism; Ierne, picturesque; Beatrice G., Bubbles, A Bee, Gryphon, Sea Breeze, The Turk, fair; Chloe, Ignoramus, middling; Bruce's Spider, too short; Mab, the best for our purpose.

We must defer the Telemaque in order to give the answer to Romantic Problem.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

This Festival, which followed but four days after the solemn ceremonies of the awful day of atonement, was held in the autumn, and was celebrated throughout the Jewish nation with the greatest and most universal joy. For it had a double signification. It was at once a commemoration of the passage of the Israelites through the wilderness, and a harvest thanksgiving, being also called the 'Feast of Ingathering.' Josephus and Philo call it 'the holiest and greatest Feast,' and it was considered by the Jews themselves as *the* Feast of the year. It lasted from the fifteenth to the twenty second of Tisri, and was limited strictly to seven days, but was followed by a day of holy convocation, sometimes mentioned in Scripture as the eighth day.

During the seven days the Jews dwelt in booths or tents, called 'succôth,' made of thickly-twined boughs of olive, myrtle, pine and palm, and minute directions are given in the Mishna (a part of the Talmud) concerning their erection. Their height, covering, and furniture were all strictly defined; the latter was to be of the plainest description, while no skins or cloth of any kind were to be employed in the covering, only boughs, or reed-mats and laths. They were to stand alone, not supported even by a tree, or any external support. Each Jew carried in his hand branches of the same trees of which their tents were composed, together with the fruits of the citron and peach, tied up in a bunch. The bunches so tied were called lúlâbs.

A larger number of sacrifices was offered at this Feast than at any other throughout the year. The altar was decorated with sprigs of willow, and during the week all the courses of priests were employed in turn. Seventy bullocks alone were sacrificed for the seventy nations of the world, in the following order;—Thirteen the first day, twelve the second, eleven the third, and so on. Besides these there were offered each day two rams, fourteen lambs, and a kid as a sin-offering; and the number of private sacrifices was larger at this time than at any other.

Every day the law was read in the Temple, and twenty-one times each day the Temple trumpets sounded. In addition to these particulars it appears from the New Testament history that the ceremonies of the Feast included the pouring of some water out of the pool of Siloam, to which our Saviour probably alluded when He stood and cried at this same Feast of Tabernacles, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink' (S. John vii. 37); and also the illumination of the

court of the women, which may have been the occasion of His words, 'I am the Light of the World' (S. John viii. 12).

At the time of the morning sacrifice, each Israelite, carrying his lúlâb in one hand and citron in the other, came to the Temple. The victim was laid upon the altar, and one of the priests brought the water in a golden vessel from the pool of Siloam through the water-gate. The trumpets sounded as he entered and ascended to the altar. At the top of the altar two silver basins were fixed, with small openings at the bottom; wine was poured into the one, and water into the other, and both were conducted by pipes to the brook Cedron.

The eighth day of holy convocation was distinguished by sacrifices and services peculiar to itself. The Jews now left their tents and returned to their houses. The offerings on this special day were a bullock, a ram, seven lambs, and a goat for a sin-offering.

The dedication of Solomon's Temple took place during the Feast of Tabernacles, which was celebrated on that occasion with unwonted magnificence and observance; as it was also after the rebuilding of the Temple by Erza, and when Judas Maccabeus had defeated the Syrians and restored the Temple to the worship of the true God.

Antiochus Pius consented to a truce of seven days at the time of this Festival, and sent a magnificent sacrifice; bulls with their horns gilded, with all sorts of sweet spices, and with cups of gold and silver. After his death, Alexander the high priest, who was in great disfavour with the Jews, was pelted by them with citrons at this Feast.

Four years before the Jewish war, Jesus the son of Ananus came to the Feast, and began on a sudden to cry aloud, 'A voice from the East, a voice from the West, a voice from the Four Winds, a voice against Jerusalem and the holy house, a voice against the Bridegrooms and the Brides, and a voice against this whole people. Woe, woe to Jerusalem.'

The question may occur to some, what interest has the Feast of Tabernacles for ourselves at the present day? Yet surely, if the Feast of the Passover is commemorated by us in our yet more glorious Festival of Easter, and the Feast of Pentecost corresponds with our Whitsuntide, it will not seem strange to connect, though more remotely on account of some discrepancy in dates, the Feast of Tabernacles with the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'Who was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us' (S. John i. 14); or as the words more strictly mean, *tabernacled* in us.

MAB.

ANSWERS TO "ROMANTIC PROBLEMS. KNOT I."

Problem.—'Two travellers spend from 3 o'clock till 9 in walking along a level road, up a hill, and home again: their pace on the level being 4 miles an hour, up hill 3, and down hill 6. Find distance walked: also (within half an hour) time of reaching top of hill.'

Answer.—'24 miles: half-past 6.'

Twenty-seven answers have come in. Of these, 9 are right, 16 partially right, and 2 wrong. The 16 give the *distance* correctly, but

they have failed to grasp the fact that the top of the hill might have been reached at *any* moment between 6 o'clock and 7.

The two wrong answers are from GERTY VERNON and A NIHILIST. The former makes the distance '23 miles,' while her revolutionary companion puts it at '27.' GERTY VERNON says 'they had to go 4 miles along the plain, and got to the foot of the hill at 4 o'clock.' (They *might* have done so, I grant; but you have no ground for saying they *did* so.) 'It was $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the top of the hill, and they reached that at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7 o'clock.' Here you go wrong in your arithmetic, and I must, however reluctantly, bid you farewell. $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at 3 miles an hour, would *not* require $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours. A NIHILIST says, 'Let x denote the whole number of miles, y the number of hours to hill-top. $\therefore 3y =$ number of miles to hill-top, and $x - 3y =$ number of miles on the other side.' You bewilder me. The other side of *what?* 'Of the hill,' you say. But then, how did they get home again? However, to accommodate your views, we will build a new hostelry at the foot of the hill on the opposite side, and also assume (what I grant you is *possible*, though it is not *necessarily* true) that there was no level road at all. Even then you go wrong. You say '$y = 6 - \frac{x-3y}{6}$ (i); $\frac{x}{4\frac{1}{2}} = 6$ (ii).' I grant you (i), but I deny (ii): it rests on the assumption that to go *part* of the time at 3 miles an hour, and the rest at 6 miles an hour, comes to the same result as going the *whole* time at $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. But this would only be true if the '*part*' were an exact *half*, i.e., if they went up hill for 3 hours, and down hill for the other 3: which they certainly did *not* do.

The sixteen who are partially right are AGNES BAILEY, F. K., FIFEE, G. E. B., H. P., KIT, M. E. T., MYSIE, A MOTHER'S SON, NAIRAM, A REDRUTHIAN, A SOCIALIST, SPEAR MAIDEN, T. B. C., VIS INERTIÆ, and YAK. Of these, F. K., FIFEE, T. B. C., and VIS INERTIÆ do not attempt the second part at all. F. K. and H. P. give no working. The rest all make particular assumptions, such as that there was no level road—that there were 6 miles level road—and so on, all leading to *particular* times being fixed for reaching the hill-top. The most curious assumption is that of AGNES BAILEY, who says 'Let $x =$ number of hours occupied in ascent; then $\frac{x}{2} =$ hours occupied in descent; and $\frac{4x}{3} =$ hours occupied on the level.' I suppose you were thinking of the relative *rates*, up hill and on the level; which we might express by saying that, if they went x miles up hill in a certain time, they would go $\frac{4x}{3}$ miles on the level *in the same time*. You have, in fact, assumed that they took *the same time* on the level that they took in ascending the hill. FIFEE assumes that when the aged knight said they had gone 'four miles in the hour' on the level, he meant that four miles was the *distance* gone, not merely the rate. This would have been—if FIFEE will excuse the slang expression—a 'sell,' ill-suited to the dignity of the hero.

And now 'descend, ye classic Nine!' who have solved the whole problem, and let me sing your praises. Your names are BLITHE, E. W., L. B., A MARLBOROUGH BOY, O. V. L., PUTNEY WALKER, ROSE, SEA BREEZE, SIMPLE SUSAN, and MONEY SPINNER. (These last two I count as one,

as they send a joint answer.) ROSE and SIMPLE SUSAN and Co. do not actually state that the hill-top was reached some time between 6 and 7, but, as they have clearly grasped the fact that a mile, ascended and descended, took the same time as two level miles, I mark them as 'right.' A MARLBOROUGH BOY and PUTNEY WALKER deserve honourable mention for their algebraical solutions, being the only two who have perceived that the question leads to *an indeterminate equation*. E. W. brings a charge of untruthfulness against the aged knight—a serious charge, for he was the very pink of chivalry! She says, 'According to the data given, the time at the summit affords no clue to the total distance. It does not enable us to state precisely to an inch how much level and how much hill there was on the road.' 'Fair damsel,' the aged knight replies, '—if, as I surmise, thy initials denote Early Womanhood—bethink thee that the word 'enable' is thine, not mine. I did but ask the time of reaching the hill-top as my *condition* for further parley. If *now* thou wilt not grant that I am a truth-loving man, then will I affirm that those same initials denote Envenomed Wickedness!'

BLITHE has made so ingenious an addition to the problem, and SIMPLE SUSAN and Co. have solved it in such tuneful verse, that I trust the Editor will find space for both their answers. I have altered a word or two in BLITHE'S—which I trust she will excuse; it did not seem quite clear as it stood.

LEWIS CARROLL.

'Yet stay,' said the youth, as a gleam of inspiration lighted up the relaxing muscles of his quiescent features. 'Stay. Methinks it matters little *when* we reached that summit, the crown of our toil. For in the space of time wherein we clambered up one mile and bounded down the same on our return, we could have trudged the *twain* on the level. We have plodded, then, four-and-twenty miles in these six mortal hours; for never a moment did we stop for catching of fleeting breath or for gazing on the scene around!'

'Very good,' said the old man. 'Twelve miles out and twelve miles in. And we reached the top some time between six and seven of the clock. Now mark me! For every five minutes that had fled since six of the clock when we stood on yonder peak, so many miles had we toiled upwards on the dreary mountain side!'

The youth moaned and rushed into the hostel. BLITHE.

The elder and the younger knight
They sallied forth at three;
How far they went on level ground
It matters not to me;
What time they reached the foot of hill,
When they began to mount,
Are problems which I hold to be
Of very small account.

The moment that each waved his hat
Upon the topmost peak—
To trivial query such as this
No answer will I seek.
Yet can I tell the distance well
They must have travelled o'er:
On hill and plain, 'twixt three and nine,
The miles were twenty-four.

Four miles an hour their steady pace
Along the level track,
Three when they climbed—but six when they
Came swiftly striding back
Adown the hill; and little skill
It needs, methinks, to show,
Up hill and down together told,
Four miles an hour they go.

For whether long or short the time
Upon the hill they spent,
Two thirds were passed in going up,
One third in the descent.
Two thirds at three, one third at six,
If rightly reckoned o'er,
Will make one whole at four—the tale
Is tangled now no more.

SIMPLE SUSAN.
MONEY SPINNER.

The Muffin Man and L. G. also answered.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

What was the most remarkable escape from prison you know of?
The legendary stories of birds.

Stamps received from Hazel, Mab, Ierne, The Turk, Spinning Jenny, Lambda, Karshish, and Bubbles.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

The three writers who have the most votes are Bluebell, Aughpandeen and Unit. Bluebell will therefore have a prize, value 1*l.*, and Aughpandeen and Unit one, value 15*s.*

The members who we hope will continue, as having been regular and methodical, are requested to send their present addresses (and stamps, such as have not sent them). They are:—Apple Blossom, Auntie, Aughpandeen, Bad Halfpenny, Balaustion, B. E. B., Bianca, Bluebell, Caliph, Cockney, Caller Herrin, Castor, Cousin Foodle, Cugina Piccina, Colleen, Daisy Chain, Devoniensis, Doxology, Dormouse, Dummie, Dulce Domum, Excelsior, Editha, Fossil, Furze Bush, Goldfinch, How, Ida, Ignoramus, Kirwall, Kismet, Marah, Mollie, Marie, Marlie, Micawber, Mona, Musca D., Myfanwy, Pearl, Ona, Floppy Fly and her sister, Obadiah, Rondebosh, Mowbray, Table Mountain, Senga, Silver Horn, Ierne, and Unit.

The Next Exercise.—A note from Mrs. Scrivener to Lady Grapham to inquire the character of Jemima Murrell as Cook.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Ranunculaceæ.—Considerable improvement in setting out and description has to be recorded. That most of the collections sent should be somewhat scanty is not surprising. For although several species of this tribe flower early (and this was the reason of its selection for March), yet a good many are far less precocious. This kind of variation in the same tribe, or even family, is no doubt a difficulty. It is

suggested, however, that it might be overcome by members sending, as they are at liberty to do, supplementary packets of specimens belonging to any of the genera assigned to earlier months which they may meet with later in the year.

In drying orchidaceous plants (the subject for May) members will please to bear in mind their tendency to turn black in the process.

The June subject is *Saxifraga*. But as, except in the case of members who may be living or sojourning in the neighbourhood of mountains, it is probable that there will be some difficulty in finding plants of this genus—though *S. tridactylites* is common everywhere and *S. granulata* may often be met with on loose gravelly soil—*Chrysosplenium*, the only other British family of the Saxifrage tribe, may be included.

The June subject will thus be described as *Saxifragaceæ*. Diligent and early search should be made for the rare *Chrysosplenium alternifolium*. Whoever finds it will be, so far, more fortunate than Vertumnus has ever been.

There are still too many members on the list from whom no monthly *Jasciculi* are received. In every case when a member is prevented from collecting specimens, a note of explanation should be sent, as a sign of continued interest in the society. This is the more necessary as there are now many candidates patiently waiting for vacancies whose admission ought not to be obstructed by mere nominal members.

VERTUMNUS.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS AND QUESTIONS.

F. M.—Probably *tones* were meant.

Clover gave us no address, and we are sorry to say there are at least sixty letters awaiting her from volunteer copyists. We grieve to think how many must be disappointed.

Bog Oak suggests that the picture is of the procession in the *Talisman*.

'*Aloha nui loa.*'—These words are Hawaiian, and the two first form the salutation in that language corresponding with 'How do you do?' of our own. The literal meaning of *Aloha* is 'My love to you;' of *Aloha nui*, 'My big love to you;' the signification of *loa* I do not know. The words of which I give the meaning are habitually used by Europeans as well as the natives of the Sandwich Islands, and are often put on rings and other articles of jewellery, &c.—*R. P.*

Charlie's Discoveries.—This book was published by Harvey and Darton, Gracechurch Street, London. I have a copy, given me in 1849, but am unable to say if it is still in print.—*R. P.*

Titania.—Chambers, in his *Book of Days*, can find no reason for the custom of April fooling; but he says, as the Hindoos have a similar practice on the same day, it must be of very early origin.—ED.

H.—The *New Tale of a Tub* is a child's toy-book, published by Routledge and Sons, price 1*s.*

Vendredi.—The Duke of Wellington. Cinque is the old way of spelling five, on its way from *quinque.*

Ivy-leaf.—Send address.

A Mother.—Either Spiers' or Cassell's French Dictionary.

M. Moffatt.—Alban Butler says of S. Patrick, on the authority of Tillemont's *Collation of Four Ancient Lives of S. Patrick;* Dr. Neale calls England the Isle of Saints.

A. E. T.—The maps are not published separately. Vols. iv., v., xii., xiii. of *The Monthly Paper* contain questions on the First Lesson.

QUOTATIONS FOUND.

C. R.—

'Wake any, watch any,
Here in this dwelling;
Weep any, wait any,
Lonely hours telling.'

To be found in a novel entitled *Mr. Wynyard's Ward*, by Holme Lee. —*M. L.*

M. A. W.—In George Macdonald's *Phantastes.* [Answered over and over again.]

A. N.—The poem wanted is 'The Altered Motto,' by Pastor Theodore Monod. It is printed in *New and Old*, March, 1875.

M. C. M. adds that it is at p. 185 in Fosbary's *Voices of Comfort. H. P.* also answers, and *Miss A. Davidson.*

Mrs. Cuthbert.—'There is no God, the foolish saith,' &c., is in the *Cry of the Children*, by E. B. Browning,—*K. E. Daly.*

A. N.—*The Altered Motto*, by Theodore Monod, is the poem which you seek. I will copy it if you will send an address to *Mrs. C. H. Waller, Hampstead, London.*

H.—A copy has been sent us. Please send address.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'A noble scion of a kingly race,
The first in virtue as the first in place.'

Charles C——.

'I slept, and dreamt that Love was Beauty;
I woke; and found that Love was Duty.'

Mollie.

'And gladly resign, when the summons is given,
The tumults of earth for the calmness of heaven.'

Sophie.

'That perfect presence of Thy face
Which we, for want of words, call Heaven.'

Also where the sermon by Dr. Chalmers on the 'Expulsive power of a new affection' is to be obtained; or if out of print, would be glad to borrow it.—*A. E. J.*

CHARITIES.

Miss M. Moffatt acknowledges with thanks *London News* sent regularly by Mrs. H. Vaughan, Rumsam House, Barnstaple, for patients in Mercer's Hospital, Dublin.

The Lady Superintendent of S. Monica's Home for Sick Children very gratefully acknowledges the receipt of 10*s.* 6*d.* from *E. L. P.*